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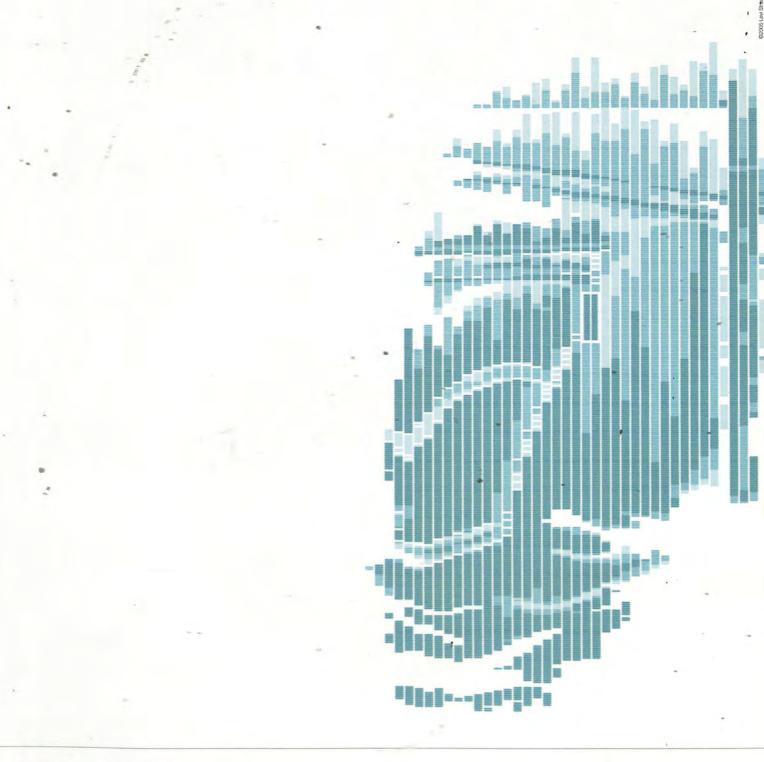
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(TAKE OUR
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OUT, P.126)

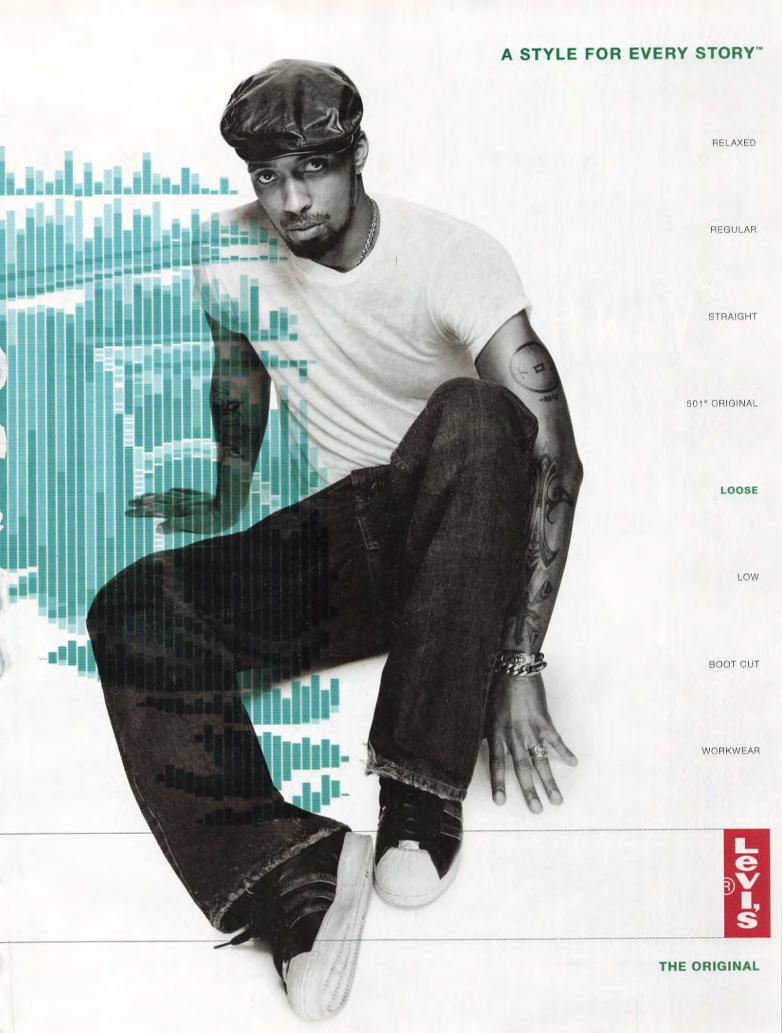


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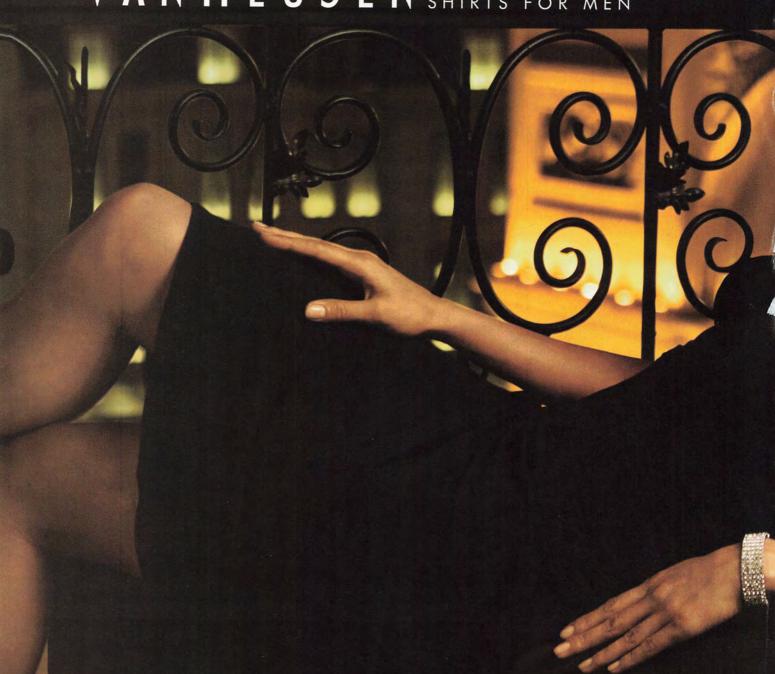
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EXPRESSION: SOUND

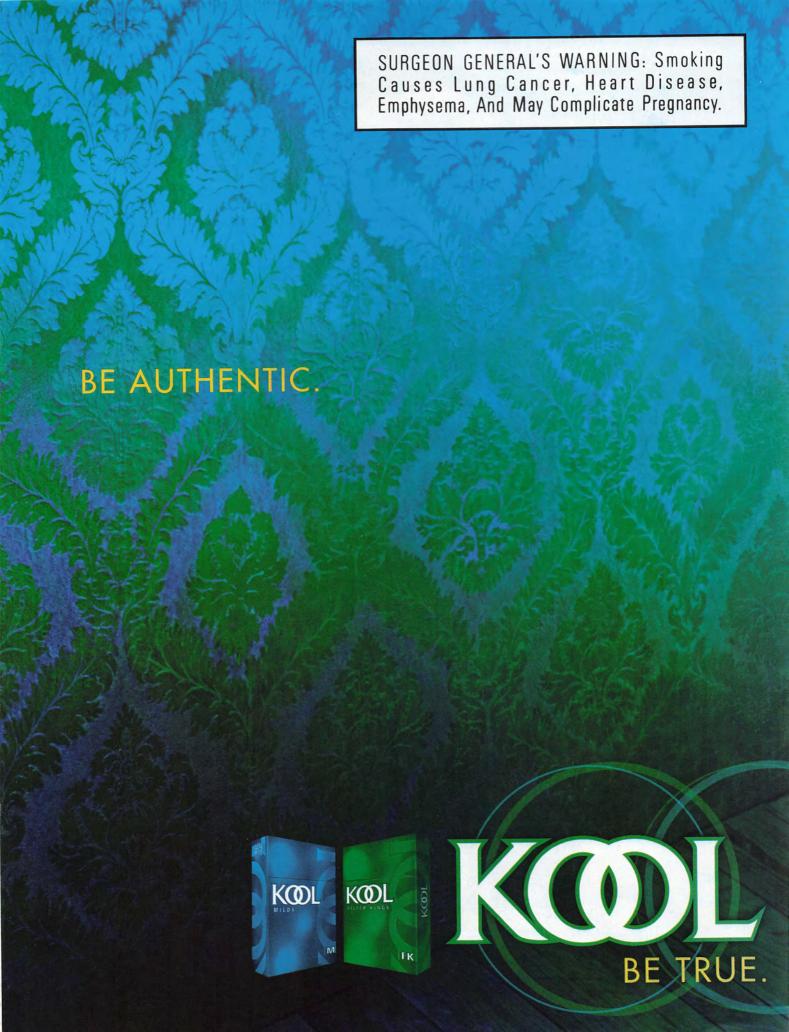


















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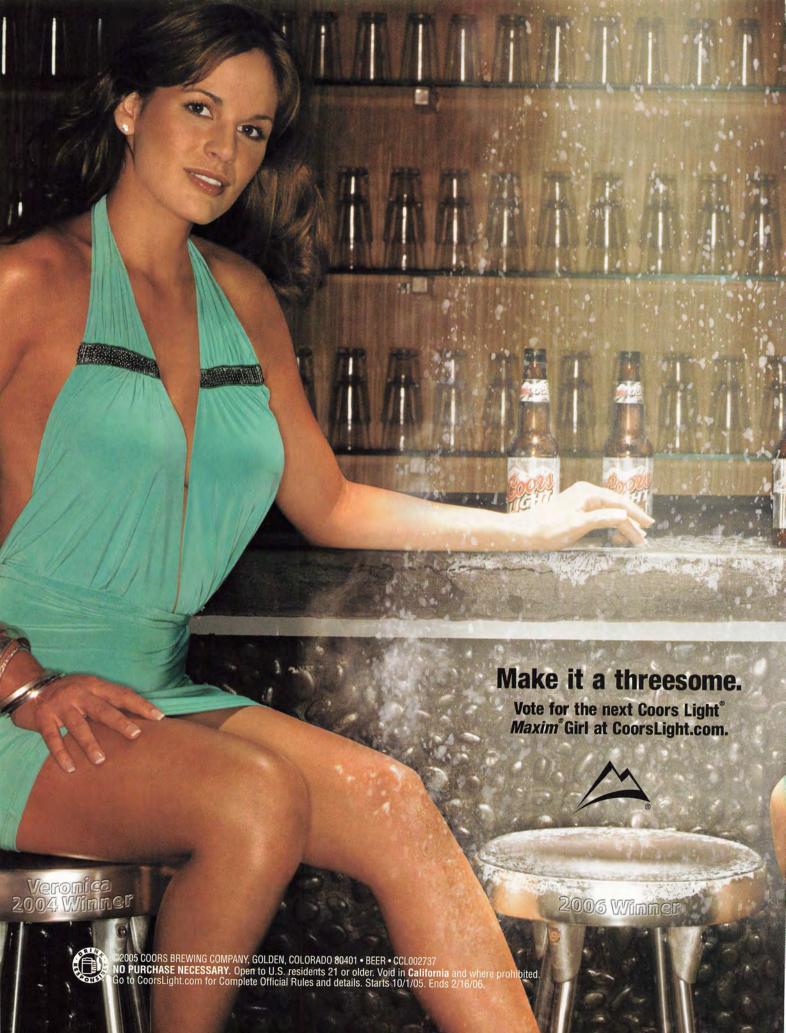
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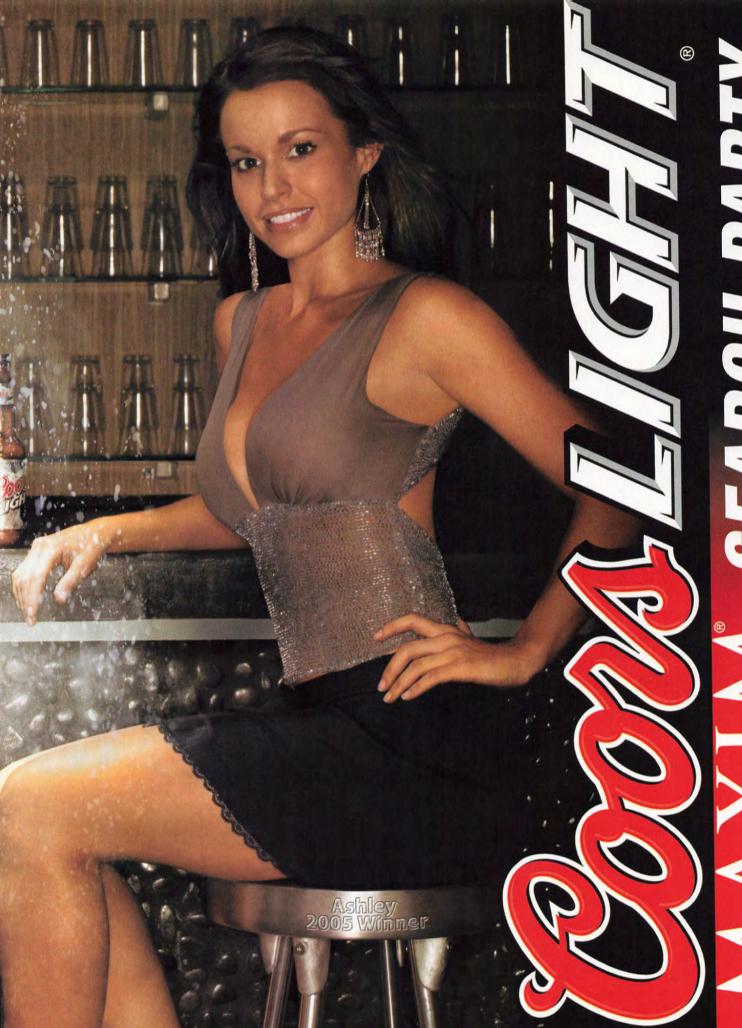


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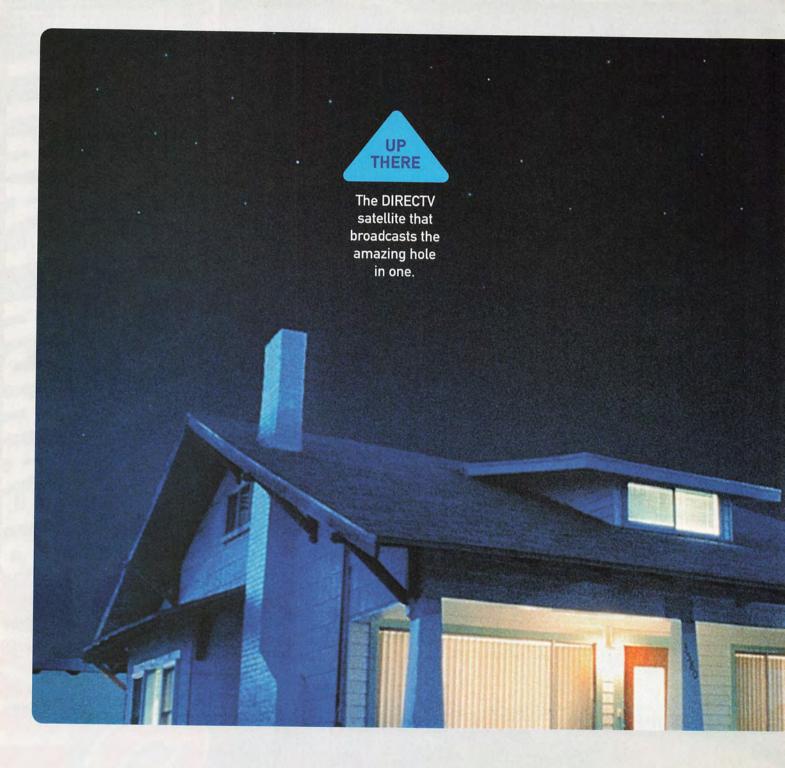
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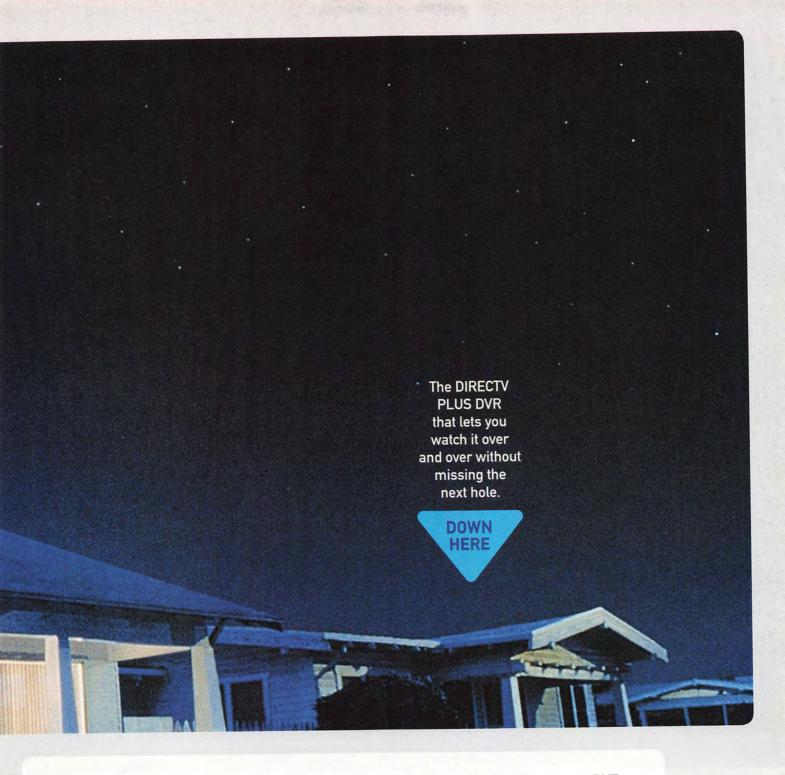
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MAXIM FEATURES







INSTANT EXPERT **106 LIGHTNING**

Get yourself the complete lowdown on thunder's totally badass pal.

GREAT SCOTT! **108 APRIL SCOTT**

You can see her in Mission Impossible 3 and then see a whole lot more of her in The Name of the Game (she plays a student exploring London's underground sex clubs). Go, film!

LET'S PARTY

118 THE 10 BEST PARTIES IN THE WORLD

Shockingly, cousin Jimmy Ray's 4th of July BBQ-and-Everclear blowout somehow failed to make the cut. (Again.)



GUY QUIZ 126 GUYS GONE MILD

Find out if you're half the man your father was. Or if you're a third of the man your mother's going to be after the operation.

> **NAKED TRUTH** 130 LAYLA KAYLEIGH

In a new low for Democratsand Lord knows they've had enough of those already—she was booted from Al Gore's Current TV network for posing for us. (Sorry 'bout that, Layla.) Discover why politics can be a beautiful thing.

SHORT STORIES

138 LIVIN' LARGE

Just because you're a mini-man doesn't mean you can't rock out (Angus Young), win races (Jeff Gordon), or school Daniel-san in the deadly arts. (Great work again, Pat Morita.)

BAD MEDICINE 142 DOCTOR EVIL

He's linked to dozens of fatalities... and the scary part is he wasn't even trying to hurt those people. Get to know the world's worst surgeon.

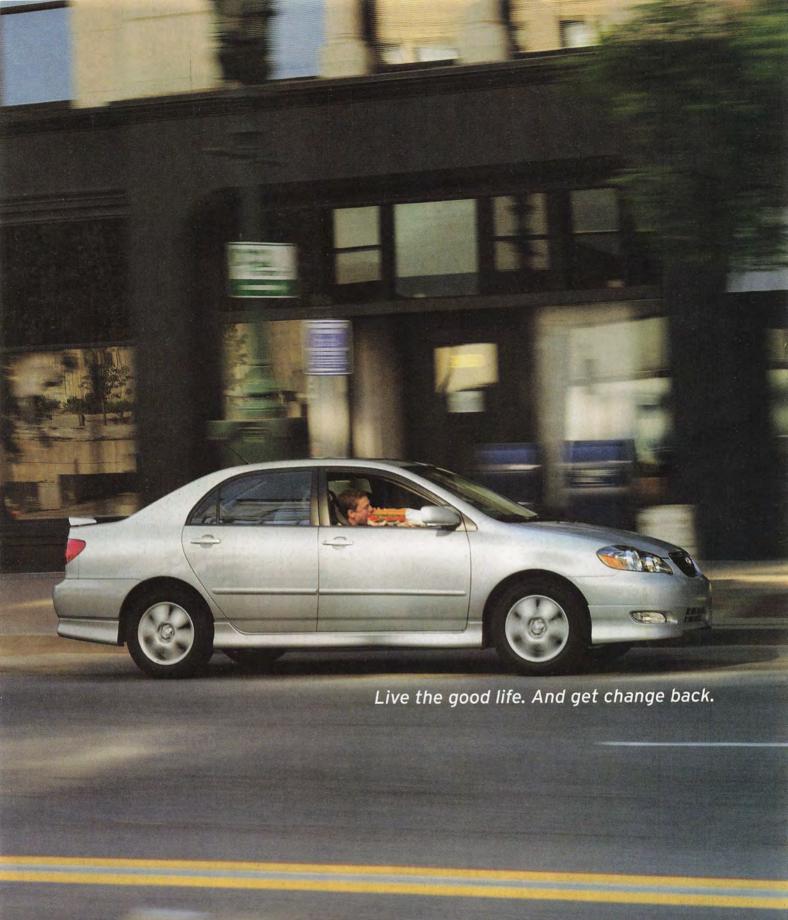
So much fun, so little

WE WANT ANSWERS! **USHER**

The ruler of R&B and star of In the Mix sounds off on ex-girlfriend Chilli, the horrors of Hurricane Katrina, the perks of living with Diddy, and the joys of working with Mom. Aww...



penicillin, p.118

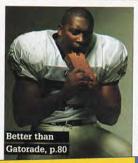


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READERS' LETTERS

28 WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

And when you're done writing to us, send a note to Judd Nelson. He's lonely.

THE FUNNIES 4 LAUGH. STUPID!

John Heffron reveals why men will not listen to women unless they say those three magical words: "I'm so drunk."

CIRCUS MAXIMUS 36 BUTTER FACES

Discover the baker offering a vegetarian alternative to cannibalism, play with R. Kelly action figures, and close out the day by putting a cheerleader to bed.

HOW TO 60 SCHOOL YOUR FRIENDS

Once baller Luis "Trikz" Da Silva teaches you about hardwood humiliation, learn how to treat the broken bones your enraged buddies will give you.

BODY SHOP TIRES AND ICE

What would you do for diamonds? If you're a trucker in Canada's 30-belowzero Northwest Territories, you have to risk death on every supply run.

> **GETTING SMASHED LIVING ON** THE WEDGE

You know when the kick returner takes it all the way back for a touchdown and the crowd goes wild and you see it replayed over and over on

every sports highlight show? Meet the NFL players who sacrifice their health to prevent that from happening.

CELEBRITY ADVISER 86 TY PENNINGTON

Extreme Makeover: Home Edition's master handyman helps you work up the courage to confront your cheating dad. Get ready to

have yourself one seriously uncomfortable Father's Day.



MAXIM STYLE WINTER

WEAR

Keep your footsies warm with shoes from Gwen Stefani, then learn some fashion from that stylin' toon band Gorillaz.

STEP RIGHT UP! **160 HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE**

Use these presents to bring holiday cheer to your woman, parents, and coworkers. Then you can resume being your usual bastard self.

ASK US ANYTHING 6 HOW MUCH **MONEY DO PORN** STARS MAKE?

Let's just say they earn enough to keep their children fed, their homes tidy, and their sex toys plentiful.







MAXIM





ON THE COVER: CINDY CRAWFORD





PHOTOGRAPHED BY James White STYLING BY Lisa Michelle for The Wall Group HAIR BY Peter Savic for Solo Artists/Redken MAKEUP BY Justin Henry for avantgroupe.com SET DESIGN BY Andy Henbest for Partos CLOTHING Black dress by Dolce & Gabbana A few years ago 20/20 conducted an experiment to test how much women preferred tall men to short men. Groups of men of varying height were put in a lineup and observed by women from behind a mirror, who were then asked to choose a partner for a date. The short men were described in the most flattering terms as having stellar careers, formidable educational pedigrees, or stacks of money, but however magnificent their attributes, the women still chose the tall guys. In fact, they were so unbending in their preference for taller men that one woman, when asked what it would take for her to switch sides, replied that only if she'd been told the tall men were all murderers would the short ones seem more appealing.

Which, for all of you of average height and below, just goes to confirm the long odds you suspected you were struggling against. And in more bad news, in a survey of dating sites in which women state a height preference, 80 percent say they want a partner over six feet tall. (What, by the way, is the big deal about six feet? Who decided that was where tall begins? Once, when left alone with a tape measure, I tried to measure myself and came close to complete psychological shutdown when the result was 5'113/4". I think the tape measure was faulty.)

So to help redress the balance (and also help women begin a long overdue fight against their genetically determined shallowness when choosing a partner), we look at the immense contributions small men have made to life's rich tapestry (p.138).

And, men of shortness—do not despair. You should also know, next time you scratch your head at the sight of a towering supermodel on the arm of a tiny man, that there is hope. After height the next two biggest influences on a woman's choice of partner (and this is common to the majority of cultures) are a good earning capacity and seniority in age. So stop trying to overcome your lack of inches with lifts and high hair. You just need to get rich and old.

Enjoy the issue.

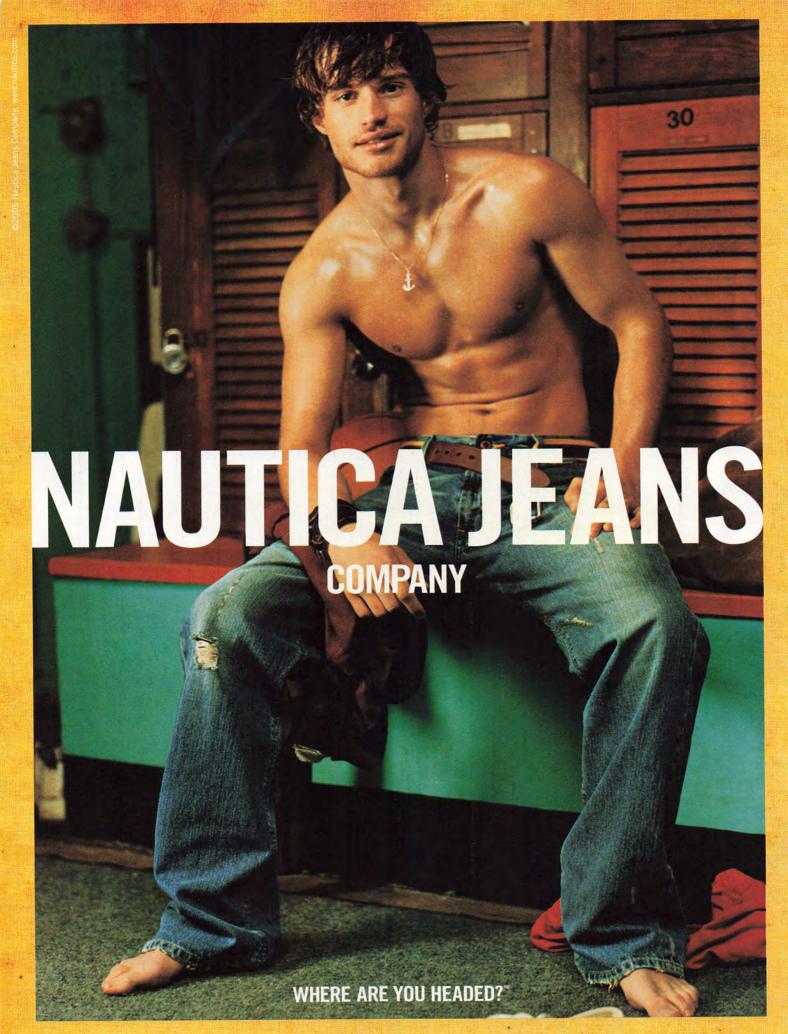
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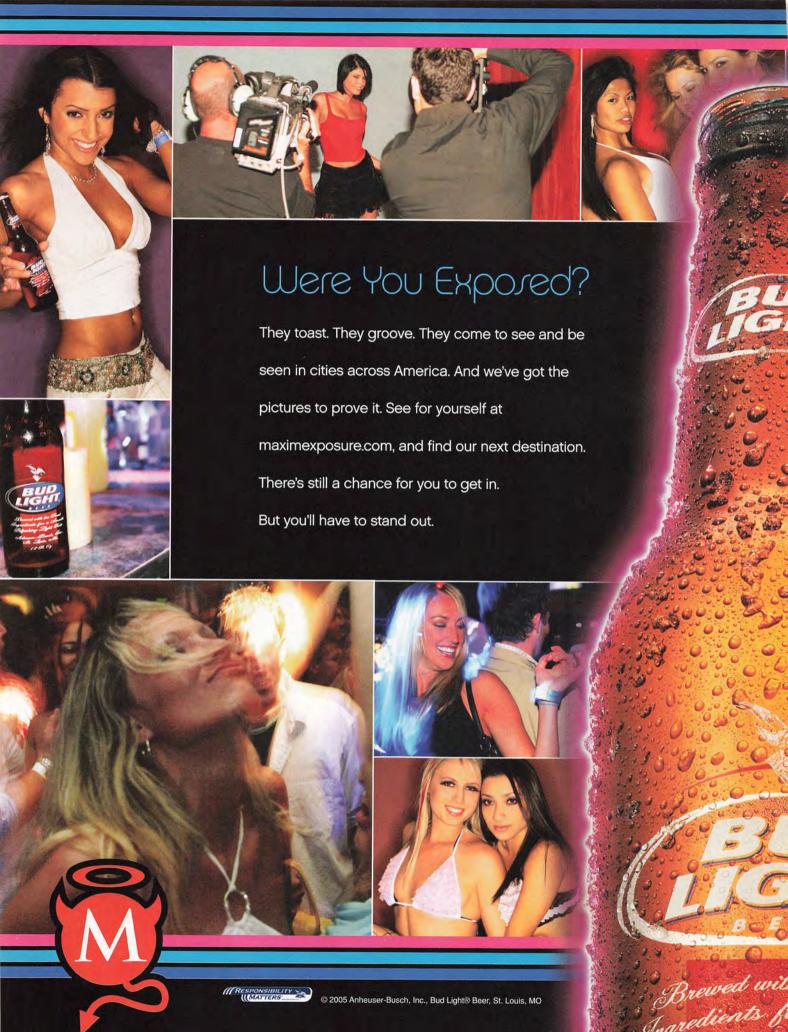


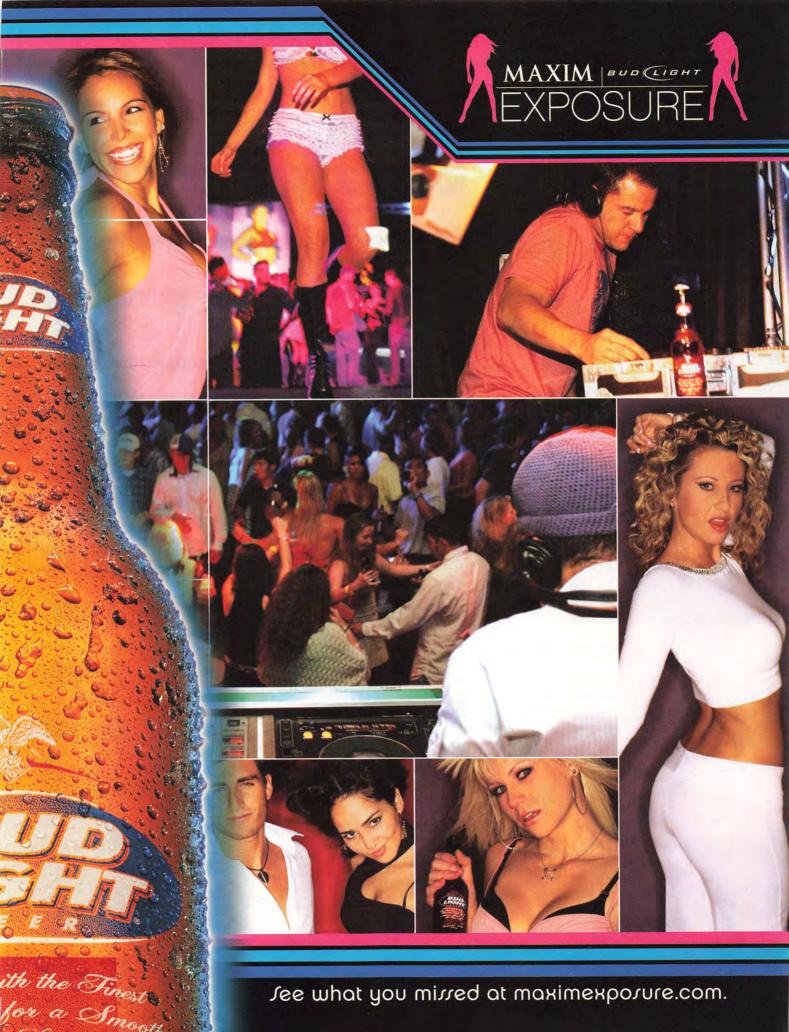
> THIS MONTH IN MAXIM

	The same of the sa
Staffers who are secretly jealous of editor Steve Mazzucchi's new Hetfield-style mustache	9
who are male	8
Ounces of Brussels sprouts—flavored soda funneled by editorial bitch Matt Christensen on a dare	12
Dollars he received as appreciation for his instantaneous regurgitation	25
Editors who severely injured their backs playing one-on-one during our basketball tricks photo shoot (p. 60)	1
Approximate age of his opponent	9
Temperature (with windchill) endured by ice truckers in northern Canada (p. 70)	-70°F
Temperature of your freezer	0°F
Hours staffer Jane Dryer spent dancing on a platform at a club	1.5
Articles contributed to this issue as a result ("How to Set a Broken Bone," p. 66)	1

Photograph, Len Irish (Ed); grooming, Andie Markoe Byrne













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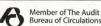
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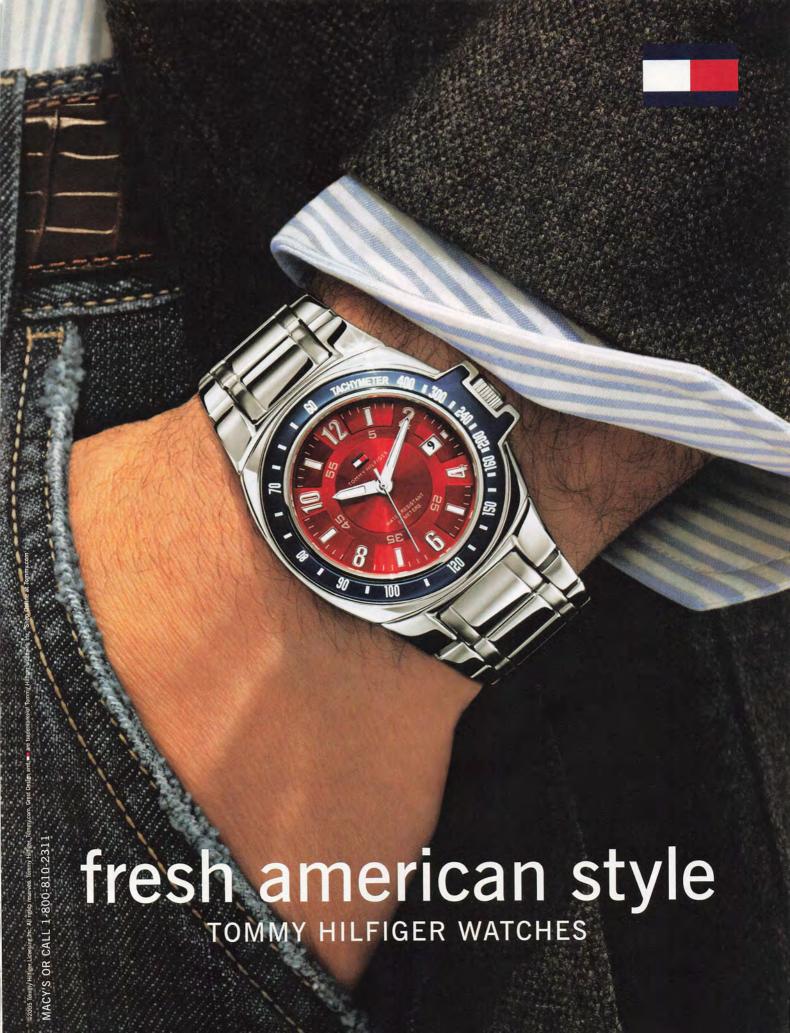
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"PLAY ONE OF THE MOST ENDURING



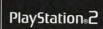


















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WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

> LETTER OF THE MONTH

FIRE ALARM



I recently moved from Pennsylvania to Tennessee, and my U-Haul caught fire on the way. I lost almost everything I owned. As you can see, my copies of Maxim fought bravely against the fire. Sadly, the damage was too extensive, and my collection (spanning from November 1998 to the present) is now gone. But I thought you guys would appreciate your magazine's fighting spirit.

John Saunders Memphis, TN

Fighting spirit is what got us away from the cops after "the incident." Glad you could recognize it.



Choose and Lose

I've received your magazine for nearly three years now, and you've never had a girl as fine as Vanessa Minnillo on your cover. She is the most amazing woman I've ever seen. To make a long story short, my girlfriend gave me the choice of keeping that issue or keeping her. I'm single now. Any chance you could send Vanessa to heal my broken heart, or maybe just a phone call to make me whole once again?

L. Gamble Via e-mail

Sorry, we're fresh out of Vanessa Minnillos, but we can offer you a Vanessa Huxtable at 20 percent off sticker price. We'll even throw in a Malcolm-Jamal Warner at no extra charge.

Name Recognition

My friends and I are having a competition to see who is able to get their name printed in Maxim first. If you could just print this letter, I'll be the winner. Besides a hot girlfriend, a nice car, a big house, a great job, and lots of money, what's better than having bragging rights over your friends?

[Name withheld] Indian Wells, CA

Congrats, Mr. Withheld! Commence bragging.

FOR YOU



Score bragging rights and also get the director'scut DVD of the body-rockin' flick 9 Songs if we publish your letter. E-mail editors@maxim mag.com.





ing to raise enough money to buy one million minutes of long-distance time for our boys and girls in earth tones. Dropping \$20 will get at least two brave GIs 15 minutes of phone time each. Suck it up and sacrifice a lap dance or two. You'll

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Take the Hints

Your article "Mission: Possible!" [October] was amazing. I showed it to my girlfriend, and over the next few weeks I noticed it had a direct effect on her. She's been trimming both of her 'staches, getting to the gym daily, and, while she's always given great head, now she acts "like it's the first food she's had in weeks." I watched

her show the article to her hot girlfriends, and they got into an in-depth conversation about blow jobs. God bless you, Maxim.

just so hot under

Drew S.

Bloomington, IN

Trims her 'stache, goes to the gym all the time, and gives great head... Yes, Drew, your girlfriend is turning into quite the gay man.

DO YOUR DUTY

LION MINUTE MARCH

Spend money for talk time, this time without the 900 number.

American soldiers

fighting overseas are cut off from their families and friends, and now you can convert your quilt into their

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Minute March is try-

28 December 2005 MAXIMONLINE.COM

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BATH TIME!

PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS REVEALED!

We asked. You snapped. We all win.

Four months ago we asked Maxim readers to give back to the community—by taking revealing photos of their girlfriends and sending them to us. We've winnowed the sexiest wheat from the chaff to reveal who is the hottest girlfriend (and luckiest bastard of an undeserving boyfriend) on the planet...Wait, what? We need to drool over these pictures a bit longer? Gotcha. Guess you'll have to wait until next month to see the first batch. But to wet your whistle, here's one of the film-melting finalists washing her hair rather than going out with you. Even more next month. Got your own sexy girlfriend? Send photos to faceoff@maximmag.com.

Desperately Seeking Stewart

Jailed or not, if Martha Stewart looked like she did in your Women You'll Never See in *Maxim* [October], she could bake me cakes and make me curtains out of sewn flower petals any day.

Aaron C. Gettysburg, PA

Here's something to keep in mind: Looking the way she normally looks, you still don't have a shot in hell with her.

Hush, Child

Your review of Hush's Bulletproof [October] claims one of his songs is the "first rap song ever to give props to Jim Croce." Correction: The first one I know of is from Gravediggaz' album 6 Feet Deep. The track "Here Comes the Gravediggaz" starts with the chorus from Croce's "You Don't Mess Around With Jim." You were right about

Croce keeping it gangsta, though.

Robert Krist Thorndale, PA

Actually, the song you're speaking of references Captain James T. Kirk of the USS Enterprise. Have you ever seen that thug pop a cap in a Klingon? Shi-it.

Grab 'Em in the Triscuit

Re: your Seth MacFarlane interview [October], I agree the whole wheat goodness of a Triscuit goes great with DVDs. But Triscuit isn't spelled with an extra s, regardless of how many one eats. Like deer, fish, and moose, Triscuit is its own plural.

Jordan Brady Via e-mail

We gotcha. So it wouldn't be correct to say, "Jordan smokes poles"?

Taller Baller

I've been a subscriber for a while, and I have never seen any clothes aimed at tall men. I am 6'9", and I find that just about every article of clothing you feature isn't made in my size. I am a very fashionable person. I'm a model, and I act. Keep in mind that basketball players in high school and college are typically the popular guys who set the trends and lead the way. Just thought I'd throw that out there.

Mike Konanec Via e-mail

You're so right, brosef! Remember that brief period in the '80s when everyone dressed like former L.A. Laker and superhunky fashion icon Kurt Rambis? Neither do we.

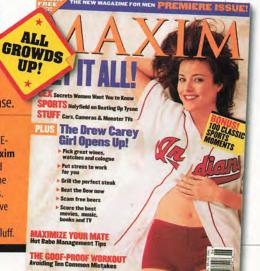
THE BEST OF THE WORST OF TIMES

MAXIM IS 100!

Greatness, like puberty, doesn't happen overnight. Help us celebrate our ongoing awkward phase.

The discovery of the New World. The signing of the Constitution. The invention of bears, What do they all have in common? Aside from being incomplete sentences, each one of these momentous occasions marks a milestone in the history of America. We'd like to give our fellow Americans another great moment. Sadly, we're going to have to settle for the 100th issue of Maxim. That's right, clowns, our immature Maxim fetus has grown into a lumbering, immature Maxim manchild...all thanks to you! And for our 100th birthday—we

count birthdays by months, like lemurs – and Mormons we're compiling a list of the greatest moments in *Maxim* history, Got a favorite story from issues past? Favorite cover. girl? Editor you wanna spoon? E-mail 100@maxim mag.com, and get ready for the next 100 issues.
Make sure you've got plenty of marshmallow fluff.



Chili's big mouth burgers for you and your date: \$15

(finding a nice way to tell her she has ketchup on her face: priceless)

The best place to hook up with friends is at Chili's. With burgers, babyback ribs, fajitas, molten chocolate cake - Chili's has everything you MasterCard crave. So bring your date. Bring your friends. Bring your MasterCard.® there are some things money can't buy, for everything else there's MasterCard.™

Weight a Second

I know this is a bit old hat, but in your August issue, you claimed that a fully loaded United States military standard issue M-16 weighs less than an Xbox ["It's a Fact"]. One day, myself and a few other marines attempted to verify this claim, since every day we have to carry around our M-16s with mags full of 30 rounds. Then we made a sling for an Xbox and carried it around with us for three days. The Xbox seemed considerably lighter. To make sure, we put both on a scale, and there was no doubt that the M-16 weighed more than the Xbox. (And, yes, I am named after the guy from Rush.)

Geddilee Parry Via e-mail

A standard Xbox weighs in at 8.8125 pounds, and according to the U.S. Army an M-16 is only 8.8. While we surely won't discount your field-tested data, we can't believe the military would ever lie to us! [Cough.] Thanks for setting us straight.

Shower Power

I'm a marine currently deployed at al-Asaad, Iraq. In recent arguments, some of the marines I work with have tried to argue that there is nothing wrong with a man showering with a loofah and body wash. In my experience, loofahs come in feminine colors like pink and purple. I have yet to see a loofah with any football, motor sports, or beer logos on it. This argument has been going on for nearly seven months, and we want an answer!

S.Sgt. J. Snyder, USMC Via e-mail

Here's the verdict, dudes: Stop showering together. Then everything else will fall into place.

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LUXURY SWEET Ever wondered what it's like to live a life of privilege? Not Tony Alberding.

WINNER TAKES ALL

For one weekend, former schleprock Tony Alberding was able to roll smoother than his bald spot on the streets of Sin City thanks to Maxim's "Live Like a Hilton" contest. A private jet whisked Tony to the Palms hotel, along with a convoy of his fellow rabble-rousers and the lovely Nicky Hilton. The guys spent night one embarrassing themselves, thanks to the comped bar tab at Ghostbar. The next morning saw the guys chickless and

still buzzing. Some lounging by the pool, and a tasty steak dinner at N9NE Steakhouse with Nicky and her parents (at which one klutz we won't name spilled wine on Nicky's skirt), helped recharge the boys to enjoy a full VIP

night at Rain. A pimpin' Learjet returned Tony to reality, where he could revel in his glory and watch his friend-count return to zero.

Congrats, yo!





"Seriously, how many of these do

you really need?"

THE



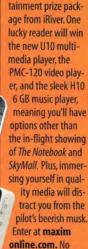




Long airplane rides

video camera and a pair of handcuffs. Tune out the plane's white noise and Tom's invitation to become a star with the ulti-

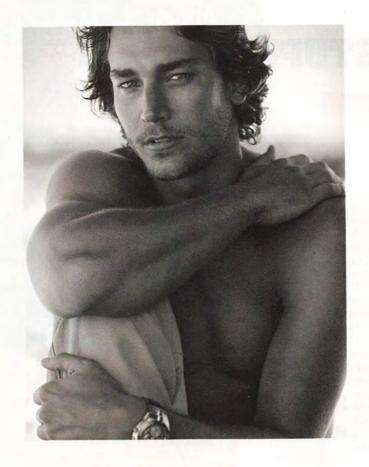
If you were an elf, you'd have the best big screen around.



mate digital-enter-







IT'S YOUR WATCH THAT TELLS MOST ABOUT WHO YOU ARE.

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LAUGH, STUPI

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

JOHN HEFFRON

Still bitter about his bowl cut.

Girls are always surrounded by their "we gotta go" girlfriends. You ever see the one girl you like

and she's orbited by 15 pissed-offlooking women that won't let you into their little circle? Ladies, don't bring those girlfriends when you go out at night—bring your slutty friends!

Every guy has been yelled at for not listening. Every guy could also be in the loudest bar ever and still hear a woman whisper to her friend, "I'm so drunk!" We perk up like a deer

hearing a twig snap. We're just waiting for the slow, drunk, weak one. Guys, the "we gotta go" girl is the one you need to be chatting up. You've got to win the crowd, Maximus! When they powwow in the bathroom to determine whether you're gonna get any, all those points get chalked up. Women are like the Marines—they don't leave anybody behind.

I recently saw my family. My mom said, "Oh, I see you got your hair cut. You should've waited till you got home. I would've cut your hair."

"Oh, really, Ma? I've got 500 fifth-grade photos that I couldn't give to anybody that year because of your hack job!"

Why do moms think they can cut hair with no haircutting experience whatsoever? My mom didn't even use haircutting scissors. She'd just go to the junk drawer and pull out those same scissors she used to pop the lid off paint cans, same scissors she used to cut the dog crap off the dog. We'd be running around the house, screaming, "Mom is trying to cut our hair with the dingleberry scissors again!"

Buy Heffron's CD, Good Kid, Bad Adult, and check tour dates at johnheffron.com.



tongue

groove.

and

rabout > THE \$200 JOKE!

WIN \$200!

Blown Away

A man is sitting at a diner counter when another guy takes the stool next to him. He notices that the guy has a long duffel bag and asks what's inside.

"It's my sniper rifle," he says. "I'm a professional hitman."

"No way!" says the first guy. "Mind if I take a look through the scope? I think I can see my house from here." The hitman nods and hands over his gun.

"This is amazing. I can see right into the window of my house," says the first guy. "There's my wife in the bedroom. And she's

naked. Wait...there's my neighbor! Bastard! How much do you charge for a hit?"

itch so bad! Just

shoot 'em off!"

"Flat price," says the sniper. "One thousand dollars per shot."

"Well, here's a check for two thousand," says the guy." I want you to shoot both of them: my wife in the head and my neighbor in his dick. That should teach them."

The sniper takes the rifle, aims, then stands still for a few moments.

"You gonna shoot them or what?"
"Give me a minute," says the hitman."I
think I can save you a grand."

—J. Erik Zimmermann, Brooklyn, NY

Show and Tell

A guy in a store sees a hot woman wave to him.
"Do I know you?" he says, walking over.
"I think you're the father of one of my kids."
"Are you that hooker I banged behind Chuck
E. Cheese's during my son's birthday party?"

"No," she says. "I'm his math teacher."

Sounds Like...

Q: What's the difference between "ooh" and "aah"?

A: About three inches.

Ball Braker

An Amish woman driving her horse-drawn buggy is stopped by a policeman.

"I wanted to warn you that the reflector on the back of your buggy is broken," says the cop.

"I thank thee," replies the Amish lady. "I shall have my husband repair it today."

"Also, one of your reins is wrapped around the horse's testicles," says the officer. "Have your husband check that too."

"Aye, sir. Many thanks."

When the woman returns home, she tells her husband about the reflector. "I'll look at it right away" he says.

"Also," says the woman, "the policeman said there's a problem with the emergency brake."

Spit 'n' Span

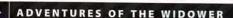
A lesbian goes to a gynecologist.

"You have the cleanest vagina I've ever seen," the doctor says.

"I'd better. I have a woman in twice a week."



Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.







A Maxim View of the World

CIRCUS IN

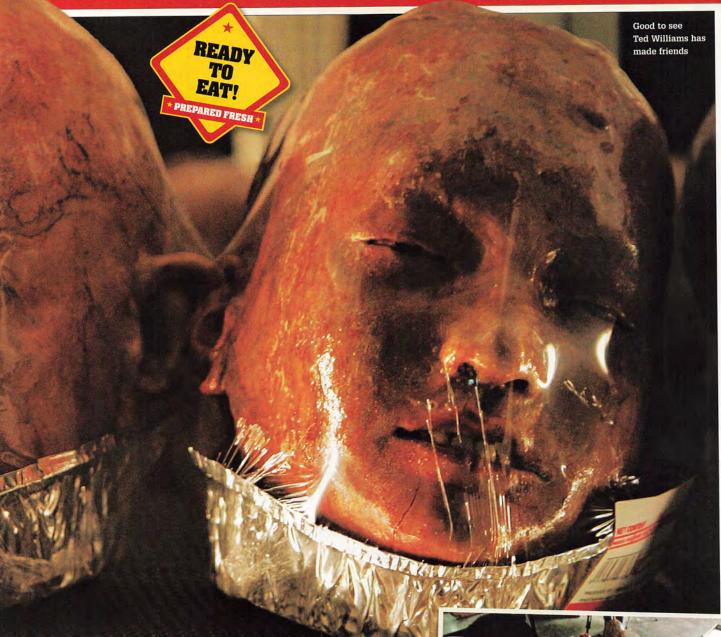


THE BIG PICTURE

BUTTER FACES

Don't freak out. These aren't real human heads...we think. Kidding! Or are we?

Instead of slurping on soup bowls full of eyeballs or drowning human brains in alfredo sauce, blossoming cannibals can just sink their teeth into frighteningly realistic human body parts made of bread, such as this trio of shrinkwrapped noggins. But where does the up-and-coming flesh eater go to find such delectable treats? The answer is Bangkok's Silpakorn



University, where 28-year-old art student Kittiwat Unarrom creeps out the locals by sculpting body parts from the very same dough used to make wholesome baked goods. Besides what goes into the batter, Unarrom employs chocolate, raisins, and cashews when constructing his gruesome edible human heads, feet, hands, and torsos. He also offers a wide selection of chicken and pig body parts, just for the hell of it. According to the yeasty artiste, his inspiration came from anatomy books, a trip to a forensics museum, and the bakery his family owns. He hopes the exhibit forces people to ponder the food they consume. We're sure Unarrom's friends and family have nothing to fear—unless, of course, neighborhood pets begin to disappear.

"I'm serving finger food," he joked. No

one laughed...



HOSE WACKY

This is what happens when countries don't have eggnog.

MAN SHOWS OFF FUNC-**TIONAL FACIAL GROWTH**

China Wang Ying, a 73-year-old retiree from Jiangsu Province, lifts up to 14 bricks with the horn jutting from his forehead. Wang is an expert in the ancient martial art Qi, and incorporates the freakish nubbin into his kung fu routines. Because of its location, doctors refused to operate on the protruding five-centimeter flesh cone. That's not to say Wang is illin'. He recently spent 18 days walking to Naniing with bricks a-dangling to demonstrate his healthy ability to hoist and nauseate.



EASTERN EUROS BELIEVE DRAGON WILL SAVE THEM

Bosnia A city will erect a statue of Bruce Lee as a way to unite its war-torn populace. Depicted in a martial arts stance, the bronze Lee will sit in the center of the town of Mostar. Slow to recover after the civil war between Muslims and Croats in the mid-'90s, Mostar chose the Chinese warrior as a "monument to universal justice," according to Veselin Gatalo, a member of the organization that conceived of the statue. Plans for a Jean-Claude Van Damme statue were shot down.



LIBRARY SAYS IT'S OK TO CHECK OUT WOMEN

Netherlands A library is actually lending out people in an effort to challenge stereotypes. In addition to books, patrons can check out gay people, gypsies, and Muslims for an hour, allowing for one-to-one chats the library hopes will dispel negative perceptions. The library's 10-person volunteer team of different races, genders, and sexual orientations is also available to meet at a nearby pub for discussions. Barflies looking to broaden their horizons now have the chance to beat on an array of multicultural nerds.



MAN'S BREATH SMELLS LIKE **WORM EXCRETION**

India A man has angered his neighbors by continually stealing their precious mud. Barsaatu Lal of scenic Karimpur Bind raids lawns for wet dirt because he eats roughly four pounds of it per day, causing farmers to fight him for their "quality" mud. The village headman wants the government to give Lal his own acre of land or a trolleyful of ground to keep him busy. Lal, who enjoys his sludge with lime paste, says eating mud gives him strength. Which, oddly enough, feels a lot like constipation.

AUTOEROTIC

GRASP THE CONCEPT

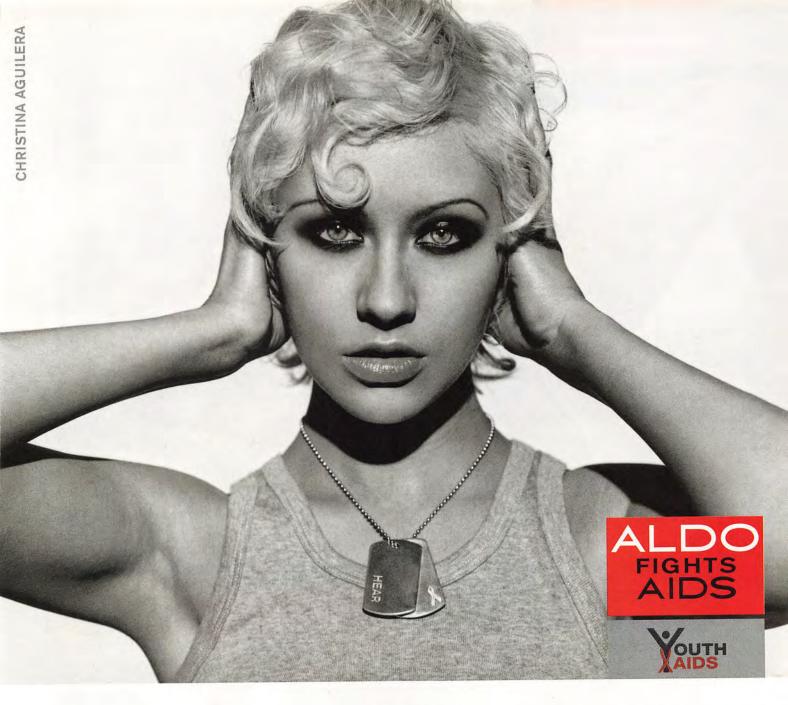
A student designed it, and Peugeot made it. So you know it's good!



Behold, the future of bubble boy transportation, Peugeot (pronounced "French clown-car maker") created the Moovie as a concept for this year's Frankfurt auto show. But credit for the pod belongs to 23-year-old Portuguese André Costa, who came up with the Moovie for a Peugeot automotive

design contest held last year. Innovation comes in the form of two hollow-rimmed rear wheels roughly five feet around, and steering works by spinning the two electric-motor-driven wheels at different speeds. Hello, 360degree spins-and a windshield spattered with your passenger's stomach lather!





HEAR NO EVIL?

AIDS KILLS ONE CHILD EVERY MINUTE WHEN TRUTH SPREADS, AIDS WON'T

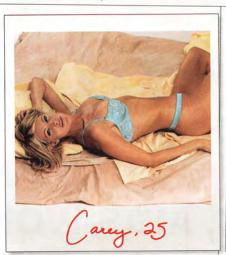
BUY THE EMPOWERMENT DOG TAGS ONLINE OR AT YOUR NEAREST ALDO STORE. ALL NET PROCEEDS WILL BENEFIT YOUTHAIDS.



VHERE THE MAGIC HAPPENS

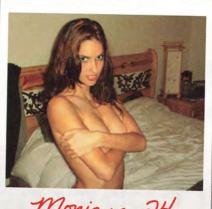
OW US YOUR BEDROO

These pretty ladies opened the door to their sleeping quarters. Join us, won't you?



A WOMAN IN KNEAD

Want to get your hands on Carey? She's looking for a personal masseur to rub her down once a week on her own bed. Do well and you may get a glimpse of her lingerie collection. Screw up and tack on yet another restraining order.



Monique, 24

FIXER-UPPER

Monique might need a handyman, as she wants to put a stripper pole in her bedroom. It's for private shows for that special someone, of course, and it'll compliment her velvet comforter, heels, and nurse outfit. Any applicants?



Hey, ladies! Send us a pic of

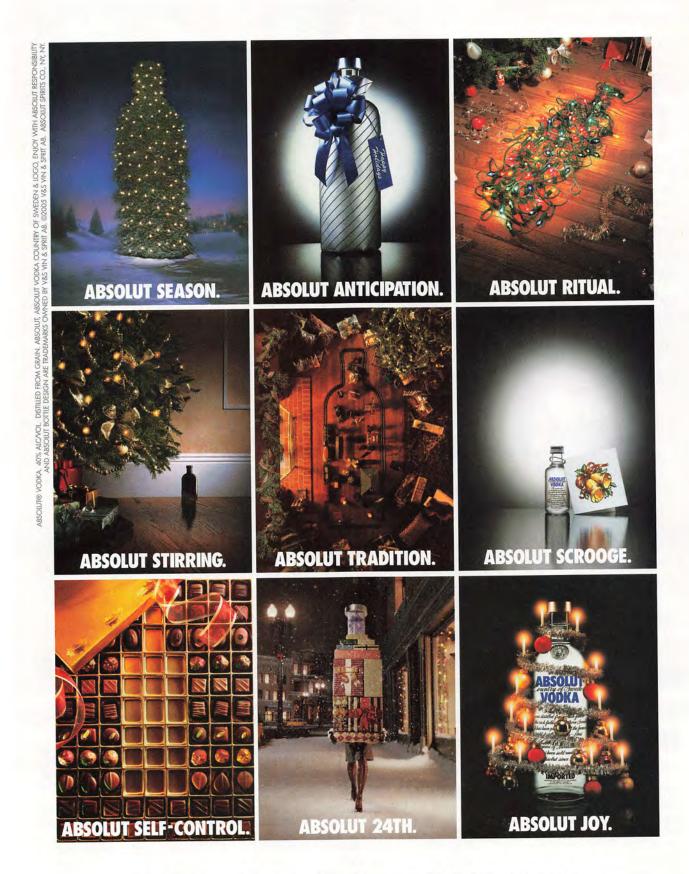
yourself in bed to bedroom @maximmag.com. We'll take care of the rest.

Brandi, 21

HOME ALONE

It's hard to believe, but Brandi sometimes sleeps alone, a six-foot-long body pillow her only company. So sad! When she does entertain, her guests are treated to handcuffs and silk sheets. Why tease us so, God?

Photographs, Jim Malucci (Diana); styling, Alexis Pappas for Code Artists; hair, Yessenia Vargas for Code Artists; makeup, James Burns for Code Artists; location designer, Alejandro Sierra for Blu Design Inc.

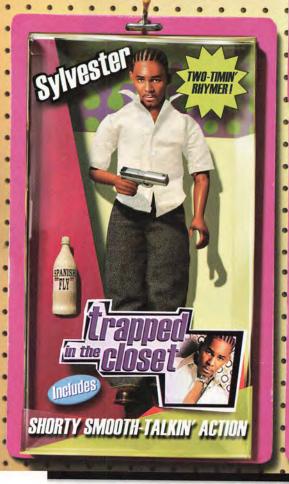


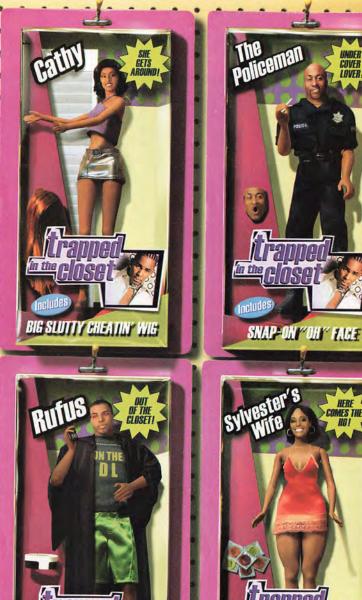
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YOUTH MARKETING

How best to promote sex gourmet R. Kelly's hip-opera Trapped in the Closet? Kid-friendly action figures!







ROAD MAP

HOW WE GOT...NASCAR

A short history of America's favorite horseless carriage derby.

65 MILLION B.C.

Dinosaurs rule the Earth, then croak. Millions of years later, their bones have transformed into either museum pieces or NASCAR nectar.



3 A.D.

Roman chariot races become popular. Horses trade hair, slave pit crews form, and imperial sponsorship pays the bills.



1885

The internalcombustion engine is invented, killing any hopes for a National Association of Steam Car Automotive Racing.



1903

Henry Ford is determined to sell every American an automobile, ushering in mass production of stock cars and, eventually, air fresheners.

PLAYA-HUNTING GLOW EYES



1940s

Tax-man-dodging bootleggers leave burnouts all over the South. This combines three things important to NASCAR.



1948

U.S. ARMY

William France creates NASCAR by merging several floundering racing tracks. He's the Elvis of the racing world.



2005

NASCAR is the best excuse to inhale car exhaust, cheer heavy metal carnage, and wage war in the Middle East.



COMET MEETS VIXEN.

Open it up and smile. With a 240hp V6 and breathtaking style, find comfort and joy in every twist and turn the road offers up.

THE PONTIAC G6 GTP COUPE starting at \$24,610.*

Sport-tuned suspension Standard 18" aluminum wheels Available 6-speed manual

*MSRP Tay title license dealer fees and optional equipment extra.





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*As shown price, S21,080. MSRP. Starting-at price does not include A/C. Tax, title, license, dealer fees and other optional equipment extra.



ZOMBIE DOGS

Scientists have discovered how to bring dead pooches back to life in six easy steps (more or less). Next stop: Grandma

Dogs are man's best friend-a fact we're sure isn't lost on Patrick Kochanek, M.D., as he's rubbing out Snoopy, then bringing him back to life three hours later. The director of the University of Pittsburgh's Safar Center for Resuscitation Research in Oakland. Pennsylvania, Kochanek and his team have developed a breakthrough in suspended-

animation
research.
First they
drain a dog's
blood until its
heart stops,
place a
catheter
directly into
the aorta,
and then
pump in
a nearfreezing

saline solution containing glucose and oxygen, which drops the body temperature to 40 degrees. The mutt is put on ice for hours, then thawed, refilled with blood, and jump-started back to life. Most of the resurrected pooches are OK, although scientists say some have mysterious "behavioral issues."This research has potential applications on the battlefield and in emergency rooms. where patients with severe blood loss and trauma can be kept stabilized a few extra hours. Maybe one day we can all be put on ice, then woken up 1,000 years later-when war, taxes, and monogamy are things of the past.













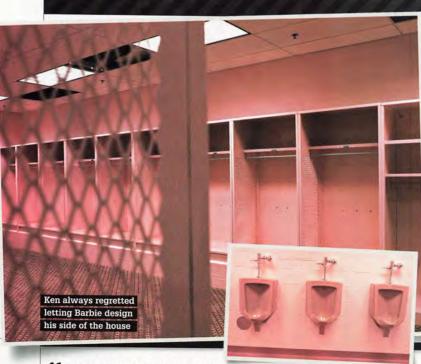
DEGRADING SPACES

At the University of Iowa, psychological warfare starts with interior decorating.

Short of stealing and reading the outside linebacker's diary, it's not easy to screw with an opposing football player's head. So when the facilities at the lowa Hawkeyes' Kinnick Stadium needed refurbishing this year, school officials authorized an allpink locker room for visiting gridiron teams. Pink walls, pink lockers, even pink urinals—only

the steel water fountains don't look like they've been slathered with a hearty coat of Pepto-Bismol. The wombification of the guest space actually harks back some 20 years. when then-coach Hayden Fry painted the walls of the old visitors' locker room pink. According to Fry, an ex-psychology major, pink was a soothing color that he hoped would sap

opponents of the will to play their cortisonejuiced hearts out. How are the new digs working out so far? lowa won their first home game of the season, 56-0, against Ball State. Even worse, rumor has it that State's players consoled themselves with a shopping spree at Pottery Barn.





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- Once you have created an account, launch the game and enter your Account Name and Password.
- 5) The game will automatically obtain and install the latest patch. If you are concerned about your download cap please contact your ISP. They may have a free download option for subscribers.
- Once you have patched, you may log into and play the game.

www.worldofwarcraft.com

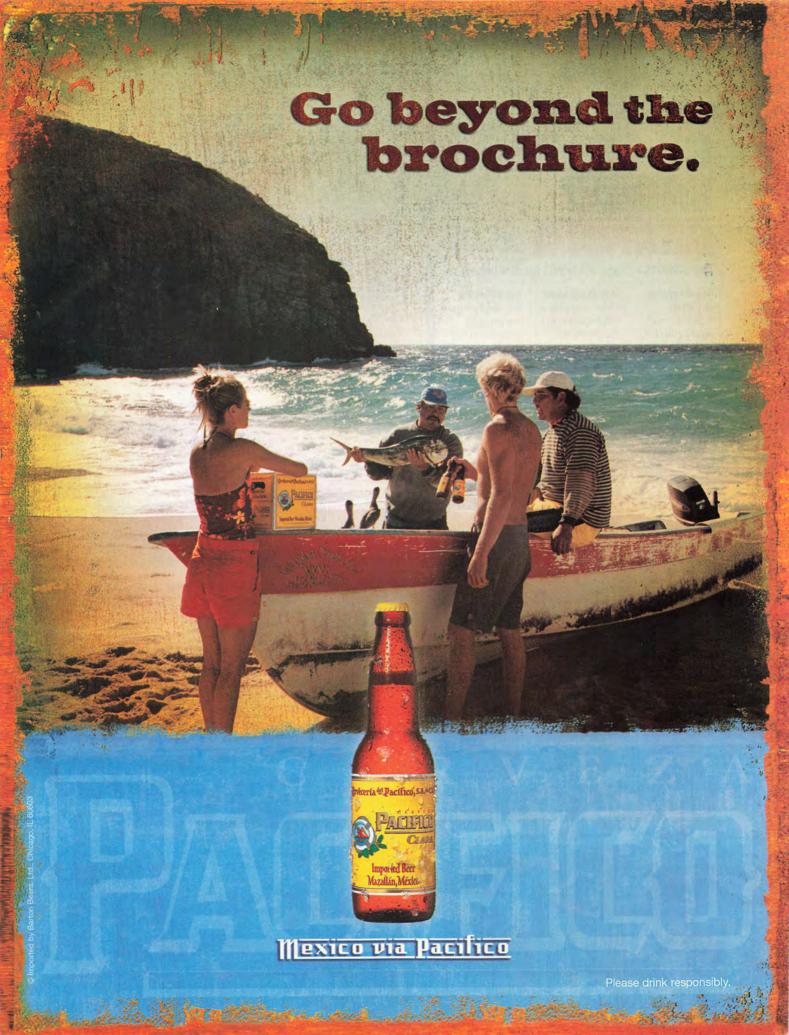


WIN MAC DVD-ROM SOFTWARE

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Jesse Sullivan's a 58-year-old bionic man. Bow before him.

How did you lose your arms?

In 2001 I was working on a power line, and I grabbed a wire. Seventy-two hundred volts. I had to have my arms amputated. When did you get the bionic arm? In 2002 they grafted the nerves that used to control my left arm to my pectoral muscle. I had the first arm for two years. But I'm working with a new prototype that's better than the one I use at home.

How does it work?

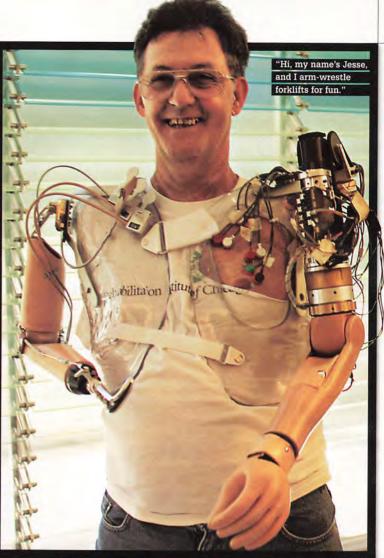
It's got sensors like an EKG that stick to my muscles. When I think, Close my hand, part of the muscle moves. The sensors pick that up and tell the arm what to do. What's it feel like? I feel phantom limbs. Put a rubber band around your fingers and thumb. I feel that resistance when I use my left hand. But the phantom on the right moves slowly because I didn't have the surgery on that side.

Any difficulties?

They were testing the new arm, and it snapped. Then they put it together, but it had a short, so when I put it on it went haywire. If you remember the Lost in Space robot who'd swing his arms and holler, "Danger, Will Robinson!" it was like that.

How is it being the first bionic man?

It's been a privilege. Some soldiers coming back from war have lost limbs. Maybe this will help them, too.



POP QUIZ

Energy drinks and car fluids...same difference?



1.AUTO FLUID **ENERGY DRINK**



2.AUTO FLUID ENERGY DRINK



AUTO FLUID ENERGY DRINK



4. AUTO FLUID **ENERGY DRINK**



5.AUTO FLUID **ENERGY DRINK**



CUT 'N' PASTE

INSTANT <mark>apology</mark>

Link these phrases into one all-purpose, completely sincere apology!

Honeysuckle,

I promise my actions will seem amusing in retrospect,

Bumblepuppy,

He said if I didn't shotgun those beer cans, he'd punt the kitten,

Shmookums,

This isn't a sports car, it's an investment in our future,

Little ladle o' love.

That thing you just loudly accused me of did not occur,

Skin bunny,

I fought, yet the terrorists snatched the ring off my finger,

It's not stripper glitter. It's from

my secret arts and crafts class,

Snuggle pal,

Life partner,

It was a charity poker game for crippled people in poor places,

anyway, I am so totally super sorry. Grab big dog a cold one?

but I guess I wasn't thinking about "the umbrella of us."

but I'm weally sowwy to make your widdle heart feel ouchies.

however, I am wholeheartedly contrite. G'night!

and isn't it big of me to admit my failings as a human being?

so let me make it up to you by freaking you smooth and nasty.

but I do appreciate these open lines of communication.

Answer: 1. Penzoil Gumout 2. Everlast citrus blast 3. Red Line SuperCoolant 4. Unifide windshield washer 5. Bar's Leaks transmission conditioner 6. Stacker2 sugar-free

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E 2005 BONEHEAD AWARDS

They made asses of themselves. and we're here to applaud that. Nicely done, famous people!

RAFAEL PALMEIRO

Baltimore Orioles first baseman is busted for steroids after swearing to Congress to the contrary. Palmeiro "didn't know" he was juicing; he thought cashew-size testes and getting stabbed in his ass meat with a needle were normal.

TOM SIZEMORE

After years of struggle, the character actor is clean, sober, and making creepy pornos. The Saving Private Ryan star is an Oscar shoo-in, especially when he nails a fellow rehabber, then smiles knowingly at the camera.

JUDE LAW

Pretty-boy actor cheats on starlet fiancée Sienna Miller with homely nanny while shooting a movie in Louisiana. Jude then inhales his marbles and grovels for the cameras. A real man would have sat in the doghouse and waited.

PAT ROBERTSON

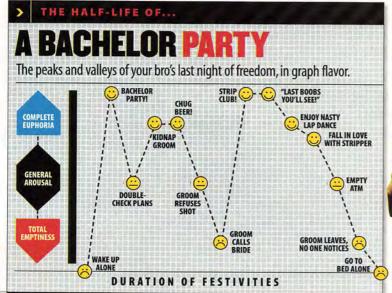
The spiritual leader of millions tells his audience that the U.S. should kill the Venezuelan prez, as per the Gospels. Robertson later defends himself by claiming he never said what was taped on his daily, internationally televised broadcast.

MICHAEL BROWN

Former FEMA chief botches the federal response to Hurricane Katrina. It didn't help that his previous job was commissioner of a horse trade association (Nice appointment there, Dubya!). At least no ponies were hurt during the deluge.

WHITNEY HOUSTON

She was one of the biggest stars in the world. Now she's a bit player on Being Bobby Brown. Her lowest moment involves the revelation that she allows Brown to help her when she's constipated. With his fingers.



GET IT RIGHT

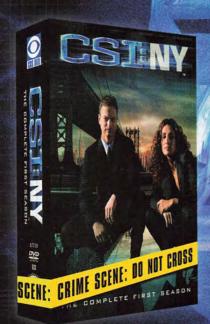
GREAT OUOT

Frank the Tank questions the sanctity of marriage.



I GUESS I, DEEP DOWN, I'M FEELING A LITTLE CONFUSED. I MEAN, SUDPENLY, YOU GET MARRIED, AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THIS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT GUY, I DON'T FEEL DIFFERENT, I MEAN, TAKE YESTERDAY, FOR EXAMPLE. WE WERE OUT AT THE OLIVE GARDEN FOR DINNER, WHICH WAS LOVELY, AND, UH, I HAPPEN TO LOOK OVER AT A CERTAIN POINT DURING THE MEAL AND SEE A WAITRESS TAKING AN ORDER, AND I FOUND MYSELF WONDERING WHAT COLOR HER UNDERPANTS MIGHT BE. HER PANTIES. UH, OPDS ARE THEY'RE PROBABLY BASIC WHITE COTTON UNDERPANTS, BUT I STARTED THINKING, WELL, MAYBE IT'S A THONG. MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING REALLY COOL THAT I DON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT.

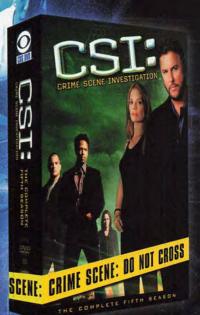
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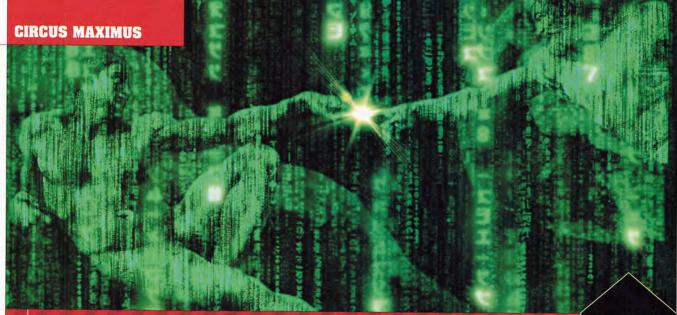




OWN THEM ALL







ORIGINS OF THE SPECIES

IN THE BEGINNING...

The Kansas Board of Education wants to teach creationism alongside evolution. We say: Give the brats more choices!

Ever since Darwin theorized that man evolved from apes, Bible-thumpers have freaked out for fear of losing their market share on having all the answers. And now fringe educators are trying to sink evolution by sneaking the Book of Genesis, cleverly rebranded "Intelligent Design," into school science curricula. But if their Holy Rollin' opinions are allowed in, shouldn't the following totally valid and superscientific theories be taught as well?



Theory: Morgan Freeman is God. The argument: In the beginning, there was Morgan Freeman. And with His smooth, fatherly baritone, He said, "Let there be light." Proof: Look how many angst-ridden, spiritually bankrupt white movie stars he's helped with his magical niceness and folksy gravitas in all those flicks. Praise the Freeman! Hallelujah!



Theory: We evolved from Hobbits. The argument: The Lord of the Rings is actually a holy text detailing the history of Middle-earth, or as it's referred to now, New Zealand. Proof: Use of scientific observation also yields that today's little people descended from dwarves, interior decorators from elves, and **English character** actors from wizards.



Theory: Scientology is the one true way. The argument: Millions of years ago, an evil galactic overlord murdered a bunch of aliens. Nowadays the religion wants to help rid us of the parasitic ghosts of these aliens. **Proof:** Tom Cruise is proof that space lords exist. And Hollywood is full of Scientologists—how could those bat-shit fruitloops be wrong?

Theory: We live in the Matrix. The argument: Our world is virtual, created by giant robot octopi that are using our bodies as batteries. There is a small group of humans who know that the world is an electronic ruse, and they look like rejects from an S&M disco. Also, Keanu Reeves is the Messiah. Proof: It's simply easier to accept that we exist in a digitized virtual world than to accept that where we really came from involved a backseat and the promise to

"pull out."

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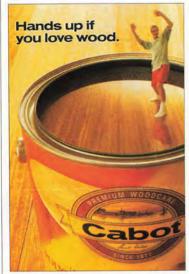


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FOUND PORN

Somebody actually thought this stuff was innocent.



A RUNNER-UP

"I'm telling you, the best thing about wood is the way it looks after you've spent hours handpolishing it. Wait, what's so funny?"

—Megan Draper, Salt Lake City, UT

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Finally, the cyborg sex parts that made the Six Million Dollar Man such a hit with the ladies can be yours, too. Act now!

—F. Munoz, San Antonio, TX



A RUNNER-UP

Bambi's mom wasn't able to lay off the stuff, and look what happened to her. —Karmen Koch, Boscobel, WI



◄ RUNNER-UP

The Deep South may be best known for home-brewed hooch, but San Francisco's always made a fine moonshine as well. —Robert Jones, Laramie, WY



▼ RUNNER-UP

The scene
between the
Road Runner
and John
Holmes is truly
a classic.
—Michael
Gardner,
Annapolis, MD



▲ RUNNER-UP

It took some convincing, but finally Pier 1 Imports launched its line of housewares for suburban moms with bestiality fetishes.

—Max Bravo, Coral Springs, FL

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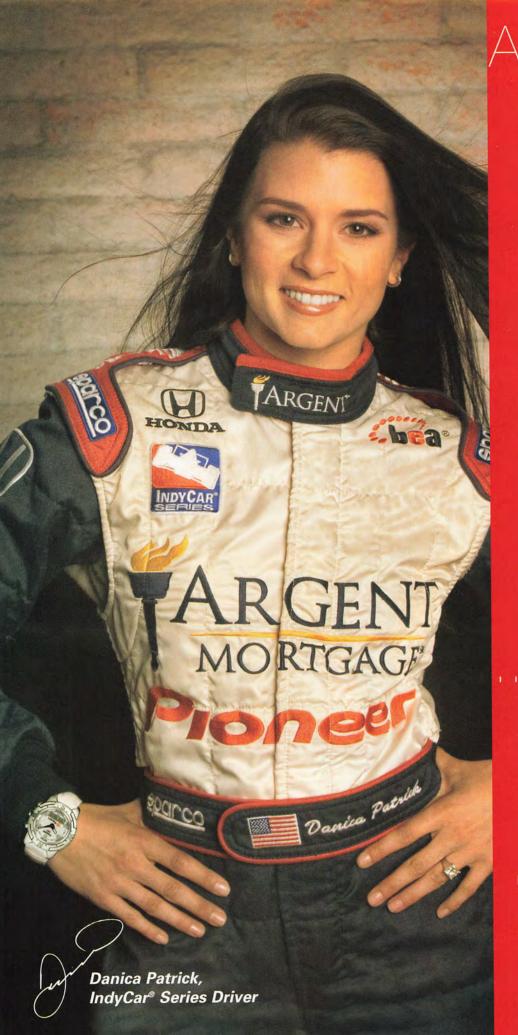




ACTIVISION.



notograph, Antoine Verglas; styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, David Shannon for cloutieragency.com using Matrix oducts; makeup, Elisa Flowers for Pout Cosmetics at ba-reps; bikini, Sunflower; necklace, Starstrings



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SCHOOL YOUR FRIENDS

The world's best freestyle baller shows you how to get from the foul line to the hoop—and look damn good doing it.

THE SETUP

While dribbling to the right, raise your right knee. "This gives the illusion you're going behind the back," explains Luis "Trikz" Da Silva, star of 12 Nike ads. Instead, quickly slip your left hand between your legs and tap the ball out in front of you.

Let the ball bounce, and as your defender hops over to recover, cross him up again by reaching your left hand over to "snatch" the ball back to your left. "Use one V-dribble to bounce it back to your original spot."

Your defender's now on his heels, so he'll scramble to get back to you." This gives you a split second of separation, and that's all you need," says Trikz. "You're dancing, and he's on skates."

THE MOVE

"Now give him a head fake—lift your head and shoulders up and look at the hoop—to telegraph a jump shot," advises Trikz, who's also a member of the barnstorming Harlem Wizards squad (he's working over teammate Eric "Broadway" Jones here).

When he bites on the fake by stepping forward and possibly raising his arms, you've got him. Slam the ball down on the ground and "give it a nice little rolling push" between his legs.

As the ball slides forward, sprint around his left side to meet it. By the time he gets wise, you'll be halfway to an easy two.





CRÈME BRÛLAID

MAKE TAKEOUT LOOK HOMEMADE

Romantic home-cooked meals are a woman's Viagra. Just don't forget to slip the delivery guy a fiver.

KEEP IT SIMPLE
First, trade in your idea
of veal-stuffed ravioli
with quail-egg sauce for more
Olive Garden—esque fare."You can
fool her with Italian food as long
as it's not too fancy," explains food
stylist Jacqueline Buckner."Or
carve a rotisserie chicken onto a
big platter. Avoid Asian food; from
scratch typically tastes very different from what you get out." You
can make MSG from scratch?

"Invest in a few classy white plates," Buckner suggests. Anything from asparagus spears to McNuggets can look more delicious than sweet crack rock if you stack them in an artful tower. For added flair, put sauces in a squeeze bottle and attack the plate lip like Jackson Pollock. She'll be so amorous over your attention to detail, she'll never notice it's

just a dressed-up value meal.

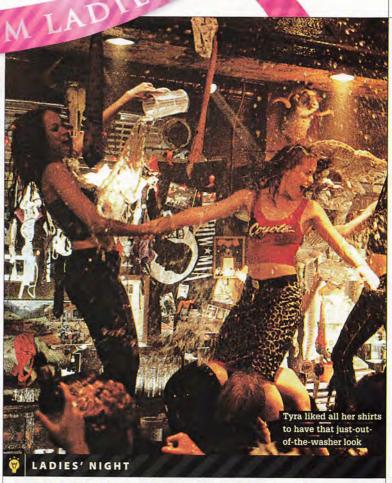
EXPOSE HER NOSE
Don't forget your
lady's olfactory nerves.
"Throw olive oil and chopped
garlic in a pan and it'll smell like
you've been cooking for hours,"
Buckner notes. Buy an extra
container of sauce and let it
simmer on the stove. Remember

those vanilla-scented candles she

gave you? Light 'em-they just

MESS TO IMPRESS
"Put on an apron and smear sauce and flour on yourself," says Buckner. Then toss the takeout containers and drop some soaped-up pots and pans in the sink. Add some seasoning from your spice rack to the dish, giving a little truth to the notion that you've actually cooked. Just don't go overboard with the





PICK UP YOUR BARTENDER

Michelle Villemaire, who used to sling drinks at L.A.'s famous Skybar, reveals three steps to really wetting your whistle. Bottoms up!



ORDER WELL

Your drink tells your story. Appletini seems fey; Long Island iced tea's a pain in the ass for me to make; scotch on the rocks says,"I'm too much of an amateur to order a single-malt." Get the picture? Find the drink that best represents you. I like a guy who orders a Grey Goose martini, straight up, mildly dirty. In other words, "I've got style and a sophisticated palate, and I'm not afraid to spank your ass with a paddle." But, hey, that's just me.

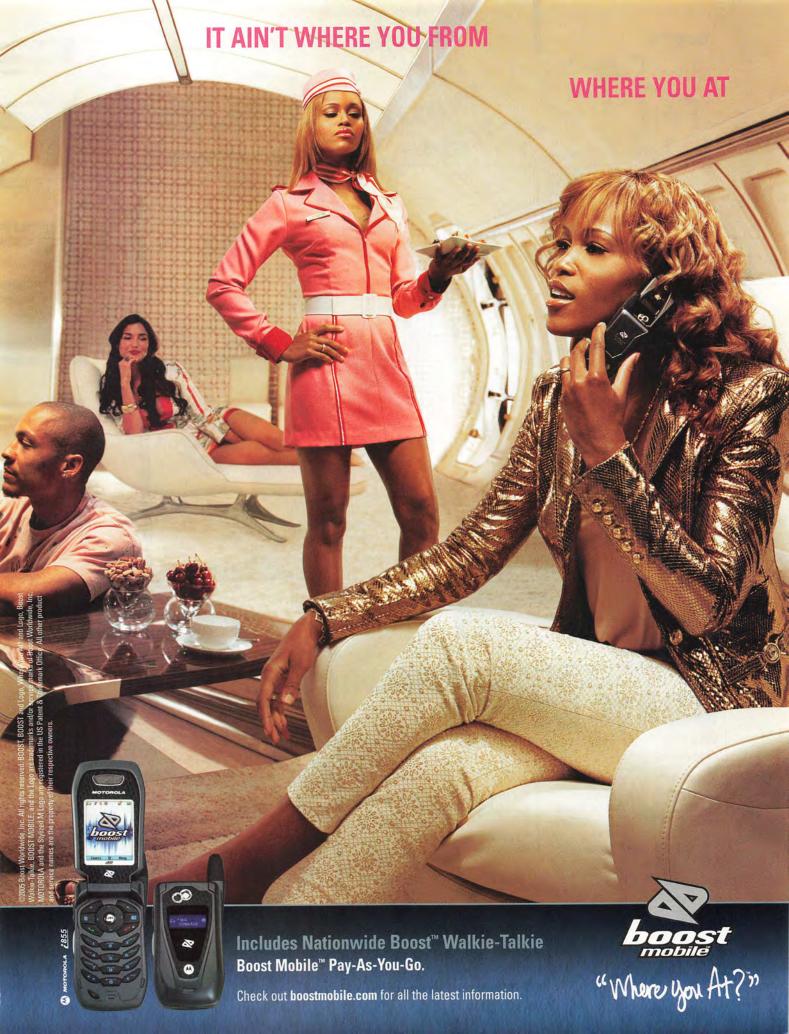
CHAT ME UP

Come in on a crowdfree weeknight. I'm more relaxed, and you don't look like as much of a loser if you're by yourself. When I lean toward you with my cups brimming, ask me how I am, then intimate that it's been a very busy week at work. I want to feel like I'm creating a much-needed escape for a hard-working, responsible individual. (You are, aren't you?) Pour the talk short, garnish with your boyish charm, and serve.

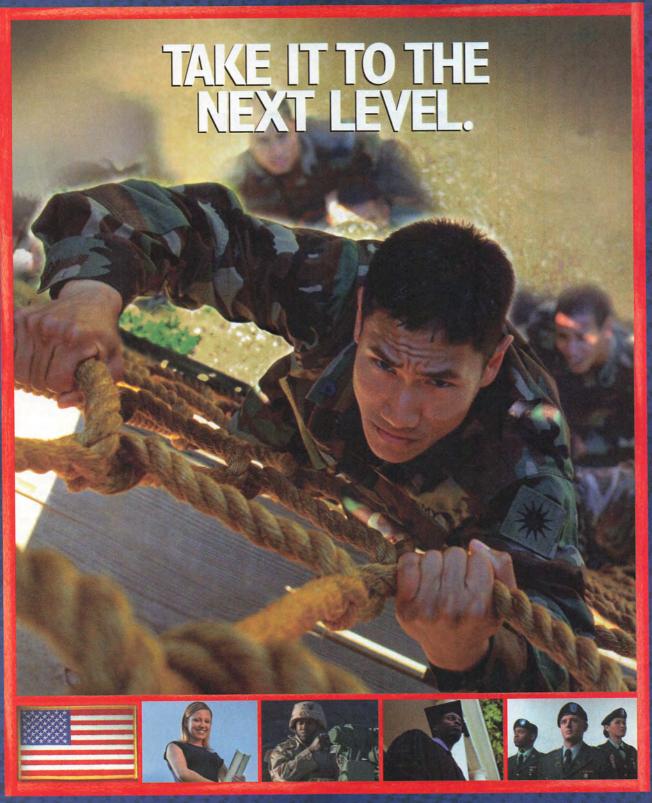
TIP YOUR HAND

Guys with big ones needn't draw attention to them, so don't wave your 1040 in my face. Leaving your fat wad on the bar nonchalantly tells me you're comfortable spreading the love; if you take care of me here, I know you'll take care of me... there. If I serve your next drink on the house, the next stop could be my house. Ask when I'm getting off (no pun intended), and make a date to meet up later. Don't be afraid to pour me a stiff one.

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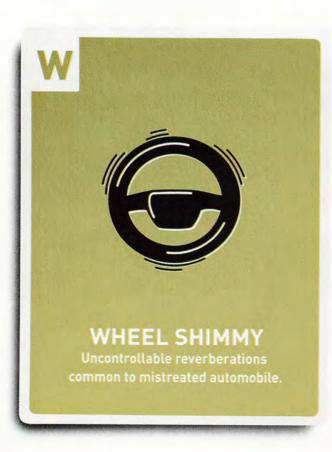
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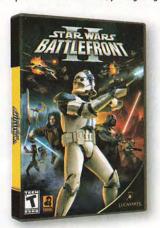








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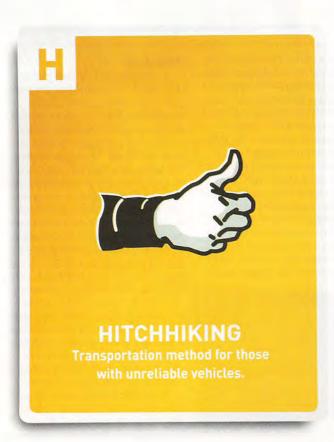
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TIRES AND ICE

At 50 below zero, a rare breed drives supplies over arctic Canada's frozen lakes. Ride along with the toughest truckers on Earth.

Out here on a frozen lake more than 100 yards from shore, the sound of breaking ice feels loud as a gunshot.

NO ROAD? NO PROBLEM

Crack. Crack. Crackcracrack.

With each sound the gap in the ice shoots forward another foot, spreading mere inches from where I'm standing, then past me, growing, splitting, then running back around me, cutting off my escape. I suck in a quick breath and brace myself for the crash of ice below my feet giving way, plunging me into the freezing water below.

Then the crack seals up as if it never existed. I notice I'm still holding my breath and let out a sudden gasp, leaving a cloud of frozen fog in the air. The next thing I notice is the rumble of the truck's engine as it passes by. Through its open window I can hear its driver, Al Hondl, laughing.

End of the road

Our truck is well off any road map. Technically, the road stops just outside Yellowknife, capital of Canada's Northwest Territories, 2,000 miles due North of Salt Lake City. But that connection to the southern world is tenuous at best. The last stretch of highway into Yellowknife crosses a river so wide the cost of building a bridge has for years proved prohibitive. For six weeks each

The break in the ice shoots forward, running back around me, cutting off my escape.

fall, the town is effectively cut off as locals wait for the Mackenzie River to freeze hard enough to drive across. The waiting period repeats every spring until the ice breaks up enough for ferries.

"That ferry is a pain in the ass," says Donnie Robinson, vice president of RTL-Robinson trucking; started with one truck in 1968, family-run RTL has grown to be the largest trucking firm in northern Canada. The most economical method of transport is to drive trucks across once the river freezes. That's especially true for diamond mines hundreds of miles north of Yellowknife, because getting freight there by plane can be three times the cost. Heavy cargo can't get there at all except by truck, in winter, over the ice. Before I set out on the ice, one veteran driver warns me, "This road beats you up."



Rolling out

"Nice day for a hard drive," Al Hondl mutters, looking out the windshield at a cloudless, bright blue sky. I'd mistake it for a summer day if I weren't wearing five layers of clothes to protect me from temperatures 30 degrees below zero.

"Overweight, over height, over length," Al reports into his radio."Two north on Ingraham Trail. Second one 12 wide." Just like that we're off. Forget 18-wheelers; not only are we 12 feet wide, we're 100 feet long, with 42 wheels on 11 axles, including add-ons known as a jeep and booster to stretch the load over as much ice as possible. That load is a 63-ton Caterpillar loader destined for the BHP Billiton diamond mine at Ekati, 280 miles from Yellowknife. All trucks here travel in convoys in case of trouble, but no more than four or they can bottleneck a portage, the narrow strip of land road between lakes. Most are hauling fuel, a few pull 48-foot-high storage tanks, and some are loaded with dozens of bags of "prill," huge beanbag-like sacks of ammonium nitrate, a fertilizer used for blasting up at the mines. It took Timothy McVeigh only two bags to blow up the Murrah building in Oklahoma City.

The Ingraham Trail out of town is universally loathed by the truckers. It's an open road, so truck loads are interspersed with SUVs and

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An hour in, Al slows, shifts down, and hangs a hard left onto the frozen surface of Tibbit Lake. "Are you scared?" he asks.

"No," I lie in a voice more high-pitched than I intended. I hope it will be hidden by the sound of cracking ice outside the window."Are you?"

Al laughs."It's no different doing 20 here or on the highway doing 100. It's just missing the dotted lines." He can say that all day, but almost every driver here has a crashed-through-the-ice story, and even with all the safety precautions, this road is still man versus nature in its rawest form. It's a simple problem of displacement: The weight of a truck shoves the roadway down like an ice cube into a glass of water, and that water has to go somewhere. Heavy trucks drive waves ahead of them; if they go too fast, the waves build until they collide with something shallow, like the opposite shore, and blow a huge hole in the ice that can shut the road down until it's repaired. At worst it can swallow a truck. With more than three-quarters of this road on ice, speed limits are a big deal. Here it's 15 mph.

As we pull off the lake, I can see a recent blowout 30 yards to the right. But on the left is a scene even more chilling—"tundra seals," truckers call them—a dozen caribou carcasses left on the ice by hunters, stripped of their skin, feet, and heads. Enormous northern ravens, each as big as a hawk, pick at the bodies.

Ready to jump

"I forgot to tell you," Terry Shaw tells me as I get into his truck,"we don't wear seat belts." Odd words to hear in a red RTL "safety pickup," but if a truck goes through the ice, every second spent fumbling for a release button could cost you



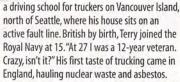
your life. Drivers keep the doors unlocked and a bag of dry clothes and emergency supplies at hand so they can get the hell out in a hurry. (Some new drivers drive with only their right hand, their left on the door handle just in case.) And each trucker drives alone."If something happened," Terry explains, "the guy sleeping in the back would be trying to get his jeans on instead of getting out of trouble."

A southbound convoy spots Terry's bushy white mustache and chimes in over the radio: "Comb your hair, Mr. Shaw's back again . . . "

"I was gonna leave," Terry barks into his radio, "but my feet were frozen to the floorboard."

"You gotta guit pissing in your boots, then." Terry's semi-retired, but he's back this winter."My wife says I need to retire, but I can't even consider it. It's such an interesting job. Every day is different." In the off-season, he runs

'I forgot to tell you.' erry says, we don't wear seat belts.'



No load is more

dangerous than

On Dome Lake, Terry explains the dangers of the ice."Different lakes have different weak spots. The snowbank insulates the ice, so it's thinner there." In December the first trucks out are wide-tracked Sno-Cats, plowing snow so the ice can freeze thicker for the big trucks. By now it's at least 44 inches thick and has grown higher than the snow piled off to the side."If you fly up here in June," Terry says, "you can still see parts of the ice road, floating on the lake."

But even exhaustive safety precautions can't prevent every accident."There are a lot of rules, but they all come from past mishaps." Terry says. "I'm not saying this job isn't dangerous, but it's a calculated risk. You gauge your bets."

The barren lands

There's an exhaust leak in the cab, so Al opens the windows. With the heater blasting, the cold isn't so bad as long as I keep away from the door.

"Plastic lines don't do too well with the cold," Al says. "They modify the trucks and



HOW TO

FAT FROSTBI

Those mittens Mom pinned to your coat? You were supposed to wear them.

BUNDLE UP

Exposing your delicate skin to drastic cold causes water inside your cells to freeze and expand, resulting in lack of blood flow and burst cell walls. Early frostbite, called "frostnip," is marked primarily by numbness and pale skin. Once the skin

turns white, waxy, and hardens (or worse, turns purple, meaning the blood vessels are now frozen), you are, in technical medical parlance, "screwed."

PUT A KETTLE ON

"The thawing has to be quick and uniform," says Paul Dobransky, M.D., a

survival expert and former trauma surgeon in Chicago. Submerge the frostbitten area in 104- to 108-degree water for an hour. Anything warmer will be too severe a change, akin to pouring hot coffee into a frozen wine glass. And although rubbing a neglected extremity is usually your remedy of choice, in this case the friction will only cause more trauma.

FEEL THE BURN Good news: The frostbitten area is thawing. Bad news: The numbness is replaced by ungodly pain. As much as a stiff appletini would

hit the spot, alcohol will interfere with circulation. Take Advil instead."It will help the discomfort and also prevent inflammation that can further damage tissue," advises Dobransky. Now go see a doctor and then move somewhere warm, like Acapulco or Tikrit.

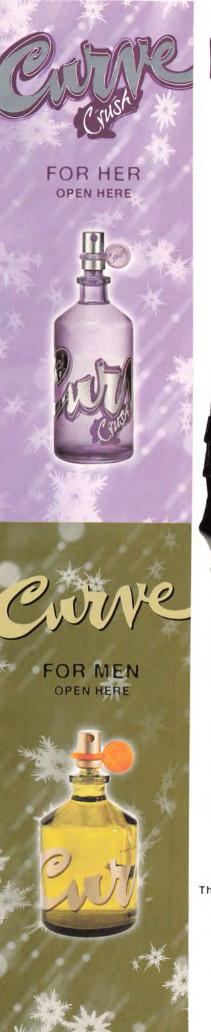
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Suddenly, a raven big as a dog lands on the mirror by my open window. Not flying outside, not hovering nearby, but perched on the door a foot from my no doubt tasty eyeball, looking for food. Northern ravens are so powerful they can yank the lid off a trash can and fly away with a full bag of garbage. Al tosses an apple out the window, and the raven takes off with a squawk.

Most of the radio chatter is, strangely, about wildlife along the route: ptarmigan, arctic hare, red fox, wolf, wolverine. But no animal generates as much talk as the caribou. There's a herd up here of 200,000; when it crosses the road, it closes everything down for hours. At Portage 46 we see a rare sight we've been hearing about on the radio: a lone caribou on the open tundra.

You never see a caribou on its own like that," Al says. "The wolf must be close by." It's the first time I've seen Al stop smiling all day.

Drivers usually carry digital cameras for documenting accidents, but Al's, like most, is filled with shots of wildlife. Al suggests I"step out on the porch"—the cab's running board—to get a photo. A favorite story told by truckers up here involves one driver who recently set his cruise control and stepped out on the porch to take a leak...but his truck hit a bump and sent him tumbling onto the ice."I never seen anything so goddamn funny in my entire life," a trucker told me."He gets up, pants around his ankles, trying



He's trying to pull up his pants. running after his truck before it goes in the snowbank! to pull 'em up while running after his truck before it went into the snowbank!"

I hold on tight, but the air is so cold the camera reads ERROR with every snap. After a few minutes, I get back in the truck, the skin on my fingers already slightly shriveled and white, with small cracks on the surface.

Paved with diamonds

After midnight we pull up to what looks like a spotlit Alcatraz on the featureless dark tundra: Ekati. The first diamond mine in Canada, Ekati produces seven percent of the world's diamonds and over its 20-year life is expected to dig out \$7 billion in rough stones. After parking our idling trucks, we're led inside barracks that are more like Club Med: 24-hour cafeteria, full gym with basketball and squash courts, game room with video driving range, and dorm rooms with showers. It's all for the mine's employees, but drivers are allowed full access. There are other camps with food and beds in Yellowknife and Lockhart Lake, halfway along the road, for the 160 truckers who drive the road 24 hours a day.

But truckers are a weird bunch. Al gets a

meal then heads back to his truck to sleep. Even at home Al usually sleeps only three hours a night. In the last 24 hours, I've seen him drink 36 cups of coffee. It's a miracle he's slept all year.

YOUR GO-PPERATION IS APPRECIATED.

The ice road's 353

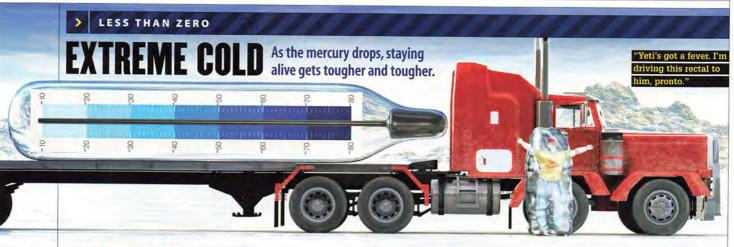
miles begin with

this warning

Most of the truckers have done this road for 10 winters. It's good money—a driver can make \$30,000 plus safety bonuses (\$1,500, and your name gets thrown in a hat for another \$5,000). That's a tidy paycheck for two months' work. With food and fuel provided, drivers have no expenses outside of winter clothes.

We step outside at 8 A.M. to a temperature that strikes Terry as "unseasonably warm": 23 below zero. Today's the first day of spring.

"Can't complain about weather this year," Terry says. "It's only been 50 below for a week. Last year it was 70 below for three solid weeks." Al gets his now off-loaded rig ready for the



10 BELOW

Salted ice refreezes. Blood flow to your extremities is reduced.

20 BELOW

Normal motor oil turns to sludge. Exposed flesh freezes within five minutes.

Spit freezes on its way to the ground. Mercury freezes in the thermometer.

Skin freezes in a minute. Metal turns brittle and snaps like wood

Cold on an unprotected forehead can knock you unconscious in minutes

Extremely dangerous-any unprotected flesh freezes within seconds

Snag, Yukon hit 81.4°F on Feb. 3, 1947, coldest ever

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BODY SHOP



trip back, tightening metal chains with his bare hands. "I freeze my fingers and ears all the time," he says, "but I still got 'em!" One driver recently wasn't so lucky. When he grabbed his chains, his fingers turned black, and some had to be amputated.

With our truck empty, we fly south at 60 clicks. The road near the mine is on solid ground, a surface of packed snow with gravel scattered on top like traction sprinkles. The gravel is made from tailings—scrap rock left over from the diamond mine that sparkles in the sunlight. A metal sign along the road reads: MISERY: 28 KM. A moonscape of ice and snow stretches to every horizon.

Al's home is in southern Alberta. He hasn't seen it in three months." I get a bit homesick with the isolation—I miss the missus—but after a few minutes I put it out of my head. The guys who bottle it up don't last too long."

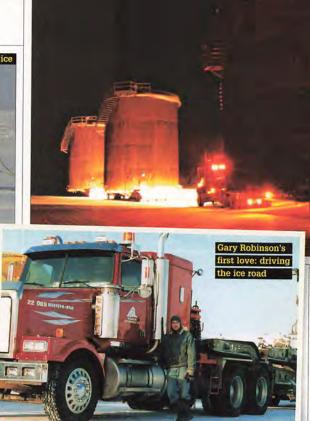
At Portage 46, Al slows down to look out for the lone caribou. It's nowhere to be found. "Guess the wolf got him," Al says. There's no sign of tracks, no carcass or blood, just snow. A four-truck convoy passes, headed north; each truck has a raven flying with it, waiting for a meal.

Going under

Once when a Sno-Cat fell through the ice, Al took a winch truck to haul it back up with Gary Robinson, son of RTL president Marvin Robinson. "It was 40 below, and we couldn't get the winch on," Al says. "So Gary pulled up his sleeve and

plunged his arm into the water for two minutes to get the winch on. Then he just pulled his sleeve down and kept working. There was a job to do, so he did it. The cold didn't slow him down."

No one at RTL built a reputation for chipping in like Gary, even at 23 years old. "Gary's always been the go-to guy, the guy people called when they were in trouble," his father Marvin says. When a cop got



stuck in a snowbank, Gary pulled him out. When a buddy was drowning, Gary dived in and saved him. When a driver broke his leg, Gary picked him up and took him to the hospital.

On the morning of December 29, four days after last Christmas, Gary was driving a snow-plaw across Prosporate Lake when the ice gaves

after last Christmas, Gary was driving a snowplow across Prosperous Lake when the ice gave way and his single-axle truck dropped through like a stone. The driver behind him rushed up to the spot where Gary had gone through and plunged his arm into the water; he knew Gary would have only seconds to escape before the pressure was too strong to open the door.

"We thought Gary was such a good diver, maybe he could make it up," Marvin says. "If anyone could, he could." The next day divers found the truck at the bottom of Prosperous Lake.

"I've never left a truck at the bottom,"
Marvin says. "Except that one. That one I wanted
to leave. But I wasn't about to leave my son at
the bottom of the lake. It took four days, but I
got him." Gary's body was finally found in water
285 feet deep. He had managed to escape the
truck, but not the freezing water.

Marvin emphasizes that this was a tragic accident. The ice was measured at over 19 inches thick, more than enough to hold the small truck. But temperatures were colder than normal and had cooled quickly—factors that can lead to "brittle" ice, which can shatter with no warning.

"I've never lost a driver through the ice in 35 years," Marvin says. "Until Gary. What are the odds of it being my own son?" The next day over 1,000 people attended a service for Gary, and his

father set up the Gary Robinson Memorial Fund with the Yellowknife Community Foundation to provide search-and-rescue and dive teams. "Gary would want to help people in trouble. If families have to leave their loved ones down there..."

Marvin pauses to fight back tears. "They can't get closure. I can't imagine how difficult that is."

Forty-eight-foot-high fuel storage tanks headed for the new Jericho mine

When I ask AI HondI how his family feels about the accident, his easygoing smile doesn't change—but his eyelids tighten as he stares at a spot out on the ice-covered barrens. "My wife doesn't want to hear about Gary going through the ice. She says, 'That could have been you."

A few hours after Gary's truck went through, barricades were placed around the hole. The ice road was rerouted and reopened for traffic.

The melt

When AI and I get back to RTL, the ice road season is almost over. Water is breaking through in places and won't refreeze, and crews work frantically to keep the road open.

"Suppliers are holding their freight until the drop-dead date," Donnie Robinson vents. "The season's only eight weeks long, and a week late means it may not go at all. They don't realize when it melts, it's gone. There is no tomorrow."

With global warming, the driving season gets shorter each year; last year the Mackenzie River crossing closed on April 14."It was like the American exit from Saigon," Donnie says. "Every truck was getting the hell out of the yard as fast as they could." Terry Shaw was part of the last group to make it across. "We chained all the trucks together in one long convoy," he says. "The road was sinking down, and the water was so high it ran over my hood. But we all made it."

But not this year. The customary seasonending celebration is gone. Tucked in everyone's paycheck is a note from Marvin thanking them for their support of his son's memorial fund.

"Trucking on the ice road was Gary's first love, the job he was born to do," Marvin says. "He wouldn't want anyone to quit."

That's how it goes for these truckers who make a living driving to hell and back. They don't quit. They just wait around until next year, when the ice is once again four feet thick.

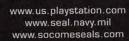




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Blood **Violence**





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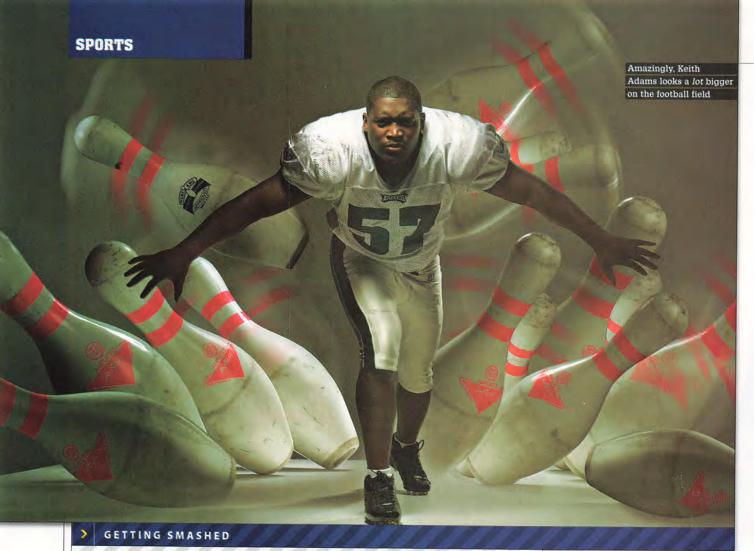
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LIVING ON THE WEDGE

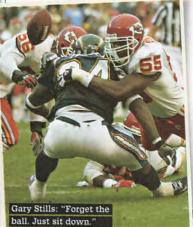
If football is war, special teams wedge busters are its doomed kamikaze pilots. But to hear these soldiers tell it, they wouldn't have it any other way.

wo years ago, with only nine seconds left in the first half, the Philadelphia Eagles' Keith Adams sprinted 55 yards downfield at ramming speed and dished out the nastiest hit of his career against the Buffalo Bills. The last thing he remembers is the skull-rattling impact of a head-on collision with All-Pro fullback Sam Gash and another player. Both Bills were leveled, and Adams immediately "went to sleep on the field." But once he was helped off, the concussion-causing play drew little attention, because Adams was nowhere near the football.

The truth is, some of football's sickest onfield action goes almost unnoticed because it happens during kick returns, when everyone's fixated on flashy water bugs like the Kansas City Chiefs' Dante Hall reversing field and running for daylight. Meanwhile, the television cameras, stat sheets, highlight reels, and fans miss the bloodcurdling brutality that occurs when that singular, single-minded breed of NFL specialist—the wedge buster—crashes at 20 mph into a half-ton wall of helmet-topped muscle coming the same speed the other way.



Perhaps no other job in sports is more sadomasochistic or thankless than this one. No kid dreams of growing up to be the player who essentially throws himself in front of a train every week. Sure, the paycheck ain't shabby (league minimum: \$230,000 a year), but come on, this is nuts. Which, along with hungry and humble, is exactly what you have to be to do it.



Starved for action

As dirty as their job is, today's wedge busters have it easier than their college predecessors in the 1900s, who tried to dismantle the infamous "flying wedge" with sometimes fatal results. Blockers would literally link arms to form a V-shaped wall around the ballcarrier; some even wore leather belts with handles to get a better grip on each other. But after 33 players died in 1906 alone, Teddy Roosevelt's newly formed Intercollegiate Athletic Association (precursor to the NCAA) banned the "locking of arms." Today its spirit lives on in the wedgelike blocking formations teams often use on kick returns.

As the name implies, the wedge buster's job is to do all he can to break up that formation so his teammates can get to the ballcarrier. It's that simple, but it's not easy—and the impact can be crushing. According to Timothy Gay, Ph.D., author of *The Physics of Football*, wedge busters hit a three-man wall at a speed of about 10 yards per second—and that wall's moving roughly the same speed the other way.

Keith Adams weighs close to 230 pounds, while blockers often weigh 300 each, so the force he feels on contact is about 2,400 pounds. "That's equivalent to what he'd feel if he did a belly flop onto a boardwalk from a height of 20 feet," Gay estimates. The average number of kickoffs per NFL game is just under 10, so these guys are belly-flopping onto that boardwalk about five times a game. That'll leave a mark.

E-MAIL

dianehill@

maximmag.com



SUPER BOWL I PACKERS 35, CHIEFS 10



PACKERS 33, RAIDERS 14



SUPER BOWL III **JETS 16, COLTS 7**



SUPER BOWL IV CHIEFS 23, VIKINGS 7



SUPER BOWL V **COLTS 16, COWBOYS 13**



SUPER BOWL VI COWBOYS 24, DOLPHINS 3



SUPER BOWL VII **DOLPHINS 14, REDSKINS 7**



SUPER BOWL VIII **DOLPHINS 24, VIKINGS 7**



SUPER BOWL IX STEELERS 16, VIKINGS 6



SUPER BOWL X STEELERS 21, COWBOYS 17



RAIDERS 32, VIKINGS 14



SUPER BOWL XII **COWBOYS 27, BRONCOS 10**



SUPER BOWL XIII STEELERS 35, COWBOYS 31



SUPER BOWL XIV STEELERS 31, RAMS 19



SUPER BOWL XV RAIDERS 27, EAGLES 10



SUPER BOWL XVI **49ERS 26, BENGALS 21**



SUPER BOWL XVII REDSKINS 27, DOLPHINS 17



SUPER BOWL XVIII RAIDERS 38, REDSKINS 9



SUPER BOWL XIX 49ERS 38, DOLPHINS 16



SUPER BOWL XX BEARS 46, PATRIOTS 10



SUPER BOWL XXI **GIANTS 39, BRONCOS 20**



SUPER BOWL XXII **REDSKINS 42, BRONCOS 10**



SUPER BOWL XXIII **49ERS 20, BENGALS 16**



SUPER BOWL XXIV **49ERS 55, BRONCOS 10**



SUPER BOWL XXV GIANTS 20, BILLS 19



SUPER BOWL XXVI REDSKINS 37, BILLS 24



SUPER BOWL XXVII **COWBOYS 52, BILLS 17**



SUPER BOWL XXVIII **COWBOYS 30, BILLS 13**



SUPER BOWL XXIX 49ERS 49, CHARGERS 26



SUPER BOWL XXX **COWBOYS 27, STEELERS 17**



SUPER BOWL XXXI PACKERS 35, PATRIOTS 21



SUPER BOWL XXXII **BRONCOS 31, PACKERS 24**



SUPER BOWL XXXIII **BRONCOS 34, FALCONS 19**



SUPER BOWL XXXIV RAMS 23, TITANS 16



SUPER BOWL XXXV **RAVENS 34, GIANTS 7**



SUPER BOWL XXXVI PATRIOTS 20, RAMS 17



SUPER BOWL XXXVII **BUCS 48, RAIDERS 21**



SUPER BOWL XXXVIII PATRIOTS 32, PANTHERS 29



SUPER BOWL XXXIX PATRIOTS 24, EAGLES 21



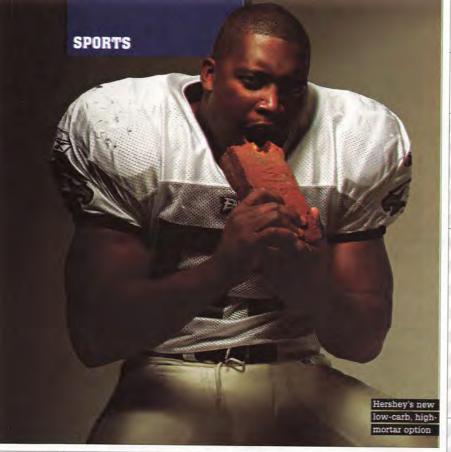
SUPER BOWL XL

XL VARIETIES FOR XL APPETITES

Beef, chicken, turkey or seafood—whatever your allegiance, we've got a bowl for every fan. What's your favorite?







As he runs through drills during a Philly practice, the 5'11" Adams looks more like a nightclub bouncer than gridiron road kill, but football is in his blood. His father, Julius, dug in at defensive end for the New England Patriots for 16 years, and last February the two became only the fifth father/son duo in NFL history to have both played in a Super Bowl. Still, his name hardly guaranteed the younger Adams a job in the NFL.

The kid from Atlanta was nothing less than a defensive Godzilla in college. During his sophomore year at Clemson, Adams had 27 tackles...in one game. After a 138-tackle junior year, the tenacious linebacker garnered All-America honors and was a finalist for the Butkus, Bednarik, and Nagurski awards. Naturally, he declared for the draft.

But the NFL ain't college, and Adams was picked 232nd by the Titans (out of 246 total players selected) in 2001. Tennessee then cut him from the team in training camp. Still hungry for NFL glory, he found a spot on the Dallas Cowboys' lowly practice squad and ended up appearing in four games his rookie year. The Eagles picked him up off waivers in the fall of 2002, and his speed and intensity quickly earned him the nickname "the Bullet."

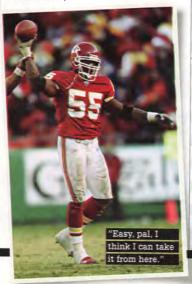
"At first I thought I was going to be a superstar," the 26-year-old recalls."But after getting cut, I took it upon myself to do whatever it takes. Busting wedges was my ticket to the NFL." His outlook is rare, because playing one's heart out on special teams is a role many college standouts have trouble accepting. "If you were a star, it can be hard to handle," notes Atlanta Falcons wedge man Ike Reese, an eight-year veteran."They don't want to run down on kickoffs and back up someone

else, but everybody can't be a starter, and if you're not willing to be a wedge buster, you probably won't make it in the league."

Ego-free Eagle

So how exactly does a wedge-busting play go down? Right from the kickoff, it's organized chaos, a whirlwind combination of mental and physical maneuvers."The first thing we'll do is try to recognize the blocking scheme as we're running," Adams offers. "Once I recognize their scheme, I think about how I can beat that block. And the last thing is making the hit."

That's where technique comes into play, observes the Chiefs' Gary Stills, a hard-charging special-teamer who changes his shoes at halftime because he feels like they're worn out. "It's like you're running down the middle of a street, and you have a Mack truck coming at you," Stills explains."Now, you don't want to hit a truck head on,



OLD-SCHOOL RULES

IITIVE PIGSKIN

We miss that nutty flying wedge—and these other lovable gridiron standbys. Why not bring 'em back?

GOALPOSTS ON THE GOAL LINE

They used to sit right on the line so that it only took one lousy lead pass to land cocky wide-outs in the ER. Much to the dismay of the Garo Yepremians of the world, the NFL followed the lead of the new World

Football League and pushed the goalposts back 10 yards for safety in 1974. But they don't have to stay there. Warren Sapp could really use something to rest his fat ass on when he takes a play or three off.



THE SINGLE WING OFFENSE

In this formation, the QB, halfback, and fullback all lined up in the shotgun and the center snapped to one of them. Last used by the Steelers in the '50s, it was rendered useless by advancing defensive schemes.

But some teams still use a direct snap to give running backs a head start. Just

the kind of edge a talentless hack like LaDainian Tomlinson needs.



LEATHER HELMETS

George Barclay of Lafayette College developed a threestrip leather "head harness"in 1896, and over the years it evolved into the classic Knute Rockne style. Sadly, it fell by the wayside in 1949 with the advent of

more-protective plastic helmets. But who does the NFL think they're kidding? The illustrious Gerald Ford played center for Michigan in the '30s with no helmet at all, and he turned out fine.



DROP KICK

This alternative to a place kick is still technically legalplayers behind the line of scrimmage can boot an impromptu field goal at any time. Old NFL footballs resembled a rugby ball, allowing for controlled

bounces, and guys like Jim Thorpe kicked it regularly. The Bears' Ray McLean converted it last on a PAT in the NFL championship game in 1941. Hey, Vanderjagt, why not kick like a real man? —Luke Somerville





*NOT TRUE. BUT SPARKS MAY FLY ANYWAY.

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right? So you hit it at a weak point to break it down." Do your job and a teammate will then be able to barrel through and punish the ballcarrier. Or if you're as good as Adams is, you'll somehow manage to stay on your feet and get him yourself (he had 24 special teams tackles

last year). As long as the play gets made, it's all the same to the team.

Of course, in these days of players holding out for more money, running out of bounds to avoid injuries, and touting individual accomplishments, being a "team player" is nearly a lost art. Take Adams' own squad. As he was preparing to begin a new season of selfless on-field abuse, nearly all the news focused on the squabbles between T.O. and the Eagles'

front office, T.O. and Andy Reid, T.O. and Donovan McNabb, T.O. and the media, T.O. and anyone not named T.O.

Ike Reese

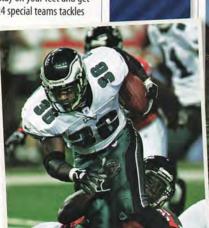
need me."

down here if you

Adams steered clear. "Look, the NFL is a business," he says. "You wish every person gets what they want, but I just know what I need to do, so I focus on myself." That focus included prepping for another year unfettered by accolades. Fortunately, humility and Adams aren't exactly strangers. In high school he worked at McDonald's and a grocery store because his parents wanted him to learn the value of a dollar. He spends each off-season training with his father. Hell, he spent the spring of 2002 playing in the black hole known as NFL Europe, helping the Berlin Thunder to their second consecutive World Bowl championship—a feat about as brag-worthy as getting to start on junior varsity.

Still, he finds reasons to celebrate."I talk a lot of trash after the play and tell guys that I'm coming back again, and that the next time I'm on the field, the same thing's going to happen," Adams boasts."So they know it's coming and they start turning a shoulder, trying to dodge a little bit. Then you know you took their heart, and that's one of the best feelings."

Occasionally, the spotlight does shine down on the grunts. The Pro Bowl features one special teams player from each conference. Stills got the AFC's nod in 2004; Reese got the NFC's in 2005. And thanks to some key injuries, Adams saw time at weakside linebacker in last year's playoffs, even stepping up to notch five tackles in the Super Bowl. This season he earned a starting linebacker job in training camp. Even so, he has no plans to ditch the gig that paved



'When I hit a person and my contact lenses fly out, I know I've had a good hit.'



"Oh, sweet! The new Gridiron Barbie!"

his way into the league. "I'm still going to do it," he says."I stay true to my roots."

Sanity optional

So they're hungry and they're humble, but then again, lots of players are. There's one other component every wedge buster comes complete with-a touch of madness. Off the field they may be mild-mannered, even benevolent. (Both Stills and Adams are involved in charities, and Reese has sponsored AAU basketball teams.) But when they step onto the field, these special teams guided missiles see themselves as a little different, a little off, and more than a little dangerous. And each has his own way of describing it.

Reese: "You have to be like a bowling ball, knocking down pins. If you try to rationalize what you're doing, it doesn't make sense,

because you're running down the field into 300-pound guys. So you have to be able to put that out of your mind."

Stills: "You have to be crazy, because what people don't realize is you're rushing full speed into a killing zone with no conscience. When I run down there, I'm the killer, I'm the predator. I'm the hunter. You're not hunting me, I'm hunting you. So if you're scared, I'm gonna get you. If you're not scared, I'm still gonna get you."

Adams: "You've got to be buck-wild, an animal, a maniac. You feel like a bomb, just detonating yourself to blow everything up. When I hit a person and my contact lenses fly out of my eyes, I know I've had a good hit."

This malevolent mind-set—absent any real sense of self-preservation—is what truly makes a wedge buster. It's what drives Adams, a husband and father of three, to continue taking the punishment even now that he's got NFL starter cred and even though his body doesn't get back to "normal" until the Wednesday or Thursday after a game. "That's the job," he says. "It comes with the territory. You know what's coming, so you just clear your mind, and when Sunday or Monday comes, it's time to go."

The next time you flip on a game, take your eyes off that shape-shifting kick returner and look ahead of him, toward the wall of bigger guys at the edge of the screen. If the camera isn't zoomed in too close, you just might catch Adams or someone like him doing what he does best-not for glory, but for team. And perhaps you'll feel a bit like he does."When I go out there on the kickoff, get the crowd hyped, run down at 110 miles per hour, and make something happen...you have to love it." At least, until you lose consciousness. M



Is there a good way to get mold out of shower tiles?

Darren W., Ft. Wayne, IN

A Stop urinating on them. If you've got moldy tiles, chances are you've got other hygiene problems. I guess you should just try washing the tiles. And throw in a little bleach.

I just quit the band I was playing guitar in, and now I regret it. The really terrible thing is, I told them they were all a bunch of hacks before storming off. Is there anything I can do to mend fences?

John Glaser, Silver Spring, MD

I was in a band, and it's a lot like a relationship. Leaving a band is like breaking up with a girl: You get pissed and say stuff you probably shouldn't, but there's not really any way to mend the fences. Everyone gets so sensitive. Once you've said what you've said, they're always going to remember it, and then all of a sudden you're doing a solo project that nobody really cares about. Maybe it's time to start a boy band. Call it N'ept. That's my advice,

My brother is adopted but my parents never told him. I feel like he should know the truth, but how can I tell him without upsetting him?

sundayskiier, via e-mail

Well, he should've known by his red hair and freckles that he was adopted. But seriously, I'm adopted, and I think it should be the job of your parents to tell your brother. Should you say, "Hey, y' know Mom and Dad? They're not really your mom and dad. We picked you up at a campground outside of Cleveland." I don't think that's a great call.

I'm thinking about quitting the basketball team at my high school in order to focus on the thing I enjoy most in life: my art. But how can I do it without getting mocked out by all my jock friends?

Bill Brooks, Flint, MI

Well, I wouldn't really know anything about that. I was 4'8" all the way through high school, and basketball wasn't really on my radar. Besides, if you play basketball like I do—which means you dribble well, but when it comes to shooting you should just pass the ball—your decision shouldn't be a problem. Maybe if you just start playing really badly, your friends won't be so sorry to see you go from the basketball team. Go with what makes you happy. Plus, chicks dig art.



MR. FIX-IT

TY PENNINGTON

The guy with the bullhorn on Extreme Makeover: Home Edition takes a shot at improving something really messed up: you.

I just got my own place, and I don't have any tools, but I also don't quite have the money to buy out the hardware store. What are the five most important things for me to get?

Link Farley, Houston, TX

Let's be honest: A hammer is fantastic, but unless you're doing a room addition where you're actually nailing up studs, it's not in my top five. You absolutely want a drill gun; this is the age of the drill gun. You'll also need a torpedo level, just to make sure you can hang things straight. You need a speed square, so you can cut angles, and you'll also want a circular saw. Finally, get a tape measure so you don't cut things too short. There's nothing worse than cutting a board too short and then having to go back and get another one.

I think my dad is having an affair with his secretary. Do you think I should tell my mom?

Jamie S., Roswell, NM

I would confront your dad and find out what exactly is going on. Then I would probably say,"Dude, what's up? Are you gonna tell her? Because if you're not, I've got you on video, and I'm running it to the six o'clock news."

My girlfriend comes from a superrich family, and mine is straight-up middle-class. I'm embarrassed to show her where I grew up. Is there any way to avoid this?

screamingcthulhu23, via e-mail

No. You always have to show people where you're from. Growing up, I hung out with some upper-class folks. Most upper-class folks want to dredge down in the dregs with the lower classes because we have more fun at the bottom of the chain. So you should never hide that. If you grew up eating pickled pigs' feet, take that upper-class chick for a good soul food dinner. She's gonna love that congealed gel right on the edges of the pig's toes.

One of my friends has a serious Napoleon complex. He's a stubby 5'5", and is always starting fights with people. It's becoming a real pain because I always have to save his short ass. How do I remedy this?

Les M., Fayetteville, NC

Well, I would get him a muzzle, shorten the leash, and then potty-train him while you're at it. He's like a Jack Russell terrier who thinks he's a pit bull, so just treat him like that. I had a friend who had a Napoleon complex. I was boxing at the time, and he was an angry young man who had a very short reach. When we were sparring, it was no contest. One way to cool your friend out would be to find him a short girl who looks up to Napoleon-complex men. There's probably an ad for them in the back of a magazine somewhere.

My fiancée wants to know how many women I've slept with before we tie the knot. I've been dodging the question because the number is very high. Should I tell the truth or just make something up?

kngMP3, via e-mail

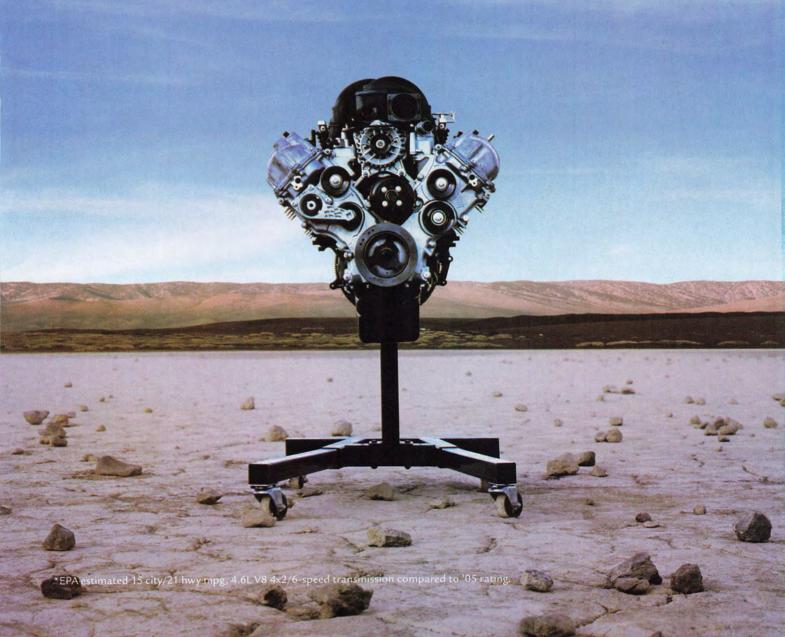
That's a tough one. I would do it like dog years. Divide the number of people you've slept with by the number of times you've actually been in love. Or you could just tell her the number of times you were actually in love. That way it narrows the numbers down. Besides, that's all women care about: who really affected you. It's the same with guys. We don't want to have to say, "Wow, you've slept with 48 dudes? Great! I can't wait to marry you!"

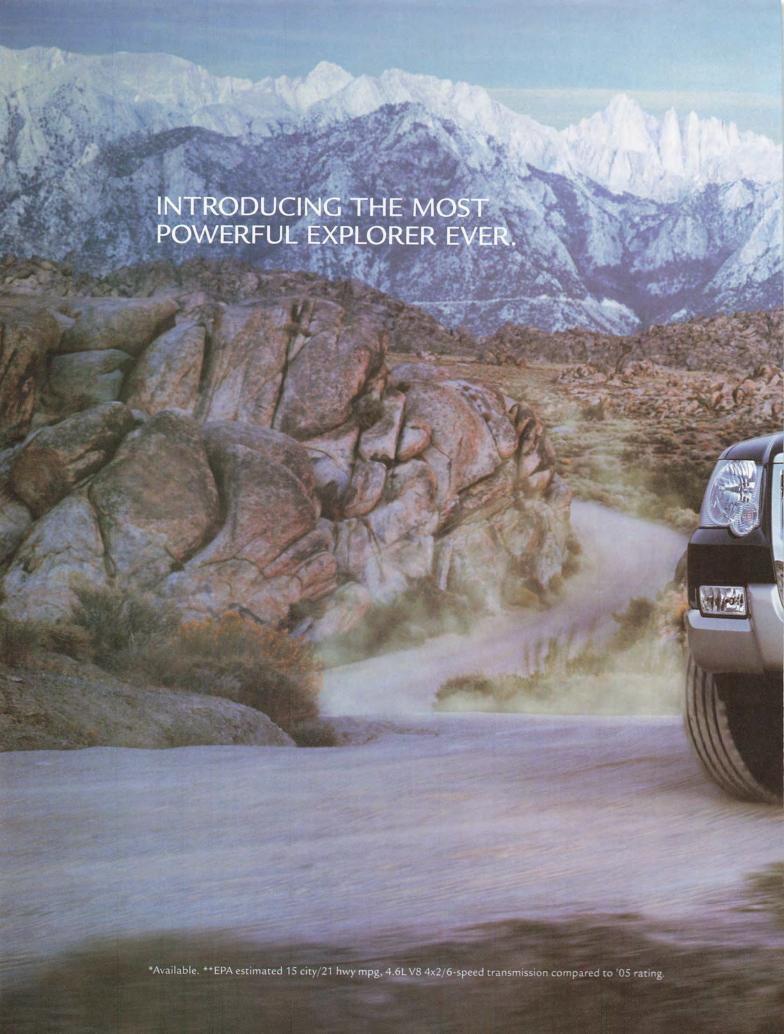
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'Guys don't
want to have
to say, "Wow,
you've slept
with 48
dudes? Great!
I can't wait to
marry you!"'









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Jack Black, Adrien
Brody, Andy Serkis

There are loads of classic "monster meets girl" movies—Beauty and the Beast, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Prince of Tides—but none of them touches the King. It's still set in 1933, but this ain't your grandpappy's Kong. Gone are the stop-motion puppets covered in yak hair and the miniaturized New York skyline. They've been replaced by amazing state-of-theart digital effects.

Of course, we'd

expect nothing

less from the man who created the precious Lord of the Rings trilogy. This is Peter's dream project, "says Andy Serkis, who brought Gollum to life and dons the motion-tapture monkey suit as Kong himself."He wanted to do this even before Rings." Luckily for Serkis—who spent months learning ape move-

ment and vocalizations—he wasn't locked away in a studio while Watts (as damsel-in-distress Ann Darrow) tried to look terrified of a piece of tape in front of a green screen."I acted everything out on set," he explains. "Naomi and I developed a pretty amazing relationship between our characters, even though I was in a gorilla muscle suit up on a crane. The relationship between Ann and Kong is a tender thing. People are going to be moved." And if you aren't moved by the ape-on-damsel lovin', there's always the scene where Kong beats the helf out of a Trex.





"Ape shall not kill ape. And ape shall not punch ape in the eye, either." COAL IN THE STOCKING

DON'T LOOK!

No matter how badly you want to escape Aunt Edna, it's not worth sitting through these movies.

BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN

Release date: December 9

Yes, critics will love it. Sure, it's probably going to get an Oscar nomination or five. OK, so your girlfriend loves Jake Gyllenhaal and Heath Ledger. But if you think we're going to get all hot and bothered over a 15-hour art film about rough-ridin' gay cowboys from the guy who turned *Hulk* into a split-screen rumination on the relationship between fathers and sons, you've got the wrong magazine.



RENT

Release date: November 23

What's worse than sitting in a café listening to overeducated, ambitionless hipsters whine about their personal problems? Having them jump on tables and sing about them. And with all the creativity director Chris Columbus (the man who gave us *Home Alone*) is likely to bring to the proceedings, they'd have been better off just mounting a camera on a tripod and pointing it at the stage.



Release date: November 11

Pride and Prejudice. Sense and Sensibility. Bill and Ted. Can we stop already with all the stuffy literary adaptations, with their parade of corsets and British actors so desperate for an Oscar nod that they have no qualms about playing, essentially, the same character 30 times? This one stars Keira Knightly...whom we've already seen lap-dance gang members in Domino. Now that's a performance.

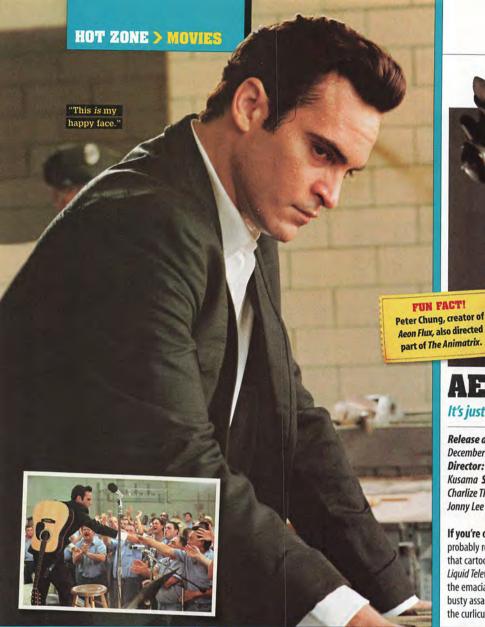


BREAKFAST ON PLUTO

Release date: November 16

Neil Jordan, who directed *The Crying Game*, continues his obsession with Irish transsexuals with *Breakfast on Pluto*, the tale of a small-town orphan, played by *Batman Begins'* Cillian Murphy, who leaves the Emerald Isle to find fame and fortune as a she-male cabaret singer in London. You know, the kind of film that Grandma and Grandpa will want to see with the grandkids after visiting Santa.





HOLIDAY BLOWOUT! "Eyes up, smart guy.

AEON FLUX

It's just like the cartoon, only much more realer.

Release date: December 2 Director: Karyn Kusama Stars: Charlize Theron. Jonny Lee Miller

If you're over 25, you probably remember that cartoon on MTV's Liquid Television about the emaciated yet busty assassin with the curlicue hair that

ran around after some Eurotrash villain, And if you're under the age of 25, well, here's a primer: In about 400 years, disease has wiped out most of the Earth's population, leaving only one haven for humans to hang: a walled city called Bregna. It's up to a top assassin from a mysterious under-

ground network to circumvent the im-Bregna-ble fortress (Thank you! Tip your waitress! Try the veal!) and take down the head of the possibly malevolent scientist-controlled government. Lucky for us, that assassin is Aeon Flux, whose black cat suit is painted on Charlize Theron.

FUN FACT!

It's a little story about a boy named...Johnny.

Release date: November 18 Director: James Mangold Stars: Joaquin Phoenix, Reese Witherspoon, Robert Patrick

Like the Oscar-winning Ray before it, Walk the Line captures the life of a musical demigod in a big-screen biopic. In this case the subject is none other than Johnny Cash, and like Jamie Foxx, Joaquin

Phoenix practically channels the monochromatic country icon, singing his songs so well you'd swear **FUN FACT!** Merle Haggard was in he's lip-syncing. The parallels to Ray don't stop the audience when Cash there. Both lead actors were approved by the men played San Quentin. they were portraying, both movies deal with immortal legends battling addictions, and both

> lead actors' names end in X. (Sorry, we were rolling.) But when you're talking about Cash and his torrid love affair with June Carter Cash (Witherspoon), this movie will burn like a ring of fire. Come spring, don't be surprised if the Man in Black scores a Man of Gold.

ALL THE KING'S MEN

Sean Penn's latest soapbox, er, movie about politics.

Release date: December 16 Director: Steve Zaillian Stars: Sean Penn, Jude Law

A tale of politics and corruption, All the King's Men is based on

the Robert Penn Warren novel that's been adapted twice before, in 1949 and 1958, which means everyone who saw those movies is probably in a nursing home eating peas.

Penn stars as firebrand Louisiana governor Willie Stark, who begins his political career railing against corruption and greed...only to fall victim to those trappings once he

Sean Penn's character is based on Louisiana governor Huey Long. gets a taste of some power. With questions

about Louisiana's political leadership on everyone's minds, this movie could strike while the iron is pissed. Given the fact that Zaillian's the dude who wrote such lighthearted fodder as Schindler's List, Gangs of New York, and, um, Jack the Bear, this is the perfect pick for moviegoers who aren't trying to drown out the real world with giant apes and pubescent wizards.







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Deadly Fighting & Vicious Attacks

MARC ECKŌŚ CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE

MARC ECKÖ PRESENTS GETTING UP: CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE

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GIOVANNI RIBISI ROSARIO DAWSON THE RZA SEAN "DIDDY" COMBS MICHAEL "MC SERCH" BERRIN and ANDY DICK as Beth

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PlayStation 2



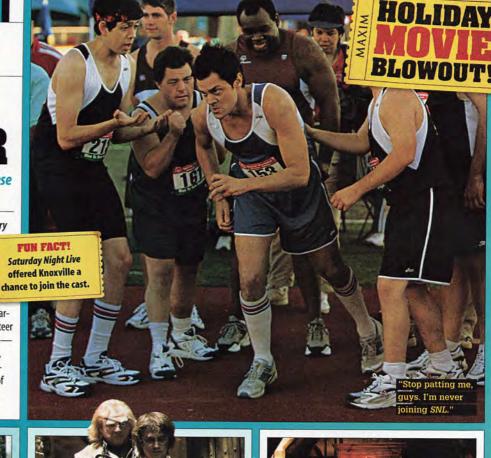


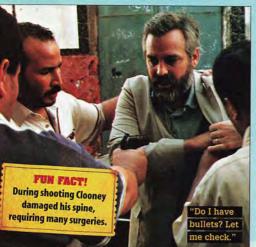
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Everybody in the short bus! These faux-tards are going for gold.

Release date: December 23 Director: Barry Blaustein Stars: Johnny Knoxville, Brian Cox, Katherine Heial

Think steroids give athletes a competitive advantage? In The Ringer two guys try to rig the Special Olympics by pretending to be retarded. Peter and Bobby Farrelly executive-produced it-if anyone can steer this far into uncomfortable territory, it's themand pairing the underrated (as far as comedy, anyway) Cox with Knoxville is almost too perfect. We can't wait to see endless sequences of Knoxville in a helmet drooling on himself. All those years around Steve-O finally paid off.





Syriana

How about those gas prices, eh?

Release date: December 9 Director: Stephen Gaghan Stars: George Clooney, Matt Damon, Amanda Peet

Syriana tackles the shady back-room dealings and dangerous front-line violence that constitute the international oil trade. Gaghan, who wrote Traffic, once again balances intersecting story lines that center on spook Bob Baer (Clooney, who gained 35 pounds for the role) and a young oil tycoon (Damon) and his wife (Peet) after tragedy strikes them in the post-Cold War Middle East. Black-hearted oil magnates? A troubled Middle East? Senseless tragedy? Where have we heard this before?



GOBLET OF FIRE

Release date: November 18

Goblet of Fire finally reveals what Voldemort looks like (Ralph Fiennes in makeup) and takes us off-campus for the Tri-Wizard Tournament, which pits top students from competing academies against each other, including a showdown with a fire-breathing dragon. Puts your Division III chess semifinal into perspective, doesn't it?



THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA: THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

Release date: December 9

Based on the C.S. Lewis books about kids who escape the horrors of World War II by entering a magic armoire that takes them to the land of Narnia, this movie's like Harry Potter meets The Lord of the Rings with a religious subtext. Could be decent, or it could be coma-inducing.



Release date: November 23

On the surface this tale of a lowlife lawyer (John Cusack) who thinks stealing Mob money is a good idea carries the unmistakable stench of boring. But throw in Billy Bob Thornton (as a sleazebag, naturally), Connie Nielsen as a strip club owner, Egon Spengler behind the camera, and Randy Quaid as a Mob boss (Wha?), and this one goes from "sounds familiar" to "sounds fantastic."



hits screens soon—Get

Smart with Steve Carell.

THE PRODUCERS

Release date: December 16 Further proof that Hollywood's

out of ideas. This is the movie version of the musical based on Mel Brooks' hysterical 1968 movie about a couple of Broadway losers attempting to create the worst musical in history. For those who couldn't score tickets to Lane and Broderick's run on the stage, this is your chance to see what the uproar was all about. Jazz hands, people!



Where The FANS CHOOSE The Bands!

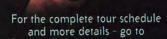
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zippohottour.com



MAXIM
HIHUM
OF THE
MUNTH
DESCRIPTION

YEE-HAW!

BIG & RICH



Comin' to Your City (Warner Bros.)

Don't tell Big & Rich what country music is supposed to sound like. Their second album is proof they really don't care. There's smooth, soulful balladry, bawdy, Nelly-quoting hick-hop, bizarro Dixieland jazz, and the sort of seamless country-

metal mash-up Kid Rock's been trying to bang out for a decade. Granted, the trip can veer toward the strange and slightly stupid, but as Big & Rich put it so eloquently over banjos, fiddles, and electric guitars on the raucous title track, "If you want a little bang in your yin-yang, come along."

Maxim rating: 0000

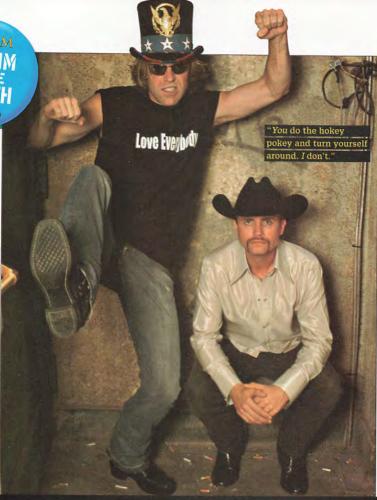




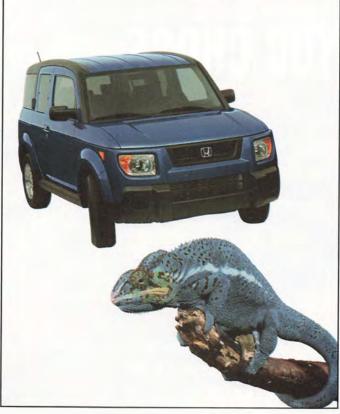


Shooter Jennings Put the O Back in Country (Universal South, 2005)

Roger Miller King of the Road (Bear Family, 1994)







RATINGS:

SHOT & BEER 00000

GIN & JUICE 0000

HAM & EGGS 000

JOY & PAIN 0000

DEATH & TAXES

RELEASES MAKING NOISE



DARKNESS

One Way Ticket to Hell...and Back (Atlantic) Metal lyrics usually stick to wizards, drugs, and big-titted substitute teachers. But with their second record, the Darkness stick cock-rock into nursery rhymes ("English Country Garden") and fears of getting old ("Bald"). Finally, a metal album that tackles the heavy issues. 0000



MADONNA

Confessions on a Dance Floor (Warner Bros.) If you're a pacifierwearing dude named Sunny whose hobbies include twirling glow sticks in a sea of X'd-out ravers, then you'll love this record. If you aren't, then Confessions is a giant septic tank filled with house music and beats so heavy they almost mask Madge's complete inability to sing. 0



THE FIERY **FURNACES**

Rehearsing My Choir (Rough Trade) When über-hip brother-sister duo the Fiery Furnaces invited their 83-yearold grandmother to babble over churchy arrangements and Eurodisco synths, were they trying to out-cool the competition or simply blaze their own path? Who cares? This record is an unlistenable mess. Bury it in the vault. 0



P.O.D.

Testify (Atlantic) Rap-rock, like a Chinese buffet, sounds better in theory than in practice. But that doesn't mean it always sucks. P.O.D.'s latest works best when they dial down the rap and kick up the guitars, but with a rhythm section that conjures reggae grooves and tears shit up, too, even their lamest rhymes don't fall totally flat. 00000

REVIEWS IN HAIKU

More reviews. Seventeen syllables. But still classy.

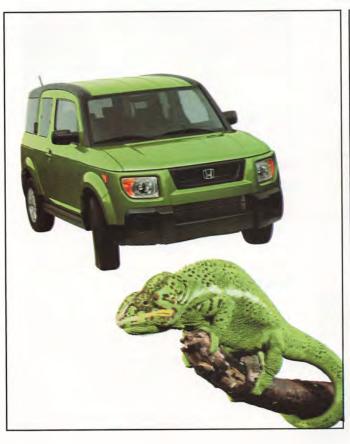
PUBLIC ENEMY New Whirl Odor (SlamJamz) Chuck D's still pissed off/But does it really matter/If no one listens?

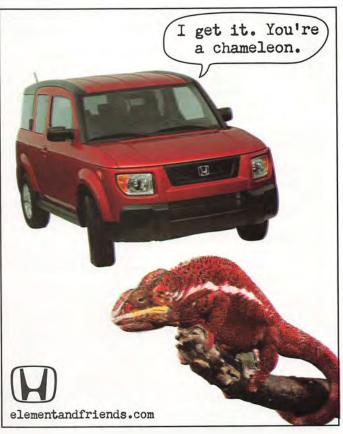
TREY ANASTASIO Shine (Columbia) Freed from his Phish-tank/Trey reels in the endless jams/And goes classic rock.

FLOETRY Flo'Ology (Geffen) A single sad tear/Will slide down a gangsta's cheek/Because of this groove.

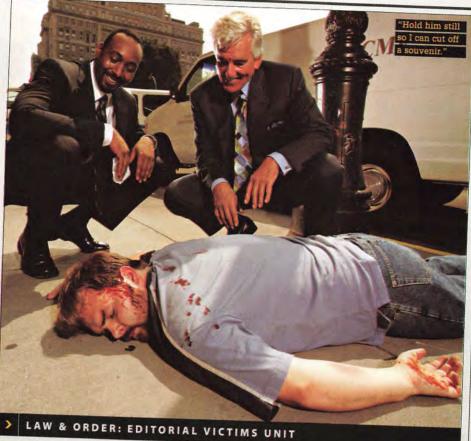
LADY SOVEREIGN Vertically Challenged (Chocolate Industries) People are hyping/This U.K. grime-girl rapper. /Ha, ha. Funny joke!







172



PLAYING DEAD

For years, Maxim has been trying to kill editor Charles Coxe. Now, thanks to Law & Order, we can celebrate over his dead body.

I thought I'd be able to go through my whole life without being able to say, "Dennis Farina just inspected my penis." I was wrong. I'm lying naked on a cold metal autopsy table as Farina peeks under the sheet to see if I'm circumcised. Oh, yeah, I'm also dead. After Farina drops the sheet, he turns to the crew and asks, "Lunch?"

OK, so Farina's not really checking out my equipment, I'm not fully naked, and despite the fervent wishes of my coworkers, I'm not actually a corpse—but now I can say I've played one on Law & Order.

DAY 1: MUG SHOT

When I show up for my first day on set, I'm met by Red Charyszyn, a production assistant who's been assigned the ultimate shit job: baby-sitting me.

"So, what's my motivation?" I ask.

"You're dead," Red explains. "You must be a corpse virgin. Try the penny trick: At night, put pennies on your eyelids and practice lying so still that the pennies don't move."

After noting that kernel of wisdom, I'm taken to wardrobe, who go through more than 100 different outfits every episode. Their main concern is that I wear a light-colored shirt. "It

shows off the blood better," they explain.

For my mug shot photo, they stand me against a wall in a dingy hallway. "It's supposed to look ugly," explains the woman who's snapping away with a digital camera. Click,

"Wait," I say, realizing this is a photo that will appear on TV in front of millions of viewers. "What's my inspiration? How should I look?" Click.

"Gracefully unhappy—like you just got arrested," she says. Click. "Stop smiling."

DAY 2: SCENE OF THE CRIME

It's 6 A.M., and I'm sitting in John Perkins' makeup chair, waiting for him to slather me in gore.

"I have a friend at Mount Sinai Hospital I call with questions," says John, who keeps a library of crime scene photos at home."For one



episode, I had to know how old people would look after being locked in a freezer for days."

John's using a silicone putty to create a head wound. Apparently, I've had my head bashed in with a marble umbrella stand after defiling a synagogue. "This stuff's called Fresh Scab," John informs me happily. "It looks like a pot of liver."

The scope of the operation is impressive—seven speaking characters, 62 extras, and 76 crew members, all for a few minutes of footage. After a few run-throughs, I have to lie on the cement in the hot sun...and try not to sweat.

"Be glad it's not snowing," says Jesse L. Martin, who plays Det. Ed Green."We shot an episode in New Jersey, and this family of four had to lie facedown in two feet of snow for hours."

I try to think dry thoughts, but I'm schvitzing all over the concrete, a very uncorpselike thing to do. Like a NASCAR pit crew, the makeup team scurries out to dry me off, touch up my now-runny head wound, and dribble puddles of blood around my body. After a quick rehearsal, everyone gets set to film the real deal.

After Dennis Farina and Jesse L. Martin take their places behind my body and a crew member calls out, "Rolling," I hear Jesse's voice whisper, "Good thing you're not on Special Victims Unit—your pants would be around your ankles and you would have just been violated."

Another take ruined. I don't think a corpse is supposed to burst out laughing.



Farina peeks under my sheet, then ad-libs, 'Anyone wanna get sausages?'

DAY 3: THE AUTOPSY

The studio is overrun with extras, including a table of six—two priests, three cops, and a rabbi—apparently waiting to be a punch line to a joke. Meanwhile, I'm naked on the autopsy table.

With a bellow of "Action!" the cameras roll. I'm not sure if it's my inability to hold my breath for more than 10 seconds or the actors' inability to keep a straight face when Farina keeps peeking under my sheet and ad-libbing jokes like "Anyone wanna get sausages?" but with each take the camera spends less and less time on me. After six takes they've finally got enough footage to call it a day. Three days of work for 20 seconds of screen time.

Not bad work for a dead guy.

Law & Order, currently in its 16th season, airs on NBC on Wednesdays at 10 P.M.

RAISE YOUR RUM

The finer things in life are right in front of your eyes. Now just lower slightly and sip.

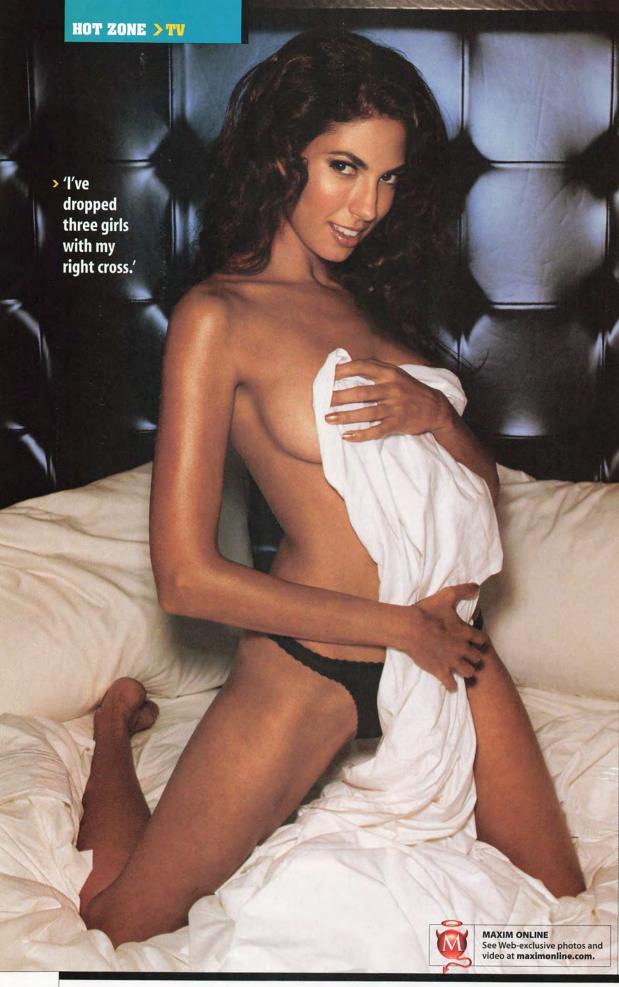


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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Naureen Zaim Better known as: The hottie that lights the fuse on Sci Fi's Master Blasters.

Her story: You can't seem to tie your shoes without hurting yourself, but on Master Blasters, a reality competition about building rockets, this Chicagoborn sweetheart can defy gravity with the greatest of ease."I did the heavy manual labor," she says. "All the welding, angle grinding, plasma cutting, sanding, everything." And with her undefeated record on Showtime's Perfect 10: Model Boxing, Naureen's also a knockout-literally."It's Olympic-style boxing. I've dropped three girls with my right cross." In case you haven't received the message yet: Do not mess with her. Before she took up fisticuffs and explosions and a brief role in Wedding Crashers, Naureen was a hustler."We'd play pool against some schmucks and lose a few games, then go double or nothing. We'd always wear little shirts so the guys would stare at our breasts while we sank the balls." Everyone's a winner!



GET THIS!

> Naureen's
first job was
in the drivethrough at Taco
Bell. Caliente!





THE 40-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN

The losin'-it romp that helped turn Kelly Clarkson into a hurt word.



Movie:
OOOOO
Special features:

Release date: December 13 Price: \$30 Once you've watched Steve Carell's attempt to get his cherry popped (and changed your piss-soaked pants), prepare to spend some time with the special features, which are perfectly tailored to a movie that featured more ad-libbing than the last half-hour of Saturday Night Live. You get extended versions of the movie's best moments, like the "you know how I know you're gay" game and Steve Carell's chest-waxing scene. With loads of deleted footage, commentary tracks, and even a sex ed video for those people who can relate to

the title a bit too much, this Virgin puts out.





SHINY HAPPY DVDs HOLDING HANDS



MR. & MRS. SMITH

Out: November 29 Price: \$30

This movie was so good it almost made up for the fact we know more about this "Brangelina" thing than we do about our fantasy football teams. The critical word in that sentence: almost.

Maxim rating: 0000



WAR OF THE WORLDS

Out: November 22 Price: \$30

Tom Cruise saves his family from tripod-looking space aliens in a kinda-crappy, kinda-scary special-effects-laden Spielberg film that grossed more than twice the GDP of the isle of Tonga.

Maxim rating: 00000



THE ISLAND

Out: December 13 Price: \$30

Like techno, *The Island* was popular everywhere except the U.S. The rest of the world got it right—this clonefest is watchable, and not just for Scarlett Johansson's love scene.

Maxim rating: 0000

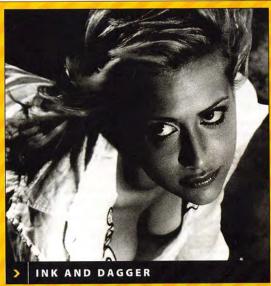


FANTASTIC FOUR

Out: December 6 Price: \$30

How bad is the overpriced DVD version of this lame, barely entertaining comic book adaptation? Let's just say the most exciting feature is the exclusive peek at this summer's X-Men 3.

Maxim rating: 00000





SIN CITY RECUT & EXTENDED

Out: December 13 Price: \$40
What's black and white and totally friggin' awesome? This Sin City DVD release, an unrated version of the hard-boiled flick, with 23 minutes of new footage and interactive features.

Maxim rating: 00000



You shouldn't have to figure out how digital music works.



MASKED MYSTERY

BSOLUT WATCHM

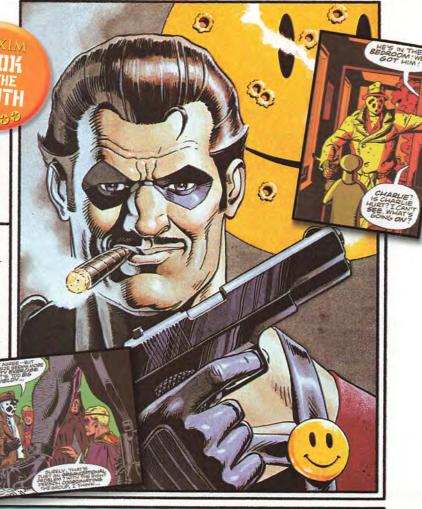


Maxim rating: 00000

(DC Comics, \$75)

Before The Incredibles forced doughy middleaged heroes to come out of retirement to save the day, before Sin City showed that good guys can swear and kill people, before Hollywood stormed the local nerdery for new ideas, there was Watchmen. Alan Moore's landmark 12issue comic book murder mystery, about a killer

targeting the aging members of a now-defunct superhero team, is such a masterwork of storytelling, it's practically literature. (But more fun to read and with pretty, pretty pictures.) Maybe that's why movie producers haven't screwed this one up by putting it on the screen-all they can seem to do is rip it off.



PICTURE PAGES





Maxim rating: 00000

ABSOLUTE

(DC Comics, \$50)

Can't get enough Batman? Even casual fans will get sucked into this story about a mysterious, bandage-faced new bad guy named Hush, who knows Batman so well he makes Alfred look like a weekend houseguest. And not only does Hush introduce a new foe to torment Bats; it also features just about every single Batman villain from the past 50 years. The story is good, but what's truly eye-popping is the fine artwork of legendary penciler Jim Lee, whose femme fatales have the kind of breasts that would bring Frank Perdue back from the dead.



VOL. 1 (Marvel, \$30)

When someone discovers that Peter Parker is Spider-Man, the bad guy finally does the sensible thing: kidnaps Aunt May and targets Parker's family. By the end of the book, Spidey's been beaten to a pulp, electrocuted, and nearly wedgied at his high school

reunion. Good times! Maxim rating: 0000

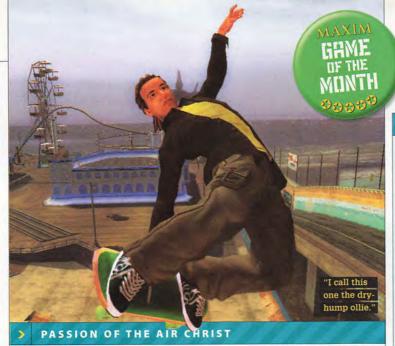




LIBRARY SET 1 (Dark Horse, \$150)

Most comics ain't worth the paper they're printed on (yes, we're talking about you, Aquaman!), but Frank Miller's series of pulp noir tales deserves the premium treatment. Set 1 reprints the first four volumes on large archival paper stock and comes in a slipcase so sweet you'll fool your wordreadin' pals into thinking you're some kind of book-havin' genius!

Maxim rating: 00000



TONY HAWK'S AMERICAN WASTELAND

Activision [GameCube, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360]
The wait is over. Tony Hawk has a new trick—no load times! In American Wasteland, you can bust combos from Santa Monica to Hollywood in one hella righteous run, eliminating the need to stare at some

lame-ass status bar for minutes (and minutes!) on end. With killer new manuals, coherent plot lines, and bitchin' level designs, this year's *Hawk* kicks it old-school, unlike the goody *Underground* series.

Maxim rating: OOOOO

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



PETER JACKSON'S KING KONG

Ubisoft (Xbox, Xbox 360, PS2, GameCube, PC, PSP, DS, GameBoy Advance)

In this video game adaptation of the movie, you either scurry around the jungle as a pathetic

human or punch dinosaurs as the big-ass ape. Sadly, you're only Kong 30 percent of the time. This barrel of fun could have used a lot more monkeys. **Maxim rating:**



THE WARRIORS

Rockstar [Xbox, PS2]

A 1979 cult movie about rival gangs in New Yawk City becomes the next-gen *Double Dragon* in Rockstar's hands: Brawls with baseball bats and

barstools, boss fights with furious seven-foot-tall, 2x4-swinging Latinos, and bum fights with winos await. Warriors, come out and pla-a-a-y!

Maxim rating: 0000



STAR WARS BATTLEFRONT II

LucasArts [PS2, Xbox, PC, PSP]

Forget the stars. Try the wars instead. Using only the Force—plus blasters, AT-RT walkers, and X-wings—annihilate enemies alone or online.

New space-based confrontations and controllable heroes (like Boba Fett, Darth Vader, and Yoda) make the Skywalkin' better than last time.

Maxim rating: OOOO



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3. Know that it's all going to work together



LIGHTNING

It brought Frankenstein's monster to life and made Ben Franklin piss himself. Read this and you might just be able to explain why you hide in a closet every time there's a thunderstorm.



STEP BY STEP

How does a lightning bolt come all the way down from the sky to where it can kill you?

Know how your socks get all staticky from tumbling in the dryer? Same thing happens in a cloud, only on a bigger scale. It begins when water and bits of ice swirl around and charge with electricity. But since air is a great insulator, the zap doesn't happen until the charge is huge—up to one billion volts. As the charge builds, the cloud increases its electric potential because the positive and negative particles are separating—just like a bridesmaid's legs after she's pounded Jell-O shots.

Now the underside of the cloud is negatively charged, and branches of ionized air, called stepped leaders, begin to stretch out. The stepped leader attracts a positive charge from whatever is closest to the sky—a tower, a tree, your cousin with the glandular problem. These objects send out their own trails of positively charged air, called streamers. And when a stepped leader hits a streamer, it plugs the cloud into the ground. Now your cousin has finally made something of himself—an electrical conduit!

In just a fraction of a second, the cloud's charge drains out and shoots down into the ground in one massive blast—up to 300,000 amps—called the return stroke. It's the return stroke that ignites the sky with a blinding flash that illuminates all the other stepped leaders that

didn't quite make it. This is the effect that makes a lightning bolt sometimes look like a long tree branch with one superbright line to the ground. Oh, and your cousin is now on fire. Pretty!

NUTS AND VOLTS

POSITIVE FLASH

When a rare positively charged stepped leader comes down from the cloud and meets a negatively charged streamer coming up. The bolts of these bad boys are stronger than regular lightning. Some think they're what cause a big chunk of forest fires and power-line damage.



SPIDER LIGHTNING

Bursts of lightning which sprout in parallel streams across the base of large thunderstorm clouds. It can discharge across the sky for up to 90 miles, and it seems to crawl through the air like a spider. Sometimes it wears red tights and can be found shooting webs out of its wrists.



ANVIL LIGHTNING

A lightning flash that arcs horizontally away from the storm to hit something on the ground far away. This "bolt from the blue" is caused by telling that joke about the Virgin Mary and the fungal cream.

BALL LIGHTNING

For thousands of years, people have spotted these glowing balls floating above the ground, but no one can say exactly what the hell they are. Some say they don't radiate heat, but others have seen evidence that they can melt glass. Whatever they are, they scare us.



ST. ELMO'S FIRE

Though it's often confused with ball lightning and a bad '80s movie, St. Elmo's fire is the result of clumps of electrified air that surround long, pointy objects like ship masts, antennas, and even cow horns. Much like your grandma, it gives off a blue-white glow and a hissing sound.





Jerry LeDoux explains why getting struck by lightning sucks, and why you couldn't take it.

"It was August 1999, and my wife, Bee, and I were driving in our truck. The bolt came in through the back window and hit me in the head, traveling down my spine and through my left hip. It blew three disks out of my back and fried the nerves that pass through my hip, so even now it feels like I've got Novocain in my feet. Also, three fingers in my left hand don't work from the middle joint down.

The doctors say the brain is like a computer and that the lightning

kind of stripped my wires bare. So sometimes the signal gets where it's supposed to go, and sometimes it gets shorted. I'll wake up and not know who I am. I'll put my shoes in the icebox. I'll drive past my home and not even recognize it . . . all kinds of weird little things.

"Behold my

my gun while

you're there."

musk, and admire

"Two months ago I was driving to a lumber company and another lightning bolt hit the road right in front of me and blew out a big chunk of concrete. Now when I hear thunder, I go in the house."

STORMY STATS

The state with the most lightning deaths and injuries. REASON: God hates Mickey Mouse and old people.

Number of thunderstorms occurring worldwide at any given moment

Times per second that lightning strikes somewhere worldwide

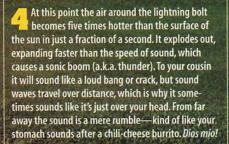
Number of people killed by lightning each year in the U.S.

Minutes of electrical power that could be provided for the entire United States by a single lightning discharge. That's a lot of Internet porn.

Billions of dollars of damage caused by lightning each year in the United States

Rank of lightning in weather-related deaths (number one killer: flooding)









GREAT SCOTT!







Looks like 2006 is going to be a big year for you. You've got a part in next summer's Mission Impossible 3, you snagged Mariah Carey's manager, and you just signed a deal to make a mess of movies.

Yeah, I have a small part in MI3. I play a supermodel at an airport, and when the bad guy runs into me, I get to scream at him. I'm also doing a movie called *The Name of the Game*, where I play an American college student who gets sucked into London's underground sex-club scene. Benny Medina is my new manager, and I just signed a five-picture deal. So it's going to be a good year.

You've also done a bunch of TV recently, like *Ripley's Believe It or Not!* Tell us something you don't believe.

Hmm. That's a tough one. I don't believe anything I see on TV. It's all so manipulated. The stunts on that show and the world records that were being set were so manipulated.

So what do you believe in?

I believe in UFOs. And ghosts. And ESP. I've definitely had psychic dreams.

Wait a minute...UFOs?

[laughs] Yeah. My family saw a UFO in their field, on the farm, in the '60s. And, no, they weren't on drugs. I wasn't there to see it, but they saw a

'I believe in UFOs, ghosts, and ESP. I've definitely had psychic dreams.'

huge silver disk with lights going all around it and flames shooting out beneath it. And then it took off. I've always been fascinated by UFOs.

You've also appeared on *Entourage, The Shield,* and *CSI: Miami*. Tell us, does David
Caruso talk like that all the time?

Um, that's pretty close to how he is in real life. **You're holding something back.**

Uh, I don't want to insult anyone.

C'mon!

I will say he was something of a diva. It's amazing what a crew will put up with for one person.

Was that better or worse than appearing in Mötley Crüe's last video?

Oh, that video was so cool. I had so much fun! I've been listening to metal since I was eight, so I was psyched to do it. The set got pretty wild.

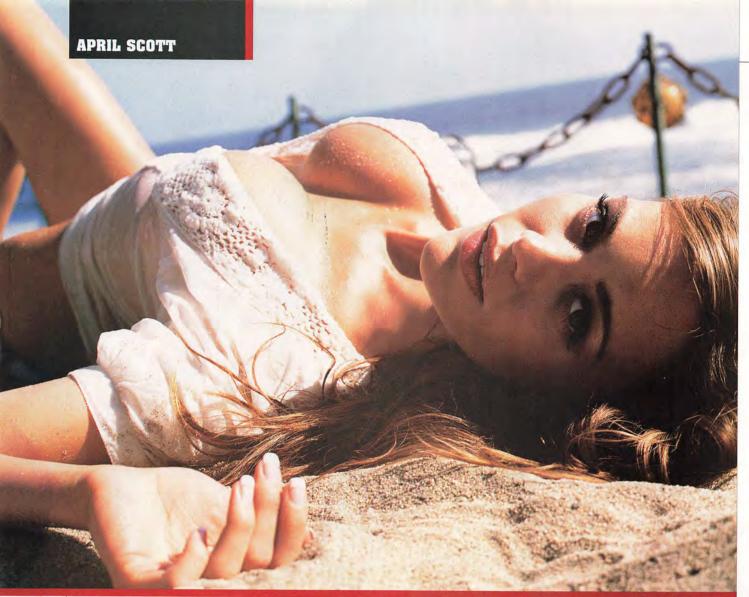
That goes without saying. Was it stocked with booze and cigarettes?

Everywhere. They were drinking between takes, and it was the source of a huge fight.

Oh, really? Do tell.

Well, Tommy Lee and Vince Neil didn't get along too well, so they shot their parts separately. Tommy and Nikki Sixx looked in the fridge and saw Vince's bottle of liquor, so as a prank they decided to steal it. When Vince found out, all hell broke loose. They literally shut down the set until the empty bottle was found and replaced. Everybody was screaming. It was wild.





And in the commotion, Tommy hit on you. Tommy was very charismatic and very nice. I can see why girls are attracted to him. When I met him, he got down on one knee, kissed my hand, and said, "It's so nice to meet you." I can usually keep my cool, but he made me blush.

What a scumbag! You're just an innocent girl from a small town in Missouri. Got any good ol' country stories?

Well, it was great, but everybody did know everyone else, which sometimes isn't so great. They get all up in your business.

And then the rumors start, and you find out the preacher had an affair!

Yes! When I was in fifth grade, we discovered the preacher was having an affair with his best friend's wife. The whole town was outraged. They got up and announced it one Sunday before the church service. It was really bad. They left town embarrassed and ostracized.

Keeping with small-town clichés, did you always want to run away to the big city? Oh, definitely. I couldn't get away fast enough. For as long as I can remember, all I wanted to do was be an actress. We only had three channels growing up, so I watched movies to escape. And you escaped by becoming the Ray Lewis of the beauty-pageant circuit?

Well, I entered 85 pageants and won 45. Living

'My mom used to duct-tape my breasts together to get better cleavage.'

in such a remote area, there was only one girl from each town, and I saw them every time. Did you want to claw their eyes out? No, but I was very competitive. My mother and I are both perfectionists, so we would practice everything a million times until it was perfect. But there were no catfights?

Actually, yeah. Before the final question at one pageant, my mom and I were going over my answer about the Fourth of July and what it means to me, and I had all these historical facts memorized. Turns out the girl before me was hiding behind a curtain, eavesdropping. She walked out there and gave my answer word for word. That bitch!

I know! My jaw dropped, but I had to play it cool. I went out there, rattled something off the top of my head, and beat her anyway.

Besides the girl stealing your answers, what's your worst pageant memory? My mom used to duct-tape my breasts together to get better cleavage.

Not so nice when you rip the tape off. It hurt bad. Yikes. So after filling your closets with sashes and duct-taping your boobs, you decided to go to...a small Christian college. Major ragers there, right? I wish. We couldn't do anything. There were no

coed dorms-boys weren't even allowed in our common areas—and we had curfews. They locked our cars up at night so we couldn't leave. Double vikes. So that's how you had a 4.0 GPA and were named class valedictorian. Did you ever flirt to get a better grade? Absolutely not! I'm just lucky to have a good memory. I never had to cram, and I wrote most of my papers last-minute. But I wouldn't call myself a bookworm. I kind of got by with the least amount of work possible.

And now you're getting by in Maxim with the least amount of clothing possible.

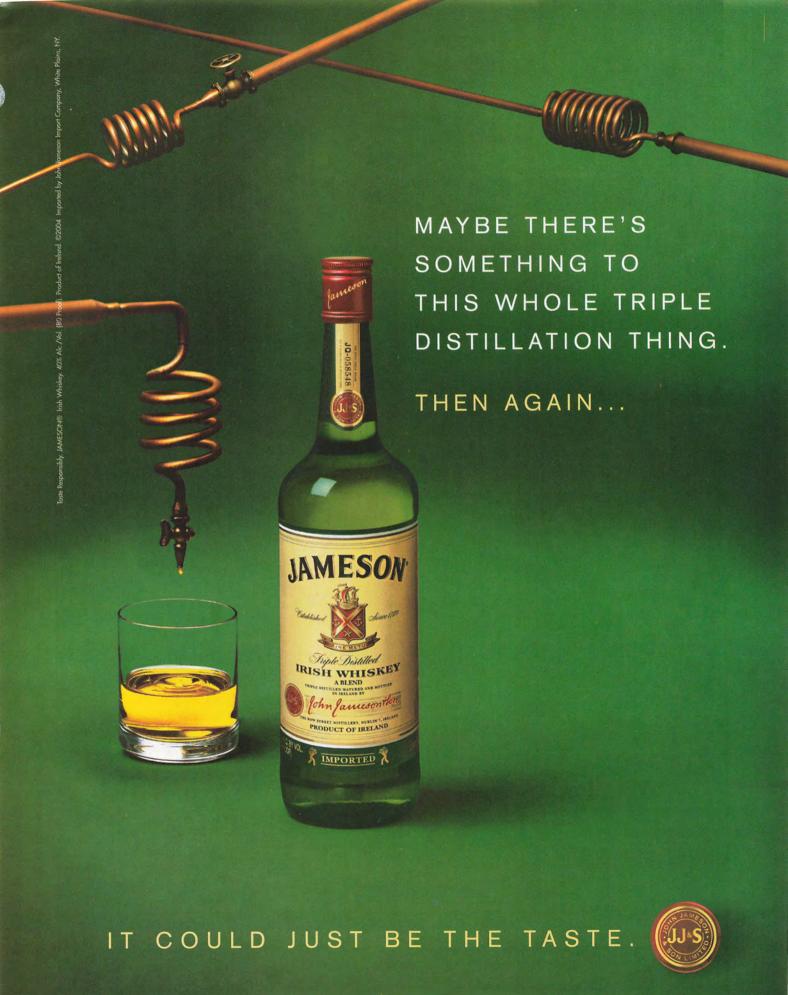
Well, I came to L.A. to be an actress, and I started modeling to make money. It took off, so I stuck with it. My parents took it well. I eased them into it, and now they're completely supportive.

Last question: Are you still the smalltown girl reaching for the stars...or has evil Hollywood corrupted your soul?

I'm the same girl, but I am different than when I moved here. I was just so off the boat. I showed up at my first party in a denim dress and sandals, thinking I was fancy. I was humiliated. But men still came up to me, so I felt good.



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SAX= GOODNIGHT OVER BRUNCH

SMELL GREAT LONGER STAY OUT LATER





SPEED MEETS NEED.

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS

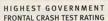




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The Victoria's Secret fashion show got a little rowdy this year

Think your Super Bowl party is the best place to pick up a raging hangover? We scoured the globe to find the wildest parties to crawl away from the morning after.

BY CHRISTINA VALHOULI



SONGKRAN

Chiang Mai, Thailand, April 13-15, 2006

The party: Locals ring in the Thai new year by drenching anyone within throwing range with water fired from guns, poured from buckets, or pitched out of garbage cans and oil drums hoisted into truck beds. Everyone's a potential victim, including senior citizens, babies balanced on motorcycle handlebars (ah, the simple freedoms in countries with no insurance lobby), unsuspecting tourists, and even the gorgeous finalists of festival beauty pageants. "Think of this as Mad Max with high-powered water guns," says Bangkok-based expat Paul Ehrlich. And not quite so much murder.

Inside move: If you want to get thoroughly soaked, "Stand around the Tha Phae Gate," says Ehrlich. If you'd rather be on the offensive, think

about where to position yourself...preferably next to a reliable alcohol depot."We stood outside a bar with a massive vat of ice water and doused people," says Sheila Woodbridge, a veteran of the madness."It turned into a huge water war with the lady-boys at a neighboring bar dancing on tables and squealing after every icy bucket."

Make sure to bring: Swim trunks and a Super Soaker.

Local fuel: Though rumors that it contains amphetamines aren't true, the cheap, rice-based Mekong Whiskey keeps the hordes flying throughout the festival.

Information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 213-382-2353; tourismthailand.org





MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Norway, June 23, 2006; Sweden, June 24, 2006

The party: Take a couple of nations' worth of supermodels, keep them indoors all winter, set them loose under a sun that never really sets, and what do you get? Thousands of drunk hot bodies who can't wait to get naked. "Norwegians just enjoy taking their clothes off at Midsummer," Norwegianborn model Veronica

Trollerud explains.
That's why most
young people seek
out the nearest body
of water, light a
bonfire, get drunk,
and pretend they're
married by finding
some random person
to sleep with.

Inside move:

Norway has its party on the shortest night of the year, while the Swedes save theirs for the weekend. Hit the southern Norway coast first, then dash to Sweden the next day."In Norway the party is best from Larvik to Tønsbergthe island of Hvalø is crazy," says Sindre Østgård of Norwegian Broadcasting."The fjords look like a swarm of huge fireflies, with thousands of fires burning while people drink, skinny-dip, and have

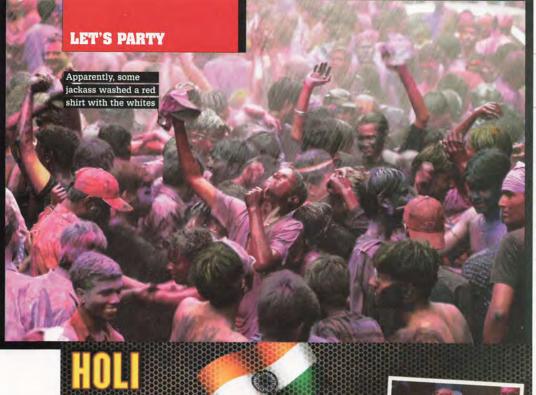
passionate sex with someone they haven't met before." Next day, hop the ferry at Sandefjord for a \$5 trip to Strömstad in Sweden.

Make sure to bring:

A gift of beer will let you hitch a ride on someone's boat.

Local fuel: Aass beer, which tastes better than it sounds.

Information:
goscandinavia.com



New Delhi, India, March 14, 2006

The party: This psychedelic bash heralds the arrival of springtime by attracting the type of teeming crowds only one of the most hectic, densely populated countries in the world can muster-all to get high and lob water balloons and spray colored water at each other. Glassyeyed gangs of exuberant revelers roam the streets looking to annihilate one another with the green, pink, yellow, and red dye bombs. Inside move: Have bad aim or just want to cop a feel? Skipping the balloons and smearing each other with gulal (dye) is perfectly acceptable, especially after getting dosed up with bhang, Holi's most popular indulgent. As with Grandma's meat loaf, everyone has his own recipe, but most involve mashing marijuana

leaves and buds with milk and a butter called ghee. It's easy to score on the streets. "Bhang is legal at Holi," says Sudeep Sen, author of *Postmarked India*. "Residents set up roadside stalls where they serve it along with bhang-tinged sweetmeats." Yum!

Make sure to bring: A change of clothes and echinacea, in case you need to do a drug test when you come back.

Local fuel: Bhang can be ordered as a "bhang lassi" or "thandai," which is just another excuse to consume everyone's favorite narcotic. **Information:** holifestival.org



Munich, Germany, Sept. 16-Oct. 3, 2006

The party: At the world's largest beer festival, normally humorless Germans sink millions of pints of suds down their necks and scarf their weight in pork. During this two-week span, fully 30 percent of all the beer brewed annually in Munich's six breweries is served inside one of 14 massive tents. "One time we got into a beer tent around noon and people were already falling off the tables drunk," says Kevin Singer, who has been three times.

Inside move: Having fun at Oktoberfest means finding the right tent. "The Hofbräu tent is

mostly for tourists." says Eva von Schaper, a Munich local. "Bräurosl is gay, Schottenhamel is young and trendy, and Käfers Wiesn-Schänke is upscale." Tent admission is free, but you need to show up early and plant your ass in a chair to be served."By noon the tents are full, and they shut the doors," says Singer."You can sneak in through a side or back door. If you're persistent, you'll get lucky." Make sure to bring: An iron bladder. Local fuel: Among local grogs, Spaten Oktoberfest is tapped first each year. Information: oktoberfest.de



"Let's celebrate

American jobs!"

Valencia, Spain, March 15-19, 2006

The party: Proving that all Spaniards are closet pyros, locals spend a year building elaborate papiermâché sculptures (a.k.a. fallas), which are then torched while the whole city gets sloshed on sangría. "Imagine a Disneyland where you're expected to get drunk and stoned and set the attractions on fire," says festivalgoer and

former Madrid resident Andrew Glazer. Inside move: During the lead-up to the party, public boozing and dancing build momentum in the streets. The hottest action is in the historic district. If you're crafty (and cheap) like Glazer, you can bum beer, paella, and sangria off welcoming locals. If you're not a complete sponge, the better

strategy is to carry around some food or drink to share—a sure way to guarantee a hearty Spanish welcome wherever you stumble. The huge sculptures usually lampoon local and international politicians or depict psychedelic cartoon figures, so pick a favorite and settle in. Make sure to bring: A reliable

psychedelic cartoon figures, so pick a favorite and settle in.

Make sure to bring: A reliable wingman. "Two of my fallas.com

Local fuel: Sang the strong-like-ablend of red wine brandy, and fruit. Information: fallas.com

for a few hours and reappeared dressed as Keebler elves," Glazer says. "Some old queen had taken them back to his apartment, gotten them high on hash, and dressed them up."

Local fuel: Sangría, the strong-like-a-bull blend of red wine,

friends disappeared

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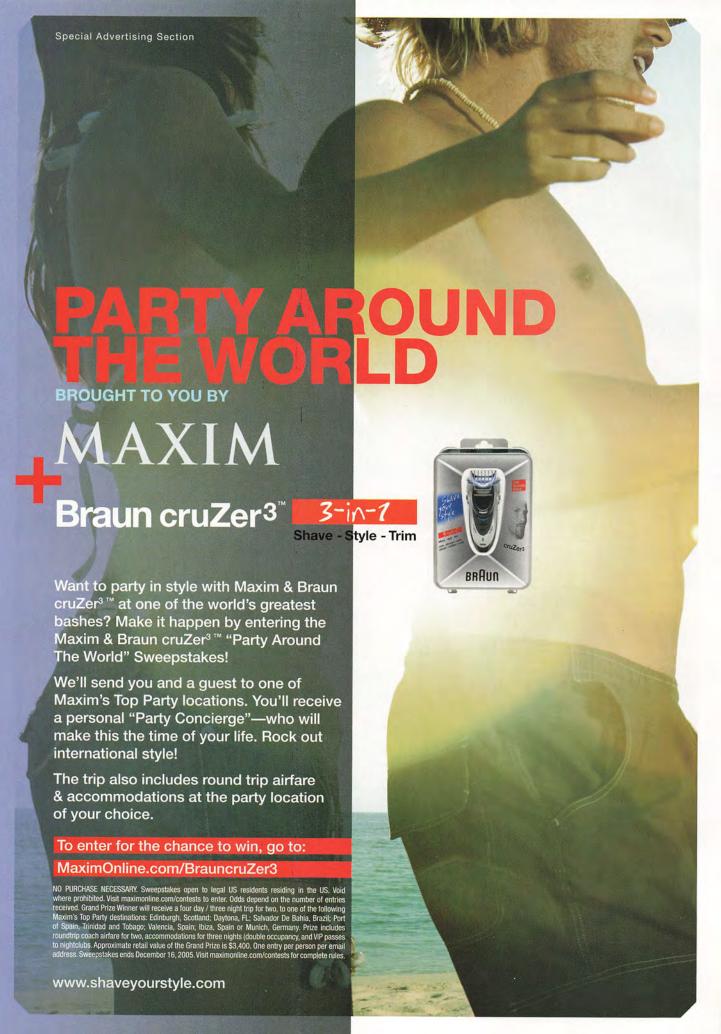


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Salvador, Brazil, February 23-28, 2006

The party: Tourists may flock to Rio, but this is Brazil's authentic pagan Carnaval. It's also the biggest street party in the world, according to the wild-man stat trackers at the Guinness Book. During Carnaval, the city reserves 16 solid miles of streets for six days of parades and two million partyers.

Inside move: Bands of musicians and dancers lead blocos made up of thousands of people. Joining a bloco is the best way to "experience the parade," i.e., dance hip-to-hip through the streets with barely dressed babes from all over South America. Buy an abadá (colored T-shirt) to join a bloco. Hoping to attract some exotic booty? Then act like an uninhibited local."You need to make eye contact and be aggressive," advises Santiago Mejia of Miami-based travel

company Tours Gone Wild. And be sure to stick to the 15minute rule."If you're dancing or talking to a Brazilian girl, you have to kiss her within the first 15 minutes. Kissing is like a handshake or a high five; it's no big deal, but it's expected."

Make sure to bring: An appreciation for asses. In Brazil the perfect backside is a more potent sexual asset than large breasts. The Portuguese word for booty is bunda. A big one is a bundão; a small one is a bundinha. Local fuel: Cachaça, a homegrown hooch made from sugarcane that makes tequila seem like mother's milk.

Information: carnaval.salvador.ba.gov.br



Daytona Beach, Florida, Feb. 19, 2006

The party: The 500mile, 200-lap finale of Speedweeks is basically an excuse to pound beer and ogle tons of women sporting Daisy Dukes in the Florida sun. The Speedway's 180acre infield becomes the unofficial Daytona tailgater, a mini-city hellbent on cranking Metallica and consuming as much moonshine as possible.

Inside move:

Reserve a space (386-253-7223; fiveday vehicle passes start at \$700), camp out in a camper, RV, or van, and haul in plenty of beer and barbecue equipment. If wading through overflowing

Porta-Johns bums you out, buy a ticket for the Nextel FanZone, says Brian Wilder, president of North Carolinabased Premiere Sports Travel."The FanZone sits right on Pit Road," he says. Most tracks keep fans away from cars and drivers, but the catwalk here allows fans to peer down on teams prepping for the race. Make sure to bring: Toilet paper and sunscreen. Local fuel: NASCAR is one nation under Bud, at least until some other sponsor steps in.

Information:

daytona speedway.com

ASK ANYTHING

What's the worst country to get arrested in?

You're at a disco in Bali, dancing with a half-naked Dutch girl. Then police burst in and demand urine samples from everyone. You fail a drug test...and spend the next 15 years in jail. It's a lonely planet, indeed.

About 2,500 Americans are arrested overseas each year, and Southeast Asia is especially frosty with partying tourists. A man was sentenced to death in the Philippines for 1.9 kg of pot. A guy who tore up Thai currency faced 15 years for defacing an image of the king. But we'll save our getout-of-hell-free card for Singapore, where drug possession is a capital offense and a teenage girl was exe-

hitting...self!



cuted when heroin was found in her suitcase.



STREETS OF GOLD

PUB CRAWL, U.S.A.

Can't plan ahead? Hit one of these nonstop party streets.

SOUTH STREET

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania The vibe: With

more than 35 bars and restaurants, piles of greasy meat sandwiches, and nostalgia for powdered wigs, this bumpin' boulevard held together by joints like Copabanana and Fat Tuesday prides itself on quantity and quality. Who you'll go home with: A girl ready to enjoy the history

around her, and eager to forget what happened last night.

BEALE STREET Memphis, Tennessee

The vibe: Tons of live blues at clubs like B.B. King's and Rum Boogie along Tennessee's most bitchin' nightspot (save Dollywood). Who you'll go home with: A Southern charmer with a CD collection

SIXTH STREET

cooler than yours.

Austin, Texas The vibe: Trendy meat marketeers, slumming snobs, and legit shitkickers in places like Barcelona and Opal Divine's Freehouse convene at this eclectic Southern hot spot. Who you'll go home with: A threesome that includes a smokin'

cowgirl and a chick with armpit foliage.

COURT STREET

Athens, Ohio The vibe: In the bosom of one of the nation's top party schools (Ohio U.), Court overflows with barely legal (or falsely legal) party-



ers dying to experiment at places like Pawpurr's, Courtside, and Lucky's. Who you'll go home with: A blitzed sorority princess who's more concerned with getting home by noon than with her GPA.

AVENIDA REVOLUCIÓN

Tijuana, Mexico The vibe: Constant booze flow is the norm at this gigantic block party filled with donkeys, raging clubs like Safari and Tilly's, and the wasted pride of SoCal. Who you'll go home with: Anyone you want, plus two hot dogs and a Mexican wrestling mask, all for just \$40.

The party: The debauched street party hosted by former track-and-field powerhouse Trinidad and Tobago is the same pagan ritual celebrated in Brazil. But this one features steel-drum bands and ceaseless public grinding acts of simulated copulation (a.k.a. dancing) between

strangers...and

that's just in your hotel lobby. Inside move: The quintessential party is J'Ouvert, a bizarre bash that kicks off at 2 A.M. on Carnival Monday, Flatbeds laden with nightclubs' worth of sound systems cruise the streets followed by crowds of boozefueled dancers who splatter paint and

says partygoer Sabrina Parker. "Everyone comes up

and the women are wearing what guys wish they would wear—a thong and not much else." to you and dances, Make sure to

bring: Stamina. Local fuel: Carib beer, purchased from roving child vendors. Information: visittnt.com M

"Look, bitch, you so

did know I was going

to wear this outfit!"



Edinburgh, Scotland, December 31

The party: If you think slipping on vomitcovered New York streets and waiting for a sparkly crystal ball to slide down a flagpole sounds fun, give Dick Clark a call. To tear up New Year's like a man, brave Scotland's testicleshrinking winter and join 100,000 scotchswigging lunatics in the streets of one of the U.K.'s coolest cities to swap spit with strangers and have your ears blasted at concerts by superstar bands like Franz Ferdinand and Moby. Inside move: Hogmanay's free, but you still need a ticket to get in (call +44-131-473-2000). Order early, 'cause they get snagged up fast. You'll need a separate ticket for the Concert in the Gardens, held under Edinburgh Castle. Too

late? Philip Crombie, who grew up in Edinburgh, advises heading to Princes

Street, where you can hear the music for free. To cure your certain hangover, join the Loony Dook on January 1, a dunk in the icy Firth of Forth. Make sure to bring: Long underwear. "Don't wear a kilt if you're inexperienced—it's a long, long day, and you'll end up with a bleedin' boaby!" says Scot Kenny Gibson, who just laughs when we ask him what the hell that means. Local fuel: Drambuie, which contains honey to coat the throat (also good for rugby matches). Information: edinburghshogmanay.org



Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, Feb. 27-28, 2006

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GUYS GONE MANAGEMENT M

We've all suffered bouts of emasculation—Whiskey Dick ain't just a bartender at the

Elk's Lodge—but have you forgotten what it means to be a man? Time to find out!

ust because the man-waxing and appletini lobbies are busy doing their evil work doesn't mean you should be tucking your balls between your legs. It's impossible to avoid a little humiliation, but just how badly have you been castrated? Give yourself a point for every box you check, tally your score, and consult the Emasculation Quotient to find out the actual size of your cojones. Nick Lachey, you're up first. Have you recently:

- 1. Attended a coed baby shower and not hated yourself for it?
- 2. Tasted some junior college jock's back sweat while getting your ass kicked in a game of pickup basketball?
- 3. Left your pals at the bar at 10:30 so you wouldn't miss a curfew set by your lady boss?
- 4. Lied about your sexual conquests?

5 Applied wax to any surface other than your car or kitchen floor? □

- 6. Agreed to go to couples therapy?
- 7. Sat idly while the waitress handed the wine list to the other guy at the table?
 - **8.** Been afraid to make eye contact with the cashier when buying *Gobfather Vol. 5?*
 - 9. Cried during a movie? (Not counting Rudy.) □
 - 10. Gotten a "sports pedicure"?
 - 11. Had a stripper turn you down when you flashed a twenty for a lap dance?
- 12. Taken advice from anyone named Atkins?
- 13. Ordered a mocha "with whip!" at Starbucks?

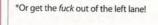
GET HARD

FEELING MARY?

Try this 10-step makeover.

- Start drinking at lunch.
- Burn something with gas.
- Crank up
- Say, "Fuck you, I quit!" and don't look back.
- Stop saying "effing" and "frickin'."
- Grow a massive beard.
- Stop driving so slowly on the highway.*
- "Guarantee" a victory on Sunday.
- Bet \$100 on a single roll of the dice.
- Wipe that goddamn smile off your face.

- **14.** Been spotted folding your girlfriend's panties at the Laundromat?
- **15.** Gone soft while on the downstroke? □
- **16.** Eaten shit with a smile while a tyrannical boss castrated you, all because you wanted a good reference on the way out? □
- 17. Chickened out of a stoplight challenge even though you knew you had the better car?
- 18. Gotten picked on and didn't fight back?
- **19.** Married a woman who wouldn't take your last name? □
- 20. Been arrested by a chick cop?
- **21.** Feigned stomach cramps to get taken out of a game?
- **22.** Let your woman take you to her salon so that "Sidney" could "do you"?
- **23.** Been called "Grumble Bear" or another pet name in public?
- **24.** Flinched when someone faked a punch at you?
- **25.** Taken a woman to a party only to have her start making out with another guy?
- **26.** Had a girl drink you under the table?
- 27. Called a restaurant to make a reservation and had the hostess say, "Please hold, Miss"?
- 28. Split a tiramisu with another guy?
- **29.** Helped your girl choose between cranberry- and sandalwood-scented candles?
- **30.** Had to ask another guy to open a beer bottle for you? □
- 31. Paid with change?









When's the last time

1-17 CHARLES **BRONSON**

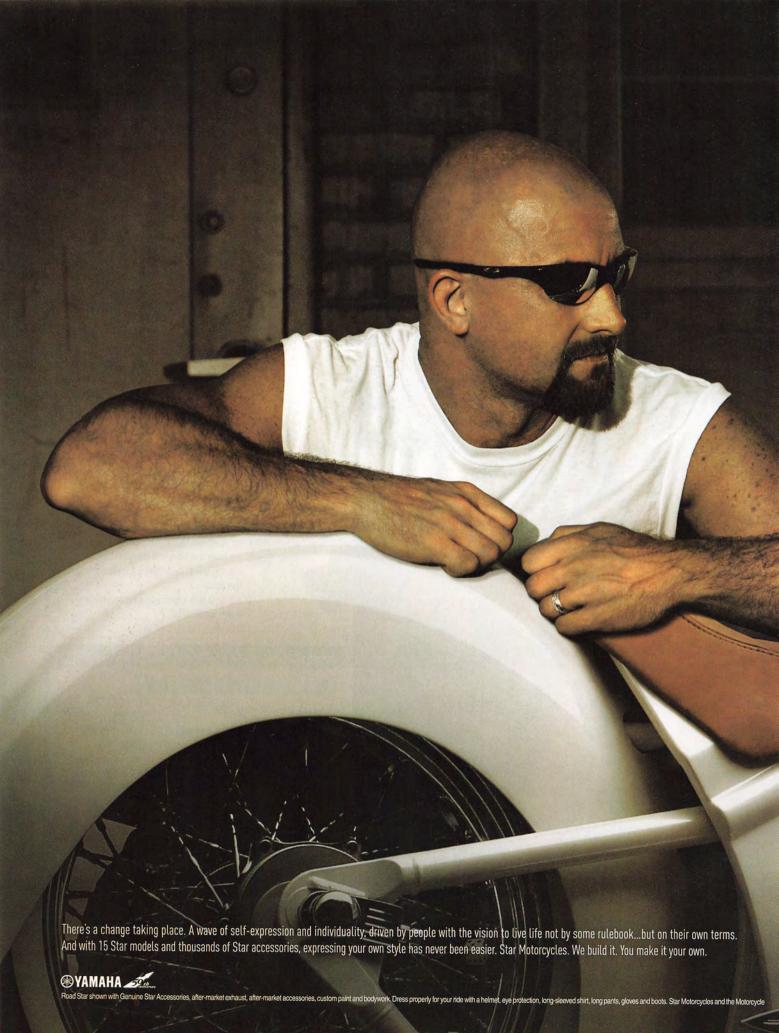
Keep fighting the good fight against metrosexuality, big guy. And if you start feeling a little shrinkage in those faded jeans (the ones you wore to that job interview at the plant), skip a day at the dog park with vour girlfriend's little kick dog in favor of a trip to Vegas with the boys. Oh, wait, you just got back from there.

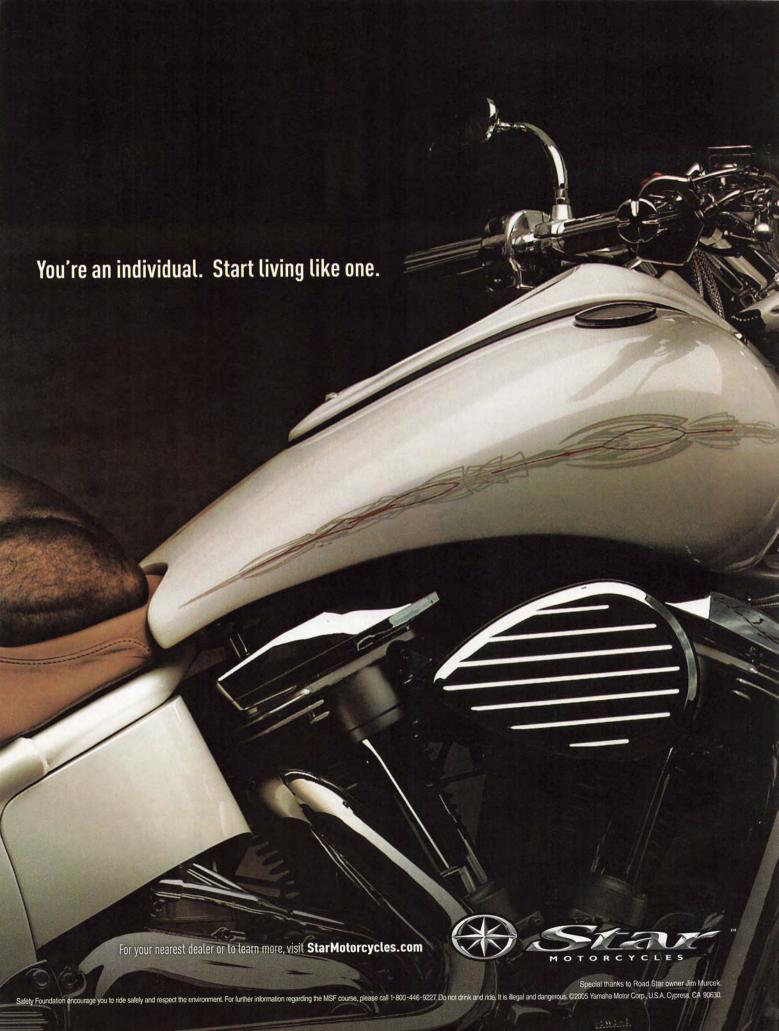
18-34 TOM HANKS

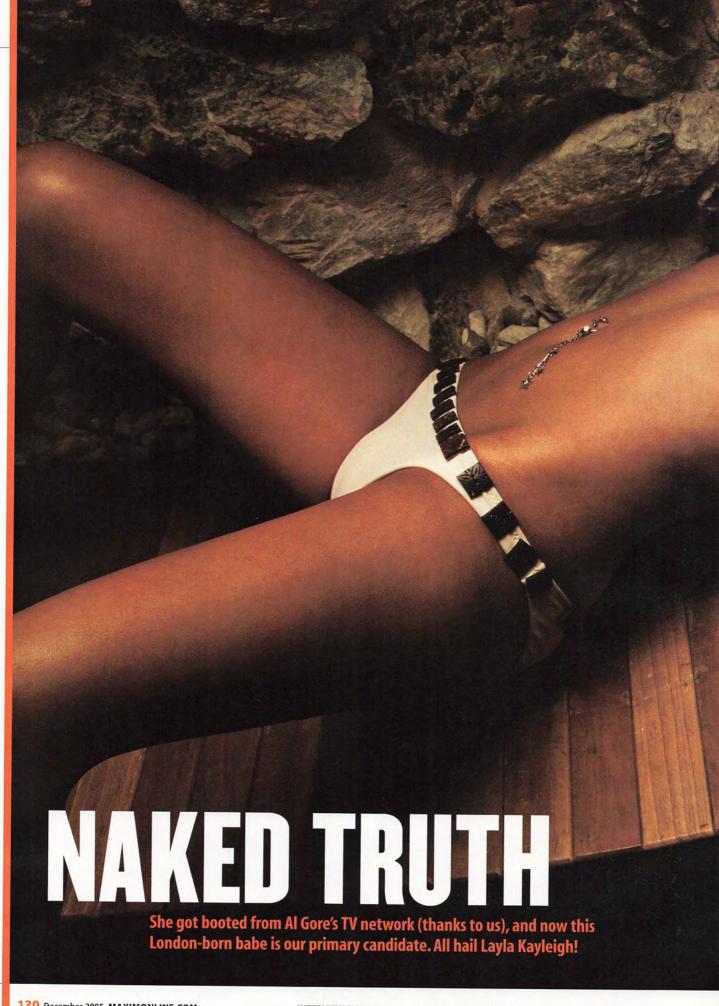
Since you're the kind of "good guy" who has to trade foot rubs for Monday Night Football privileges, at least man up and install a 42-inch plasma screen in your new home entertainment theater (that room she mistakenly deemed "our future baby nursery"). What's she gonna do, ground you?

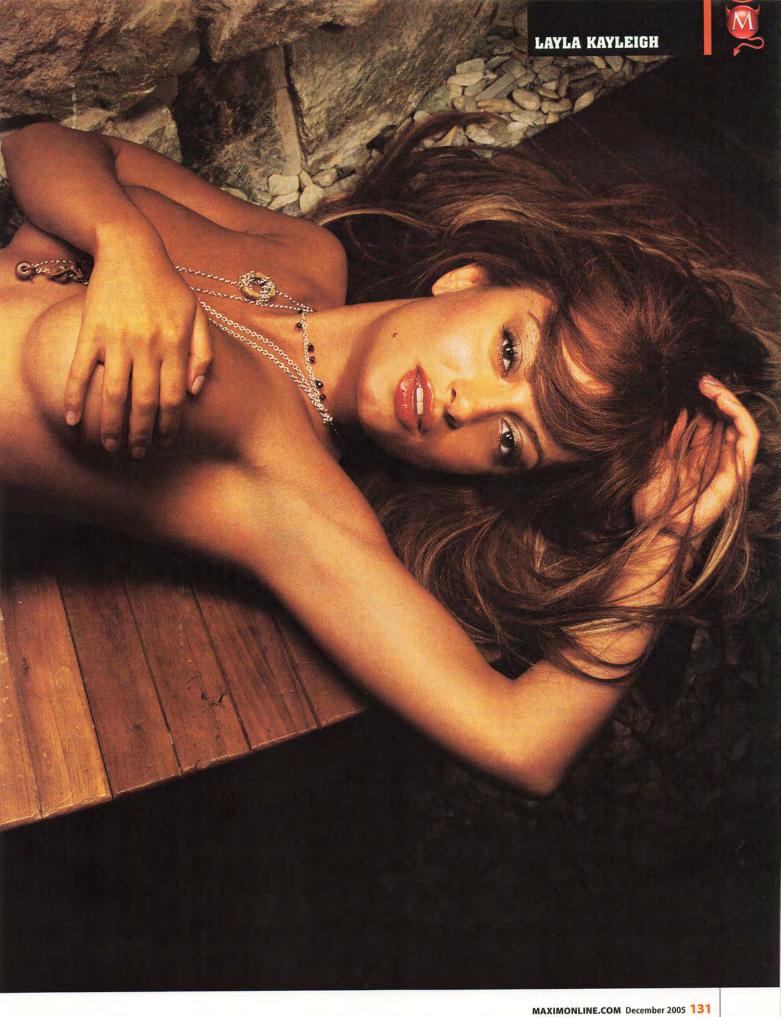
35-50 DOUG CHRISTIE

Time to stitch up that orifice between your legs and check yourself into He-Man Boot Camp, pronto. Day One starts with a twelver of Bud, a trip to the bowling alley, a Die Hard marathon, and target practice at the gun club. And for God's sake. take that damn Titanic poster off your wall.











s it true that this photo shoot got you canned as a correspondent on Al Gore's Current TV network?

I agreed to do the shoot and didn't know I had to tell them. When they found out, they said I'd be fired if I went through with it. They even called an emergency board meeting about me. Isn't that supposed to be TV for liberals? Yeah, and I felt like it was a double standard to be a Democratic network, talking about freedom of speech and the voice of a new generation, and then stop me from doing a simple photo shoot. I'm the voice of women who can be sexy, smart, and intelligent while posing in lingerie. It doesn't make me any less respectable.

Is it safe to say you've lost some love for the left wing?

As business associates, we didn't see eye to eye, but I'd still go have a drink with them. In fact, I was supposed to party with Gore at the prelaunch, but that fell through. I do respect Republicans more now, though—at least you know where you stand with them. They may be crazy about some of their beliefs, but they're straight up about them. In my situation, being honest about the *Maxim* shoot ended up screwing me. **Are you happy with the way the country**

Are you happy with the way the country is being run now?

I'd like to see Bill Clinton come back. He was a people person, and he had a social conscience. Just because the guy got a blow job doesn't make him a bad leader. He was probably sexually frustrated and wasn't getting any. It's the same with Janet Jackson. Her nipple pops out, and the whole country freaks. It's just a nipple! We heard you had a crazy encounter

It was 1 A.M. I couldn't sleep, and I was really hungry. I knew Fatburger was open, so I went there—no makeup, and in my pj's. I'm waiting on my burger, and in walks Jermaine Jackson and his whole entourage. He asked me what I

with another Jackson...

'Just
because
Clinton
got a blow
job doesn't
make him
a bad
leader.'

did for a living. I told him I used to be into music, and he asked me to sing a little. He told me I sounded like his sister, so I met with him and he offered me a recording contract, but my lawyer advised me to turn it down.

Is Fatburger a common late-night vice? I love the greasy burgers—double-double-animal-style, with everything on them, like all the sauce and fattening stuff. I'm not trying to be all skin and bones. I want a big booty. You need some meat to grab on to, ya know?

You began living on your own in England at a very young age. What was that like? My mom had to go away, and someone else was supposed to take care of me. That person ran off with her Italian lover. I was scared of telling anyone because I thought social services would take me. At age 12, I got waitressing jobs. By the time I was 15, I was cocktail-waitressing in clubs. And when I was 17, I was running the whole club scene in London. I was a teenager, and I was going to school by day, and at night I was getting cocaine as tips and walking into rooms where orgies were going on. I had to grow up fast. Did you have any regular fun as a kid? When I was 15, I got dared to break into a radio station and go on air. I got past security, and I actually broke into the studio. Then I realized I

didn't know how anything worked! So close...
You've had better luck in show biz since
then. What are you up to now?

I'm working on a mockumentary about beauty pageant winners who come to L.A. to get famous. They think coming to Hollywood will bring them fame overnight. Obviously, it doesn't work like that. You have to have some substance. **Hollywood lacks substance? No way!** Clubs and parties in Hollywood attract the same people, sometimes in the same clothes. It gets so old. I feel like I don't belong in that scene, because I was an ugly duckling growing up.

...said the beautiful hottie-goddess.
I swear. There are hardly any pictures of me as a kid. No one wanted to take my picture.

Is there anyone special you plan on showing these photos?

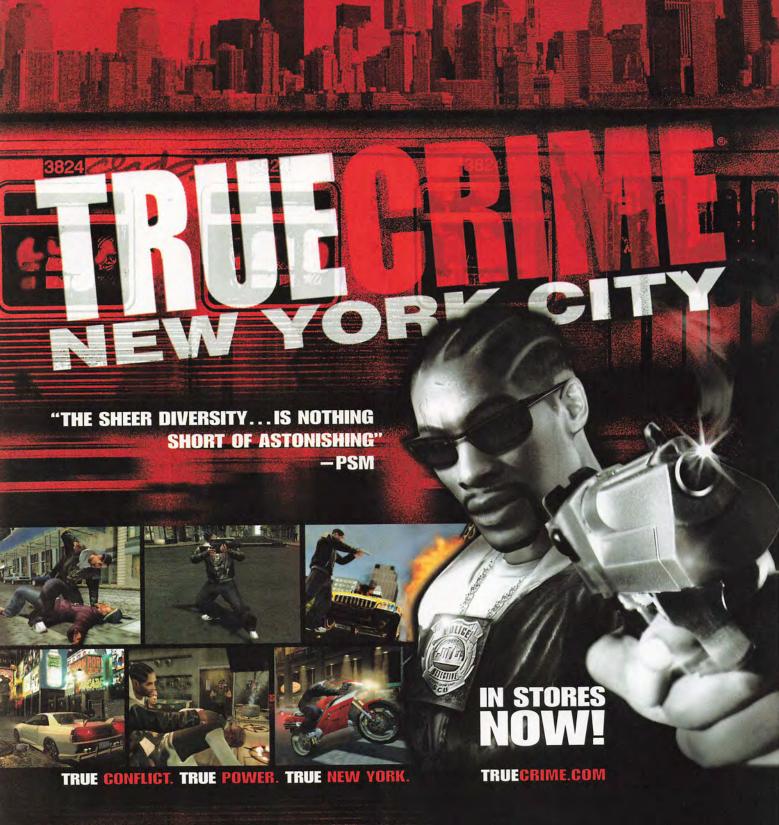
I'm not dating anyone! I wish I were, because I'm so lonely. I want a good man with a good heart. The guys in L.A. are just so corny. They have a big chain and a Ferrari, and I'm supposed to get all wet over that?

Get hit on by a lot of jerks, huh?

I was shopping, and this guy came up to me from behind and said, "I want to fuck you in the ass." I punched him in the belly, and he started running away. When I was chasing him, he kept yelling, "Please don't hurt me."



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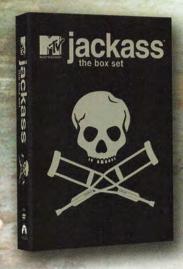


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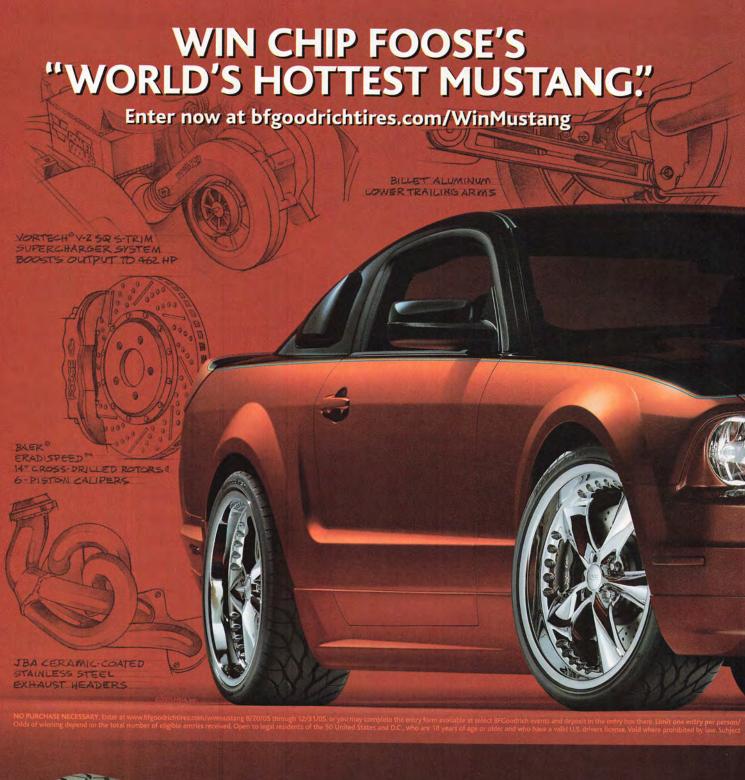


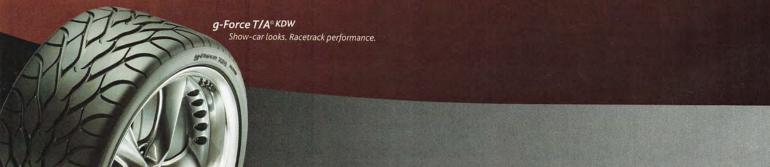
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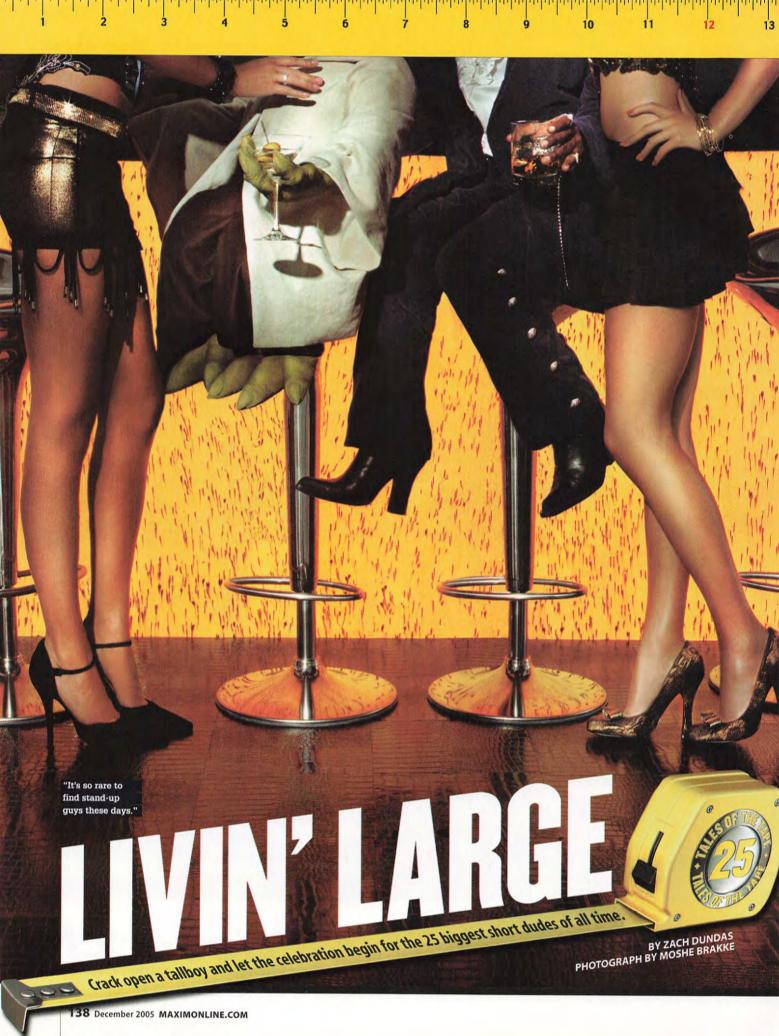






Sizzling tread patterns





SHORT STUFF

ANDREW CARNEGIE

1835-1919 Height: 5'0" Claim to fame: Man of steel. The short story: Scottish weaver's son built Pitts-



burgh's steel mills and raked in a fortune. Then he gave it all away—libraries, concert halls, museums, universities—so that a Mr. Burns-like stigma wouldn't haunt his diminutive grave.

The extra inch: Even as a child, "the Little Boss" possessed a furious work ethic, laboring as a "bobbin boy" in a cotton factory to help his mama put lumps of inedible Scottish cuisine on the table.

DOUG FLUTIE

Born: 1962

Uncorked "the Pass" to beat the evil Miami Hurricanes in 1984. Pro all-star in two different leagues—if you count the CFL Yeah, this ageless cult-favorite Patriots QB (still active at 43, he has his own rock band and once had his own cereal brand) would tower over a lot of guys on this list. But in a job where 6'2" is considered borderline dwarfism, he's become almost larger than life.

Coaches have been telling Flutie he's too short for, oh, 20 years now. But he won the Heisman and three Canadian championships, and made the NFL's Pro Bowl in '98.

23 **ROSS PEROT**

Born: 1930 Height: 5'7' Claims to fame: Two folksy/bizarre runs for president. Richer than your entire



family tree. The short story: Tiny Texarkana tycoon is as wild as he is pint-size: He organized his own commando raid in Iran, and gave Clinton and Bush 1 fits with his fire-eyed 1992 presidential run. Started Electronic Data Systems in 1962 with a \$1,000 loan from his wife, then sold it for \$2.5 billion. The extra inch: Matched against a sitting and future prez in the '92 debates, Perot stole the show with his hick twang.

JOHN KEATS 22

1795-1821 Height: 5'0' Claim to fame: Pale poet discovered the power of art-it makes women overlook your



complete lack of brawn.

The short story: The puny prose profferer expired at 25, but his famously fruity poetry left the line "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" to future generations of guys looking to get lucky with drama chicks. The extra inch: Lord Byron unkindly called Keats a manikin, but that didn't stop the runty Lothario from making moist the panties of polite society.

RON JEREMY 21

Born: 1953 Height: 5'6" Claim to fame: Hardestworking man in porn, claims a résumé about 5,000 women long!



The extra inch(es): Half as wide as he is tall, but once he whips out his (at least) 10-inch costar, he transforms into a blindingly handsome leading man.

20 **KURT COBAIN**

1967-1994 Height: 5'7'

Claims to fame: Leader of Nirvana. Married Earth's most obnoxious woman. The short story: Even before the Goodwill threads, "rape me" pleas, and Courtney Love browbeatings, the tortured Nirvana frontman was hardly a tower of power. Channeling his trademark howl through a slight frame, Cobain seduced a generation of music fans-but accidentally paved the way for Limp Bizkit.

Who the hell

gave Flutie the

helium-filled ball?

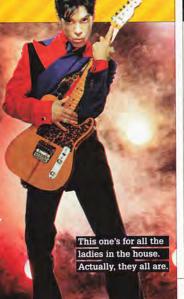
The extra inch: Short, weird, skinny guys weren't too popular with the loggers and jocks in rural Washington State, but Cobain played up his shrimp status, hanging out with gay kids to antagonize meatheads.



PRINCE 19

Born: 1958

Only pop artist who can sing about female "self-service," strut around in a purple suit half his life, and still be considered the Man. The short story: Despite looking more like president of the Little Lord Fauntleroy Society than leader of the New Power Generation, the sex-funk witch doctor has tagged a slew of superfine honeys, including Kim Basinger and Carmen Electra. Turned Sheena Easton bad with "Sugar Walls The extra inch: You'd dress in lingerie, too, if it meant you could rocket upward courtesy of six-inch platform shoes. Well, you would if you were this short and had the mojo to pull it off.



BRUCE LEI

1940-1973 Height: 5'7" Claim to

fame: Passiveaggressive asskicker brought martial arts to the round-eve.

The short

story: Beaten by street thugs at 14,"the Little Dragon" dedicated his life to the idea that one should "learn to endure or hire a bodyguard." It was the last fight he ever lost. Destroyed everyone from Chuck Norris to hordes of attackers with bulletfast backhands and menacing kitty noises. The extra inch: How do you know you're tough? When Steve McQueen and James Coburn are your pallbearers.

17 **JEFF GORDON**

Born: 1971 Height: 5'7"

Claim to fame: Cali golden boy showed NASCAR's cracker power base how to win their own races.

The short story: No one makes left-hand turns for three hours better than the most-hated four-time champ in NASCAR history. Also credited with bringing the ultimate redneck sport out of Wal-Mart and into, well, Olive Garden.

The extra inch:

El Gordo began racing gocarts on the teenage circuit at age nine, but proved so dominating he was forced out.

GROWING PAINS

Most people get broken legs fixed. Not in China!

Until they start casting Asian hobbits, short Chinese people are going to have to suffer broken legs to get a good job. "Stretching," a procedure that can add 15 percent to a person's vert, involves breaking a patient's legs, drilling them full of metal goodies, and outfitting them with a special lengthening apparatus. A knob is turned daily to drag bone halves apart, allowing

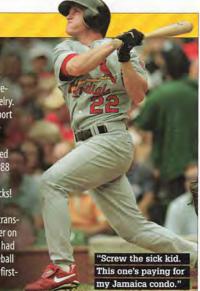
new bone cells to fill in the gap. The \$7,000 procedure appeals to those seeking to attract mates and gain advantage in the job market. Stewardesses, for example, must be at least 5'5" to push a drink cart, while the minimum height for getting into a Red law school is 5'1". While the practice may seem barbaric, you can't argue the fact that it'll make for a fairer fight come WWIII.



DAVID ECKSTEIN

Born: 1975

St. Louis Cardinals shortstop (seriously!) looks like a five-year-old but owns World Series jewelry. One scouting report says Eckstein boasts "no appreciable baseball skills." Guess that's why he bashed three grand slams in 2002, led all MLB shortstops in 2004 with a .988 fielding percentage, and once went 4-for-4 off Pedro Martinez. Dude sucks! From a family of survivors (three siblings had organ transplants), Eckstein's hacked out a career on grit and hustle that began when he had to walk onto the Florida Gators baseball team where, naturally, he became a firstteam All-American in 1996.



15 T.E. LAWRENCE

1888-1935 Height: 5'5 Claims to fame: Helped liberate the Middle East from colonial oppressors. Set up awesome

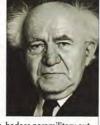


countries like Iraq. (Thanks!) The short story: After a bunch of Indiana Jones-like expeditions before World War I, "Lawrence of Arabia" became a Brit spy, organizing Arab guerrilla forces against the Turkish empire.

The extra inch: The no-drinking, nosmoking, vegetarian fitness fanatic was also a speed fiend, dying in a motorcycle accident while clocking about 100 mph.

DAVID BEN-GURION

1886-1973 Height: 5'0' Claim to fame: Founder of the State of Israel. The short story: Chest-



high firebrand led the Haganah, badass paramilitary outfit that grandfathered today's Israeli army. The extra inch: Despite a Yoda-like appearance, the stumpy Ben-Gurion was known for his magnetic charisma. As Israel's first prime minister, he beat back a five-way Arab gangbang, doubled Israel's population in its first five years of existence, and even made friends with the Germans.

RONNIE JAMES DIO

Born: 1942 (year unconfirmed) Height: 5'4'

Claims to fame: Replaced Ozzy in Black Sabbath. Claims to have invented metal's franchise "devil horns" hand sign.

The short story: Gap-toothed Italian-American squib looms large on the metal landscape thanks to vocal cords of serrated steel and sinister

elfin presence. Legend says Dio split Sabbath because the band's roadies often set up seven-foot-tall mike stands in front of milk crates.

The extra inch: The diminutive dark wizard is still touring in his 60s.

PAT MORITA

Born: 1932 Height: 5'3" Claim to fame: Ultimate movie sensei. The short story: Made his mark indoctrinating awe-

some thespian Ralph Macchio in The Karate Kid. Before the lethal crane kick, had roles in generation-defining shows like Happy Days, M*A*S*H, and The Love Boat, and rocked the '60s stand-up scene under the un-PC nickname "The Hip Nip." The extra inch: Perhaps the only Hollywood star ever locked up in a World War II internment camp, Mr. Miyagi had plenty of Zen fury to channel.

DIEGO MARADONA 11

Born: 1960 Height: 5'5' Claims to fame: Soccer god. Cheating cunt. The short story: Suffered

a coke-related



heart problem in 2000 and reached a lardy 267 pounds. In his prime, however, the Argentine futbol king's how-the-helldid-he-do-that goals made him one of the most famous humans alive.

The extra inch: Against England in the 1986 World Cup, used his fist to pop a ball into the net, then hypnotized five defenders with dazzling jukes, a legit score voted "Go-o-o-o-al of the Century" in 2002.

JAMES MADISON

1751-1836 Height: 5'4" Claims to fame: Shortest commander in chief ever. Wrote most of the Constitution. The short

10



story: Despite weighing just 100 pounds, Madison bulldogged the Constitution and Bill of Rights into law, kicked ass in two elections, and fought off the limeys in the War of 1812. Not bad for a guy once compared to a dried-up apple. The extra inch: Scored when he

married Dolley, a sassy, snuff-snorting good-time girl who offset his own singleminded desire to create a country.

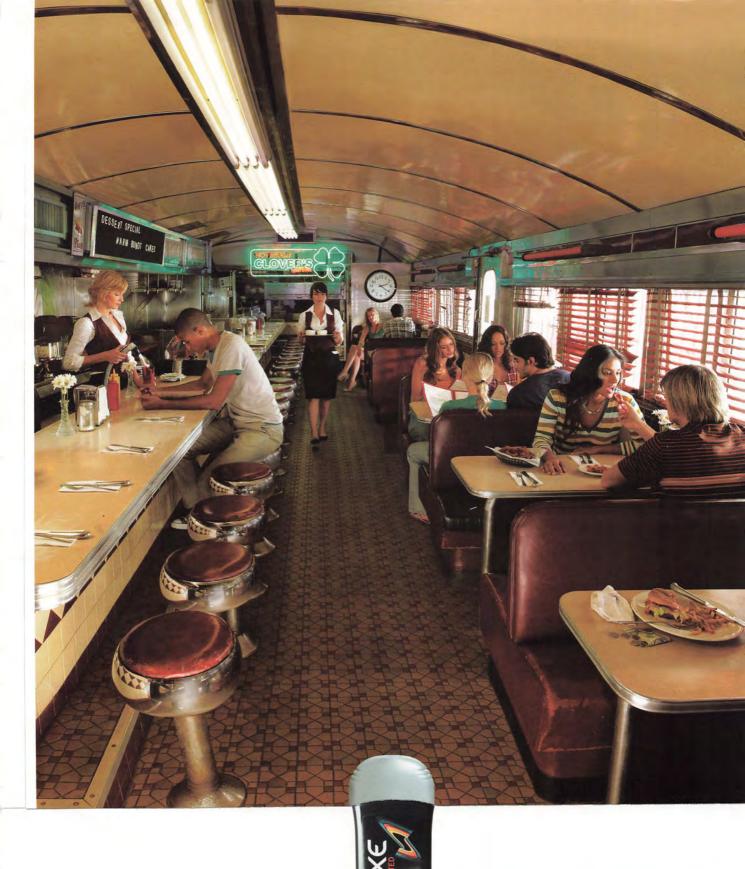


Elijah Wood (a.k.a. Frodo): 5'6"; Sean Astin (a.k.a. Sam): 5'6"; J.R.R. Tolkien (Hobbit honcho, 1892-1973): 5'5'

Biggest geek heroes of all time.

True, hobbits are supposedly only 3'6" on average. But since Lord of the Rings director Peter Jackson didn't want to do his casting in Lilliput, he used FX to make Wood and Astin shrink-to-fit for his blockbuster epic.

The extra inch: Tikey scribe Tolkien considered himself a hobbit in human form.



AKE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.



AKE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.



MARTIN SCORSESE

Born: 1942 Height: 5'4' fame: Cinema superdirector. Nipple-high to Leonardo DiCaprio. The short

You try playing "Back in Black"

a zillion times

without yawning



story: The genius behind Taxi Driver, Raging Bull, and GoodFellas was once an aspiring priest. Instead, he decided to make the most intense man-flicks ever-coincidentally giving lots of work to fellow micro-Italian Joe Pesci. The extra inch: A sickly kid, Scorsese spent a lot of time chilling with TV and movies. More robust as an adult, he's now on marriage number five.

YODA

Born: 900 BSD (Before Senate Dissolved) Height: 2'2" Claim to fame: Leader of Jedi he is!

(OK, we'll never do that again.) The short story: OG Star Wars fans knew Yoda as a decrepit swamp-dwelling

900-year-old Muppet who could still outact Mark Hamill. In George Lucas' FX-heavy new trilogy, a younger Yoda zings round the joint like a Force-powered gherkin.

The extra inch: Green-skinned guru trained young Jedi to, like, protect the Galactic Republic and stuff.

YURI GAGARIN

1934-1968 Height: 5'2" Claims to fame: First man in space. Teddy-bear-size Cold War mascot.



The short story: Undergrown peasant became Big Man on Earth when he orbited the globe a single time in 1961. Unfortunately, he then turned to Sweet Mother Vodka and started stepping out on the missus. A plane crash put an end to that in 1968. The extra inch: Gagarin's compact frame fit nicely in the snug Vostok1 space capsule-even with a helmet the size of a woolly mammoth's skull.

NAIM SULEYMANOGLU

Born: 1967 Height: 4'11' Claim to fame: Olympic weightlifting champ, a.k.a. "Pocket Hercules."

The short



story: An ethnic Turk born in Bulgaria, Pocket Hercules defected in 1986. After Turkey paid Bulgaria a cool million for his Olympic services, the pint-size titan rolled up three golds, thus launching the "Curse of the Naimbimo" that plagues Bulgarian athletics to this day.

The extra inch: In his prime Suleymanoglu could jerk almost three times his body weight.



Born: 1955 : 5'2' Satan's guitarist. After dropping out of school at 15 and working for a porn mag, the self-taught (surprise!) master of two-chord blare managed not to choke on his own vomit, thereby becoming coauthor of "Hell's Bells" (and virtually every other song by the real greatest rock band ever), rather than its unfortunate inspiration. Along with the trademark schoolboy threads, Angus has kept his adolescent strut. "I'm sick to death of people saying we've made 12

ANGUS YOUNG

albums that sound exactly the same,"

he once said."In fact, we've made 13 albums that sound exactly the same.'

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE 3

1769-1821 Height: 5'4" Claim to fame: French emperor (considered prestigious at the time). The short



story: Fun-size dictator remains military big dog 180 years after croaking. Not only conquered most of Europe, but gave his name to an entire psychological complex. The extra inch: Hyperambitious ruler hijacked the French Revolution, perfected modern military tactics, crowned himself emperor, and invaded . . . everywhere. All to compensate for shortness? Well, that's what they say.

SPUD WEBE

Born: 1963 Height: 5'7 Claim to fame: Won the 1986 NBA Slam **Dunk contest** with a cannonball-like reverse ka-pow.

minor leagues.



The short story: The dunk victory insured the jumpy superfreak short-set immortality and paved the way for NBA Smurfs like Muggsy Bogues and Earl"I Really am 5'5", Honest!" Boykins. The extra inch: His junior high school coach told him to sit in the stands at tryouts, but Spudster clawed his way to the NBA via junior college and the



DGGG HILLIA

White coat, stethoscope, degree on the wall. On the outside

Dr. Jayant Patel seemed competent. On the inside he was Dr. Death.

BY ZACH DUNDAS PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY PATRICK MCBRIDE

n July 2004, an Australian earth-moving contractor named Des Bramich was crushed by a falling camper trailer. The tough 56year-old, a former miner from a wild stretch of coast near the Great Barrier Reef, was still alive when his son pulled him from the wreck. An ambulance rushed him down 60 miles of ragged twolane highway to the nearest town of any size, a place called Bundaberg.

Bramich's ribs were shattered, his sternum split. But the fatal twist came not at the accident scene but at Bundaberg's hospital, a dingy collection of 1950s buildings that serves a huge chunk of sparsely populated countryside. There Bramich became the patient of Dr. Jayant Patel, a 54-year-old American surgeon.

Unbeknownst to the Bramich family—his petite, soft-spoken wife, Tess, and two kids—the Indian-born Patel was loathed by many of his colleagues. He was rude, abrupt, and pushy. He derided Australian medicine as "Third World," but his own patients frequently ended up in the hospital's intensive care unit with severe complications. In fact, within a year Jayant Patel would become the world's most notorious surgeon. In spring 2005, after a whistle-blower nurse exposed his grisly two-decade, two-continent saga with amazing accusations (Backward colostomy: check! Surgical clamp left inside a patient: check! Massive internal bleeding: check!), Patel went into hiding. And medical authorities in two countries would be scrambling to explain how their professional safeguards had failed.

As Bramich fought for life, Patel was simply the abrasive doctor whose decisions baffled the family. Patel blocked efforts to move Bramich to Brisbane, the nearest major city with full-scale medical facilities. First Patel said Bramich wasn't sick enough to be moved, then claimed his condition was too serious for the 130-mile flight to the city. According to one nurse, because he believed coagulated blood had pooled around Bramich's heart, Patel tried to drain the chest cavity by stabbing

large needle (though other reports differed). It soon became apparent that Bramich wouldn't make it.

Patel broke the news to the dying man's family in a manner that was...unique."He told us, in this arrogant way, 'You'd better pray now,'" recalls Tess Bramich. "So I asked him politely,'Why didn't you ask for him to be transferred to Brisbane?' And he yelled at me: 'What? What?' I said to my son later,'If that's the way he talks to us, how do you think he treats the people he works with?'"

In fact, the small hospital in which Bramich bled to death would soon become the focus of a sobering look at just what can happen when a rogue surgeon gets loose in the operating room. Jayant Patel, it turned out, had blazed a trail of lawsuits, medical board rap sheets, and outraged patients (or their next of kin) from New York, where he began his U.S. career after leaving India, to Oregon, where he was banned from doing many kinds of surgery. After he landed in Australia in 2003, his alleged hackery went far beyond the Bramich case. The Aussie media dubbed him Dr. Death and at one point linked him to 87 fatalities.

Today Patel is living a quasi-underground existence, probably in Portland, the rainy Pacific Northwest city where he practiced for more than 10 years before heading to Australia. Not yet charged with a crime, he has hired Portland's most prominent criminal defense attorney. The lawyer—the same guy Trail Blazers hoops stars call when busted with weed or suspected of fighting pit bulls—politely told *Maxim* that his client isn't talking to the press. With Aussie cops and tabloid photographers flying to Portland to stalk Patel, that seems like a wise move.

As Dr. Death lies low, questions swirl. Why did
Australia's government-run hospital system hire him
even though his license had been restricted in Oregon
and yanked in New York? How did Patel get six letters of
recommendation from Portland colleagues after he
got in trouble? Does anyone in the medical community practice due diligence?
And a backward colostomy—
what exactly is that?

To drain the chest cavity, he allegedly stabbed his patient 50 times with a needle.

Bramich as many as 50 times with a





ince he hasn't told his side of the story, Jayant Mukundray Patel is somewhat of a phantom: a heavyset figure in tabloid photos, looking like a deer about to meet a Ford F-150. He was born in Jamnagar, India, and got his medical degrees from M.P. Shah Medical College before moving to Rochester, New York, for a surgical residency in 1979. In 1984 he was fined \$5,000 and given a three-year probation from a Buffalo residency program for altering medical charts without actually examining patients. Despite that setback, Patel worked in New York City and Buffalo. And when he decided to switch coasts in 1989, he arrived with glowing recommendations. One prominent surgeon praised his "technical and professional brilliance." Officials at Kaiser Permanente, a large Portland health provider, didn't check New York's publicly available disciplinary records before hiring Patel.

In Portland Patel operated on severe hernias, opened colons to correct ulcerous inflammation, sliced out liver tumors, removed sections of pancreata. The high-stakes work bought him a 5,000-square-foot minimansion in Portland's deluxe west side suburbs. But the stocky doc's name soon began to surface in lawsuits filed by patients whose Kaiser visits went very, very wrong.

Larry Sunderland, for instance, thought Patel was

The doctor not only claimed he could do it all—he tried to do it all.

ASK ANYTHING

How many bad doctors are actually out there? Wondering why your sciatic

nerve condition required an anal probe? Don't assume that because Dr. Reacharound has a diploma you'll be walking out of the OR

with both kidneys. Med school's a grind, but it doesn't take a genius to make it through. At least 50 percent of docs get hit with a malpractice suit once in their careers, and the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences estimates

I seem to be missing several of my Junior Mints."

that up to 98,000 patients a year wind up as worm buffet thanks to hospital errors. Of M.D.'s forced to make five malpractice payouts, only 13 percent have been disciplined, leaving lots of quacks out there to amputate the wrong leg. Get well soon!

OK-at first. Unlike many of the surgeon's patients and coworkers, Sunderland had a decent relationship with Patel. But then an operation to correct a narrowing in Sunderland's digestive tract led to one complication after another. Patel, though, had an answer for everything.

"Every time there was a complication, it wasn't his fault," recalls Sunderland's wife, Lisa, whose husband endured a dozen surgeries in a year."He would say, 'Oh, it's just your body acting up. It's just bad luck."

According to Lisa, Sunderland's problems followed a mystifying course. After Patel didn't order an enema before one corrective operation, feces spilled inside Sunderland's abdomen. Other medicos wanted to drain the miniature toxic waste dump, but Patel said no. Sunderland's wound went septic. Soon after, a resident prodded the infected incision. Rancid pus erupted, unleashing a stench that cleared the hospital's halls."People could barely walk down that wing," Lisa says. "It was the worst thing you've ever smelled."

Sunderland survived the abdominal trauma, and 11 years later he's doing fine. Compared with others who went under Patel's knife, he got off lucky. In 1992 Patel operated on Stephen Thompkins, a 28-year-old suffering from ulcerous sores in his colon. Patel and a junior doctor tried to build him a new colon out of stomach lining. According to Thompkins' later lawsuit, the doctors severed his urethra, causing urine to leak into surrounding tissues. Because they also failed to fix damage to his rectal wall, Thompkins contends, he started urinating out of his anus a few weeks after surgery. Thompkins says doctors later discovered an eight-inch metal clamp had been left inside him, and that three surgeries later the clamp was gone but he was left impotent.

In August 1997, Patel performed a colostomy on a 59-year-old man. Ordinarily, a colostomy creates a new excretory opening from the colon. After the operation, feces leave the body through the new opening, rather than via the traditional route. In this case, however, Patel did the operation backward; instead of funneling waste to the new opening, the unfortunate patient's intestines led to a dead end, sending waste back into the body. Though the man lived after corrective surgery, he never recovered "gastrointestinal function."

In 1998 Kaiser investigated Patel's litany of problems. After examining

IMPERSONATIONS

IS THERE A POSER IN THE USE?



Wear a shirt, a tie, and a stethoscope. Forget about the white jacket-only TV shows use those. Docs these days know that a tie and a stethoscope (available online) will open doors without ID. In major cities, scrubs will make you look

like you've just come from the hospital, but be careful—they're also worn by residents and other medworld lowlifes. Ask pregnant women how far along they are. Specifically, ask how many weeks pregnant they are. Nod

appreciatively, then ask the maitre d'if your table is ready. Complain on your cell phone.

This makes you look

busy, pissed off, and knowledgeable. Spit out terms like "copay" and "capitation" to show just how much you loathe insurance company procedures. Brag about your "CME in Jamaica." Because big drug companies care about you, they often send your doctor to continuing medical education seminars (docs know 'em as CMEs) in out-of-the-way places like Kauai and St. Bart's. And what luck! These important medical events are often held adjacent to world-class golf courses!

Always introduce yourself as "Doctor questions your being at them for a second as though suppressing a volcanic anger, icily ask to see Mrs. Stein's chart, then start bragging about

79 of his cases, the hospital banned him from pancreas, liver, and certain gastrointestinal procedures. It also prohibited Patel from doing many complicated operations, like esophagectomies, without a second opinion. The state's health care enforcement agency eventually slammed Patel for "gross or repeated acts of negligence" and restricted his license statewide. New York then forced Patel to surrender his Empire State license.

An outsider might expect a track record

like Patel's would spell the end of a doctor's career. Or, at the very least, make him highly unpopular in the break room. Neither appears to have been the case. Kaiser did report Patel to the National Practitioner Data Bank, a federal project that tracks doctor discipline. (The database didn't exist when Kaiser hired Patel. Now Kaiser checks out every new doc.) But that program's effectiveness is mixed at best. An investigation by The Hartford Courant in 2000 showed the database wasn't stopping even the worst doctors in its files from moving from state to state. In any case, state medical boards usually consist primarily of physicians and are known for giving second chances. A Washington Post report this year, for example, found numerous docs in the D.C. area still practicing after getting in trouble for substance abuse.

One of the most disturbing aspects of the Patel case is the degree to which an informal "understanding" among doctors—call it a medical blue wall of silence—protected him. Other surgeons' concerns did prompt Kaiser's investigation of Patel in 1998. And by 2001 the hospital board was set to consider firing Patel. He resigned the day before the meeting. Even so, six of his fellow Kaiser colleagues wrote effusive letters of recommendation." I profoundly regret Dr. Patel's departure and recommend his services without reservation," wrote one Portland doc. Another described Patel as "difficult or impossible to replace." Though the health provider disavows endorsement of the letters, four were written on Kaiser letterhead. It's not an isolated phenomenon: A 1999 federal study

Act arrogant and confident.

So-and-So." If anyone an actual doctor, stare your CME.



A kind of medical blue wall of silence protected Patel.

described "a cultural aversion to reporting a colleague" among doctors. The problem hasn't gone away. For Patel words of praise from former colleagues—and a résumé that strategically omitted a few key details were a ticket out of the U.S.A.

ustralia is a tough country, and Queensland is arguably the toughest of its six states. An expanse of tropical coast, rugged mountains, and outback desert two and a half times the size of

Tess Bramich

and daughter

Maria

Texas. Queensland is dotted with hardscrabble mining, farming, and ranch towns. If it weren't for the kangaroos and multicolored parrots, you could be in Wyoming.

The town of Bundaberg is near magnificent beaches, forested mountains, and the Great Barrier Reef, attractions that draw tourists to its rows of cheap motels and backpacker hostels. The climate, bucolic pace, and the lowest taxes of all Australian states attract a booming retiree population.

But while Bundaberg is part tropical paradise, its soul is pure redneck. Sweeping sugarcane fields surround the town, and highway signs advertise rodeos, old-time dances, and "bushman's dinners." A massive rum distillery is the town's only national claim to fame. On the sleepy main street, austere bars start serving well before noon and hard-asses with mullets and faded tats are more common than bronzed surf dudes.

It's a tough place to be a doctor.

"You get the sickest patients with the most horrible acute problems or neglected long-term chronic problems," one Bundaberg doctor told investigators. With the major hospitals in Brisbane, Queensland's capital, a plane flight away, Bundaberg Base Hospital is always desperate for surgeons.

In 2003 the hospital hired Patel. Just like in Oregon, his disciplinary record went unchecked. The former Portland doctor's new bosses gave him broad autonomy and perks including help on rent for an apartment in a plush beachside suburb about eight miles from Bundaberg. Bundy's new doctor quickly made a startling impression.

"In a diplomatic fashion, I did ask him what in fact he could do," Dr. Peter Miach, Bundaberg's director of medicine, testified."And he told me basically he did everything. It jangled my nerves when I heard that."

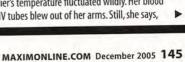
"He'd say that he'd been a cardiac surgeon," says Toni Hoffman, a veteran intensive care unit nurse."A few days later he'd be saying he was a pediatric surgeon. Things didn't quite fit."

Patel not only claimed he could do it all—he tried to do it all. He often insisted on performing surgeries too complex for Bundaberg's small facilities, says Hoffman, and if anyone tried to stop him, he threatened to quit or turned on his ferocious talent for bullying. If many coworkers couldn't stand him, Patel's Australian patients didn't exactly form a fan club, either.

Doris Hillier might be the perfect Bundaberger: gritty, quick with a quip, fiercely protective of her friends. A chain-smoking country singer who specializes in Patsy Cline and Creedence Clearwater Revival, the 57-yearold Hillier now belongs to an alliance of former Patel patients who banded together this year to demand action. As for Patel himself, she doesn't hold back."I'd like to see him step in front of my car," she says.

In August 2004, Hillier checked into Bundaberg Base Hospital with a suspected heart attack. The real problem proved to be her gallbladder, a membranous sac that stores and concentrates bile. She says Patel told her to come back in six or eight weeks. Hillier's regular doctor ordered her straight back for surgery. After another doctor removed her gallbladder, Patel took charge of her recovery.

Soon a searing rash spread over Hillier's body. Patel, she says, diagnosed it as a common blood clot. The inflammation swelled an inch higher than the surrounding skin. Hillier's temperature fluctuated wildly. Her blood pressure soared so high, IV tubes blew out of her arms. Still, she says,



Patel made no move to transfer her to Brisbane. "By that Thursday my family was coming in because they didn't think I was going to make it," Hillier recalls."On Friday morning I said,

'For fuck's sake, get me the fuck out of here and get me to fuckin' Brisbane

or I'm going to fuckin' die.' Those were the exact words I used."

Hillier's F-bomb barrage shocked the staff into action. That rash? An attack of necrotizing fasciitis (a.k.a. flesh-eating disease) caused by an aggressive bacterium. She was rushed into surgery, aware she stood a good chance of dying." I looked at my daughter and said, 'If anything happens, my will is in the cupboard up above the phone," she recalls. "Next minute Patel walks in. And I said, 'God, doctor, I don't want to die.' And he said, 'Don't be so stupid.' It was disgusting. He's a pig.'

Still, Hillier can count herself relatively lucky. Patel's Bundaberg tenure, as alleged in sworn testimony, was marred by numerous "negative outcomes": an esophagectomy patient, whose transfer to Brisbane Patel allegedly resisted, died; a 15-year-old lost his leg after Patel operated on it, then failed to follow up properly; Patel and an anaesthesiologist argued over whether to pull the plug on a comatose woman to open a bed for a surgery Patel wanted to do—Patel won.

As Patel's Bundaberg tenure wore on, Toni Hoffman, the ICU nurse, complained to hospital administrators. After Des Bramich, the man crushed by the camper, died, she stepped up her efforts—but got nowhere.

"I was told that it was a personality conflict," she says now. "They gave me a book on how to deal with difficult people. They gave him

Employee of the Month."

After months of internal sparring over Patel, Hoffman finally told a journalist for Brisbane's daily Courier-Mail everything she knew. Soon every major newspaper and TV station in Australia had reporters on the story. Queensland's government, facing an epic political shitstorm, launched an investigation.

By the time things really got hot-when, for example, Queensland's state police set up a 10detective team in Bundaberg—Patel was long gone. He resigned his position ("They said he'd resigned because he'd been so badly treated," Hoffman says) and returned to Portland. The Queensland state

government paid for his one-way ticket.

Patel's Oregon home

The public inquiry into the Bundaberg meltdown churned out headlines all winter in Australia. Under the command of a blunt, thickshouldered lawyer named Tony Morris, the hearings delved into every conceivable aspect of the case: Patel's conduct, government policy, how hospitals run, the minutiae of scores of individual patients' trauma. Morris, a harsh critic of Queensland's state health care bureaucrats, was kicked off the case in September, accused of bias-not against Patel but against Bundaberg hospital administrators. In October a continuing Australian government inquiry (conducted by a commission with no power to bring criminal charges) recommended Patel be charged with manslaughter, fraud, assault, negligent acts causing harm, and stealing.

ne thing remains a mystery: the doctor's motive. Patel stands suspected of harming many people. The director of vascular surgery at Brisbane's Princess Alexandra Hospital testified that he'd identified 13 cases in which patients died as a partial result of Patel's questionable care. While that's fewer than the





'I'd like to see him step in front of my car, says one former patient.

87 deaths trumpeted by various Aussie media reports, the expert also pronounced Patel's practices "beyond explanation." But no one has suggested he acted out of pure malice. And while he looks and behaves like a run-of-the-mill con man in some ways—Trouble in one place? Just move somewhere new—money alone can't explain Patel.

According to Tony Morris, Patel's actions had more to do with ego than anything else."He came to Australia thinking he was part of the Special Forces," Morris says. "He was coming to this remote, primitive country. He was going to show up and show us how medicine is done."

Patel's fate remains unknown. It's thought that Australian cops are moving slowly because the U.S.-Australia extradition treaty doesn't allow new charges to be added to an indictment after a defendant is shipped out."They don't want to apply for extradition on one death," explains Morris, "and find out there are 12 more."

It's possible, of course, that Patel will never stand trial or that he'll be acquitted of some or all charges. And it's anybody's guess whether the actions of the so-called Dr. Death will lead to medical reforms—nightmare doctor stories have a way of coming and going without inspiring substantial change. What is almost certain is that this case will not be the last of its kind. Patel remains at large, and in a world where people are increasingly electing to have surgery, someone's always waiting to be cut open.

The names of some Patel patients in this article have been changed. Some others are not identified by name in medical-board or other public records.

TRAUMA CENTER

KILLER RÉSUMÉS



Unfortunately for this English doc's patients, Shipman often went heavy on the medical-grade heroin. Convicted of 15 murders (hundreds suspected) in 2000, he was branded the biggest serial killer in U.K. history.



Jayant Patel isn't the only Dr. Death. South Africa's Doc D., linked to the murder of prisoners of the apartheid government and hoarding HIV-positive blood to use on foes, was somehow acquitted in 2002.



In the '80s and '90s, he jumped between U.S. hospital jobs, possibly leaving up to 60 dead patients behind him, including one from a latenight "vitamin" injection. Convicted of four counts of murder in 2000.



In the 1900s. Hazzard offered a cure to rid the body of toxins, and everything else. Forcing patients to starve themselves led to a slew of deaths, but she served just two lousy years for manslaughter.



Cream specialized in illegal abortions in Chicago, but after killing a man with strychnine, he served 10 years. Then he headed to Britain, where he offed a few "friends" before going to the gallows in 1892.

Prop styling, Donnie Myers for De Facto Inc.; additional photographs, Jerem; Spink (instruments in blood, blood spots). Text, Zach Dundas (Résumés)

MOTORING CITATION



This citation has been issued in recognition of good motoring. Out of over 100 million cars parked in America, your vehicle has been singled out for a commendation. If you are not the registered owner, it may be wise to pass this citation on to them ensuring you get to borrow the vehicle again.

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	01 Nice parking - A good parking job is one of those things in life that is
	rarely rewarded, but greatly appreciated. Words cannot express how glad
	we are you resisted the temptation to double park. Please accept this thank
	you from the rest of the known motoring world.

02 Wash me - Congratulations. Your car is absolutely filthy. This means you have
really enjoyed motoring in the fullest sense of the word. Keep up the good work.

	03 Sweet wheels - You are to be commended on your choice of wheels. Wheels
-	say so much about a car's owner. Yours reflect a sense of originality, an
	understated flair for creativity and bold commitment to driving something
	that doesn't look like every other car on the road. Congratulations.

1	04 Great bumper sticker - Humor is important, especially when you're stuck
4	in traffic. Without it, we'd all just be getting from point A to point B. But you
	took the time to change that. And never once mentioned your honor studen
	thanks a lot for that

1	05 Thanks for going topless – You're motoring in a convertible the way it was meant to be done: Open. And you trusted the world not to rob you blind
	And that's special

1	06 Nice custom - Obviously you've put a lot of work into your car. Your pain
	is hot. Your wheels are da shizzel. Well done. Everyone loves an original

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	07 Have a nice day - People often use this salutation but don't really mean
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	our intention. Honestly, we just want your day to be pleasant and enjoyable.
	No strings attached.

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IMPORTANT

COMMENTS

Too often, commendable acts of motoring go completely unnoticed. Letting someone go ahead of you, not pulling so far forward as to create a "phantom parking spot" or noticing extra effort someone's put into their vehicle: these sorts of things make the road a better place and should be praised. It's important.

△ PLEASE READ CAREFULLY △

MOTORING CITATION



This citation has been issued in recognition of good motoring. Out of over 100 million cars parked in America, your vehicle has been singled out for a commendation. If you are not the registered owner, it may be wise to pass this citation on to them ensuring you get to borrow the vehicle again.

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O1 Nice parking - A good parking job is one of those things in life that is rarely rewarded, but greatly appreciated. Words cannot express how glad we are you resisted the temptation to double park. Please accept this thank you from the rest of the known motoring world.

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08 Nice mud — Wow, you actually took your SUV off-road. Very cool. Keep it up.

IMPORTANT

COMMENTS

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LET'S TAKE THE LAW INTO OUR OWN HANDS.

Let's slap someone with a compliment. Let's reward a really good parking job. Let's write someone up for having a sweet set of wheels. Let's be sure we make this month's quota. **LET'S MOTOR**.º





CITATION

In order to reach our year-end target, we've provided these Good Motoring Citations for you to distribute to necessarily make you a Do-gooder, or a Goody Two Shoes, for that matter. But it does mean you are contributing research indicates that compliments radically affect the someone has put long hours into making their ride look cool, or if you see someone do something considerate, call it out. It's the right thing to do. the public at your discretion. Writing someone up does not to the "collective good" in terms of motoring karma. Our

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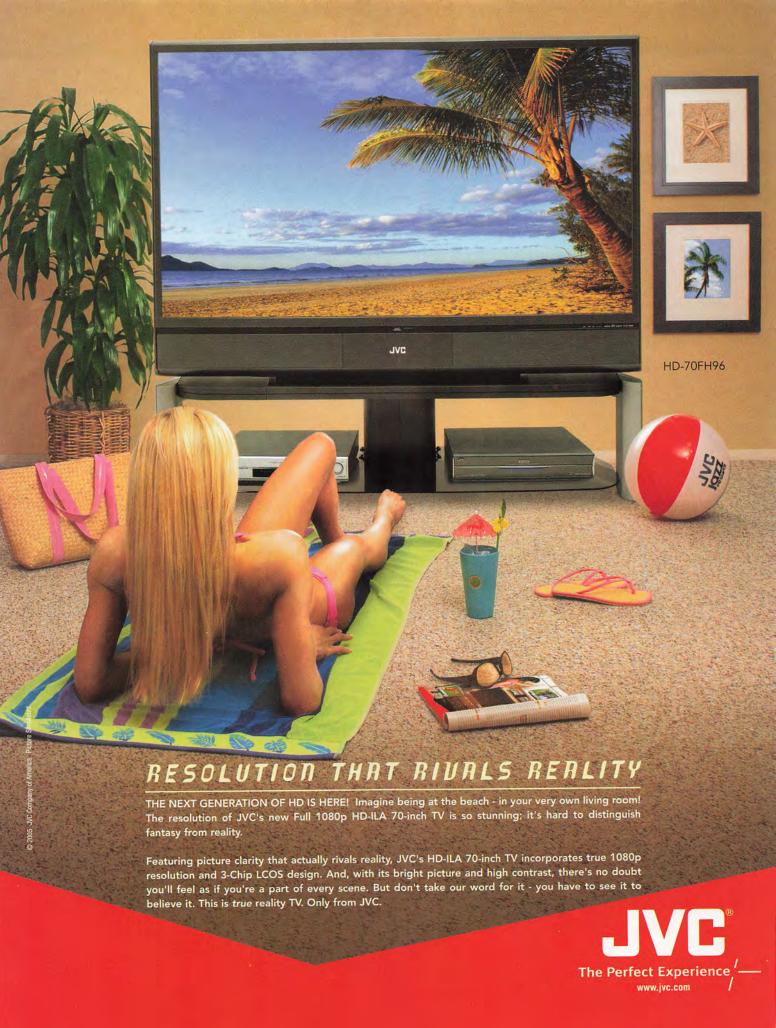
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TO REWARD GOOD MOTORING; REMOVE FROM MAGAZINE; FILL OUT AND PLACE UNDER WINDSHIELD WIPER, RUN AWAY.

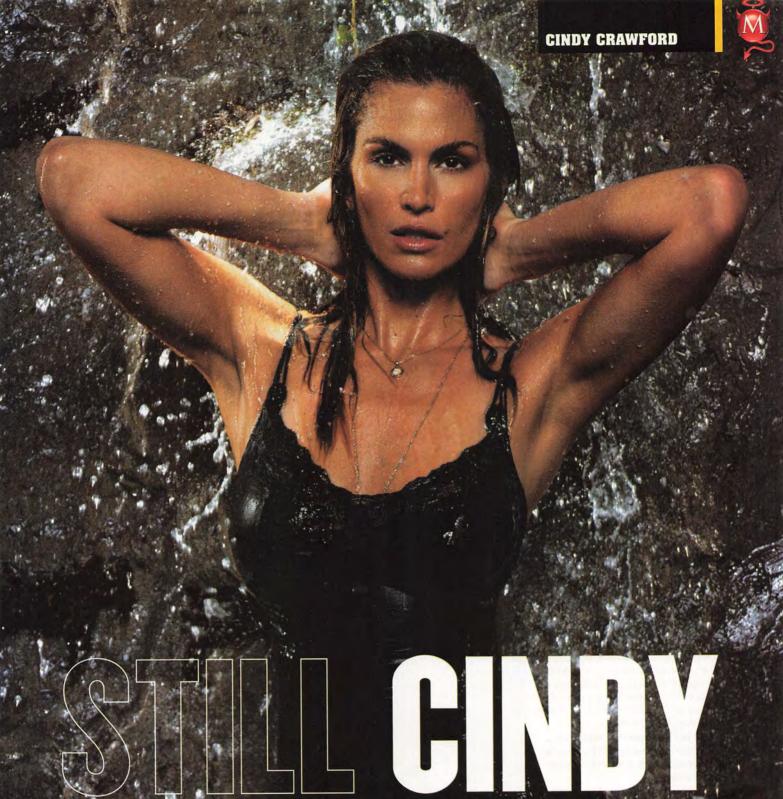
HERE AND MAIL THIS COMPLIMENT HOME TO YOUR MOTHER

CITATION

HOME TO YOUR MOTHER







Like a fine wine or Andy Rooney, fashion's first lady just gets better with time.

INTERVIEW BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES WHITE

CINDY CRAWFORD

indy Crawford. She's been on the covers of more magazines than an address label, adorned the walls of more bedrooms than Michael Jordan and 50 Cent combined, and ushered more boys into manhood than the entire run of Baywatch. Yet the most impressive thing about Cindy is the

most recent chapter of her life: She got married, became a mom, and gracefully bowed out of the spotlight to help charities (her \$5 Empowerment Tag—available at youthaids-aldo.org—gives 100 percent of net proceeds to YouthAIDS). And all the while she's kept the looks that made us love her in the first place. Get reacquainted with the supreme supermodel.

You were all set to have a career in chemical engineering before hitting it big as a model. Any regrets?

I ended up in chemical engineering because Northwestern needed more girls in engineering. So it was like, pick a concentration, and I thought, Well, I like chemistry... It was a way for me to go to school on scholarship, because my parents would not have been able to afford Northwestern. I was already modeling a little in high school, and during my freshman year it started happening for me, so I left. To this day I'm still not sure what a chemical engineer does.

So it was a total no-brainer picking the catwalks over the test tubes?

It wasn't easy, because I had always defined myself as a student. I was valedictorian in high school. I was good at school, so it was hard to abandon that path. I remember going back for my roommate's graduation and having pangs of "what if?" But meanwhile I had a huge Revlon contract, and I was on the cover of Vogue, so it wasn't like I'd made a mistake.

That's just like when we dropped out! Was there anything you felt particularly bad about missing, like homecoming or panty raids?

No. I'm glad I went the first year, because I got the experience of going to frat parties, being a little sister—I didn't actually join a sorority, but I went through, what's that called? Rush?

You went through the torture but didn't join a sorority. Are you a masochist?

Oh, no, no. There wasn't any hazing or anything. I just went for the first couple of days to see what it was about and I realized it wasn't for me. I didn't have the time. I was working.

Ever have any second thoughts about entering the world of modeling?

Yeah. When I was still a senior in high school, I already had my scholarship to Northwestern, but I had an opportunity to go to Europe for the ▶





summer, so I let the scholarship go. Then I was at dinner in Milan with several big photographers and several of the big models at the time, and there were people snorting coke right there. This one girl got up on the table wearing a short skirt and nothing underneath. Here I was, just 18, out of Illinois. I called my mom and said,"I can't do this. Get me reenrolled." When I went at it the second time, it worked out well. But that first experience was so in my face. I was like, Whoa! This is not for me!

Speaking of Bolivian marching powder, do you have any advice for Kate Moss?

Oh, God. I don't know exactly what her problem is, so it's hard to give advice, I guess the biggest problem is getting caught, right? As someone who's a mother also, I hope she can get help and still have a relationship with her child. I don't think Kate wants to be a role model. That's not the route she's taken. I was never into the party scene, but some girls are, and maybe she just needs to realize she can't do that anymore.

You were one of the first supermodels, despite what Janice Dickinson says.

Yeah, there's Janice. She apparently coined the term. It was really epitomized by us, starting with this one Gianni Versace show. It was that moment when models were the biggest thing happening. Hollywood didn't want to be glamorous, so we were like, We'll be the sexy ones!

And bless you for doing so. Do you think the term supermodel means the same thing these days?

I wasn't ever 100 percent sure what it meant, but I thought it meant that people knew you by name, right? They could say "Cindy" or "Linda" or "Naomi" or "Claudia" or "Christy," and you knew whom they meant. Of the new models, Giselle is the only one who has that. A supermodel you've never heard of is kind of an oxymoron. "Supermodel who?"

Were you gals a tight group? Always going out to lunch, having pillow fights, taking bubble baths...

The thing is, we were only together twice a year when it was show season, and there'd be two weeks where we were together ad nauseum. You'd be off the rest of the time. So I think we were friendly, some more friendly than others. I still keep in touch with Christy Turlington.

Did the film Zoolander give an accurate portrayal of male models?

Oh, man, I thought that was so funny. My favorite scene was when they were at the gas station, spraying gas on each other. That was classic. I've never met a male model who was like Ben Stiller in that movie. It's not really a male thing: to preen, to have someone fixing your hair and makeup...lt's emasculating.lt's funny, because a lot of them carry around thick philosophy books like it's their light reading.

Knowing what you do about the drugs and the philosophy books, do you want your kids to go into modeling?

I certainly wouldn't be like, "Hey! Do you want to



'Hollywood didn't want to be glamorous, so we were like, We'll be the sexy ones!"

go on a TV audition?" It's not fun for little kids. But if my daughter-who's going to be tall like me-was 16 and said,"I want to do this," how could I say no? It's given me everything.

Your husband, Rande Gerber, owns a number of hot nightspots. Do you ever spice things up by putting on one of his waitress cat suits?

I try on all the uniforms for my husband, and I give my two cents' worth. But when I put them on, I wear a big padded bra because he does have very hot waitresses. From being in the fashion world for so long, I can say things like, "This slit should be higher..." It's actually the girls who want them sexier; it's not him pushing for it. They know that they'll get better tips if they're dressed sexy. But, no, I've never worn one just to be naughty.

Since you've taken a break from fulltime modeling, you've been busy with charity work. How did you get involved with YouthAIDS?

Anyone in the fashion business has been involved in AIDS charity for the last 15 years. We've all lost friends. With YouthAIDS, I love this photographer, Peter Lindbergh, who was shooting it. So it was a case of them calling me up. saying, "Hey, do you want to do this?" and me saying I wanted to be a part of it. When you have a personal involvement, it means more. I do a lot for childhood leukemia because my brother died of it, so that's when I'm up on the soapbox and I'm calling my friends who are celebrities, asking, "Can you please come to this event?" or whatever.

Do you ever look at the AIDS statistics particularly in places like Africa—and think, This is hopeless?

Fifty percent of new AIDS infections are people under the age of 25. I think young people still don't think about that. Some 8,500 people die from AIDS every day. We certainly are making a difference; people are living with it. At the same time, the problem with having effective drug therapy is that people start thinking it's no big deal. In some ways we're making headway, and in other ways you take a step backward because people aren't as afraid of it as they once were.

Even being married with children, do you still find the time to cut loose?

Rande and I recently went on vacation in Saint-Tropez without the kids, and we danced on a table every day! It was important to remember that I'm all these other things, but I'm still the girl who dances on tables, too! Of course, I was wearing underwear, unlike the girl I told you about earlier.

Prince wrote a song about you. Cool or creepy?

It's totally cool. I was a big fan. I remember blowing off studying for my chemistry final to go to his concert.

Did you ever meet His Purpleness?

I was at a restaurant once, and his people were like,"Can you go over and talk to him?" I said no. I wouldn't do that for anybody, you know? If someone wants to come talk to me, then they can come talk to me.

There's another famous prince who had a crush on you: William. Did you ever consider becoming queen of England?

I thought, I could be his mother. Actually, his mother called me once when I was in London to come meet him, but he was only 16 at the time. He has turned into quite a nice-looking young man, though. I don't think being queen seems like a good gig. I don't think it'd be much fun.

For instance, you can't be photographed nude quite so frequently.

Even if it were a magazine where you wouldn't expect nude photos, my publicist would ask, "Did you do any nude?" and I'd go, "Yeah...but I didn't intend to." It's not like I get off taking nude shots, but if I trust the photographer and feel safe, I do it. I remember doing a cover for W when I was seven months pregnant and my publicist was like, "Did you?" [nods] "No! The one time I was sure you wouldn't!"

Are there any ways motherhood has mellowed you?

It's not about me anymore. I had enough time when it was about me. I had my whole 20s and some of my 30s where I only had to worry about myself. It's every cliché: You have a whole new capacity for love, and the great thing about being in a relationship with children is that you get to see your partner in a whole new light. But I am kind of a control freak, so it's like that expression "Man plans, God laughs." Only with kids it's "Mommy plans, kids flip you off." M



This time, Jak's racing for his life. You got crosshairs on your back, your engine's in the red and, to top it off, there's poison coursing through your veins. To survive you'll have to power slide, turbo boost and blast your way through 20 merciless tracks in brutal circuit races and no-holds-barred death matches. Sure, people will call you a crazy driver. But only once.

JAK COMES IN SECOND, HE DIES.

THIRD, HE DIES. FOURTH, HE DIES. FIFTH, YOU GET THE IDEA.



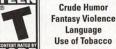






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A cooling after shave from our Pure Sport line.



Styling, Misha and Nra for margaretmaldonado.com; prop styling, Tim Barrett; barber, Dean Lewis; makeup, Seisha Veecham

USHER

He's got a truckload of platinum records, a leading role in this month's *In the Mix*, and thousands of groupies on his jock. But deep down, what he really wants to do is work with Jon Bon Jovi.

USHER'S VACATION HOT SPOTS



ST. TROPEZ

"The nude beach, whoo! You see the best tits. Some of the worst, too."



IBIZA

"The energy there is just electric. You leave uplifted."



MAUI

"The water is bluer than anything. The water, the flowers, the aroma—it's all just beautiful."



CAPRI

"You wish you could bottle up life there and take it with you." In your new flick, In the Mix, you play a DJ. Do you have genuine turntable skills? Hell, no! But I know how to throw a party. Plus, my character has a lot of similarities to me: He's a fly guy, yet still musically driven. In the movie I take a bullet for Chara Palminteri the Mass.

take a bullet for Chazz Palminteri, the Mafia crime boss. He makes me his daughter's bodyguard, and we end up falling in love. You starred in a few teen movies in your

You starred in a few teen movies in your day. Were there any where you were thinking, Man, this is just terrible.

Nope. I've always been very aware of what I'm doing. I wanted to be versatile. So having worked on a film like *The Faculty*, then a western like *Texas Rangers*, and then *Light It Up*, although those movies might not have been big at the box office, they gave me versatility and vocabulary. I'm a sponge, so I have gathered something from all the people I've worked around. You learn many things acting opposite Chazz Palminteri.

Did Chazz keep it gangsta?

He kept it gangsta. We were just about to do this scene, and he comes over and just starts screaming and yelling, "You motherfucker!" and all this stuff right in my face. I was in total shock. Then, all of a sudden, they said, "Action!" But it gave me exactly what I needed. The scene calls for me to be afraid, and I was a little too comfortable with Chazz. He noticed it.

How did preparing for this movie differ from getting ready for a tour?

I put a lot of time into researching the character. I had to really pay attention to women, and Italian women, especially. In my opinion, Italian women are some of the strongest and the hardest women to deal with. They just have this thing about them.

So in order to do "research" for your character, you had to pay attention to women? Sounds hard.

Well, I wanted my reactions to be as realistic as possible, and I'm telling you, trying to get an Italian woman to do what you want her to do—whoo!—it's an uphill battle. But when you finally get them there, they'll go to all ends for you.

You control the casting couch on your next movie. Who's your dream costar?

Halle Berry. My favorite Halle Berry movie was Monster's Ball. I mean, I would have loved to be Billy Bob Thornton.

When was the first time you realized you had groupies?

In high school. Here I am, a guy who walks down the hall every day, but girls were screaming at the talent show. I remember thinking, Man, imagine one day if I get my own record. Having girls break into your room, hide in your closet—that happens. Groupies in front of the hotel just hoping you pick them to be your girl, or your girl for the night—that's real. You never get used to it. Just yesterday I was driving down the street, bumping my head, and there's this girl next to me losing her mind, screaming. It comes with the territory, but you gotta love it.

You were 14 when you made your first record. What's it like having your voice crack in the studio?

It's one of the worst experiences ever, but it made me stronger. That was a rough stage. My face looked like pizza. Bad acne can really try your confidence. I had to get my face together and change the way I took care of myself. The last thing I would've wanted was to be dropped and mope around for the next 10 years, thinking about what could've been.

You lived with Puff Daddy back then. What went on in that house?

Anything goes in that world—marijuana, women, clubs...There was a lot of sex there. I saw a lot, man. I'm talking orgies! Just imagine being a 16-year-old guy and getting into clubs and having that at your fingertips. I was a kid, and I was running with the king of New York.

Is there a downside to thousands of women wanting to have sex with you?

Nope. [laughs] I guess you have to be very careful because women have motives. When you're young, you're going to be promiscuous, but condoms are a must for me. Imagine having a one-night stand and you end up getting that woman pregnant. I don't want that. I wasn't raised with my father. When I have a child, I want to nurture that woman. I want to be there for her, to tell her how cute she is when she has my baby in her stomach and gets a little weight on her. She'll still be fine to me.

In October Maxim interviewed Chilli, who said that she hasn't had sex with anyone since you guys broke up. What did you do to her?

Really? Man! Wow! That's her personal preference. I mean, I think that's beautiful. I think women being celibate isn't bad. Did she say she was celibate?

That's exactly what she said.

Wow. I don't think that's a bad thing, a woman

knowing what man she wants to give herself to. She was definitely the type of woman who was very into her man specifically. When we were in a relationship, we were very deep in love.

When was the last time you punched someone?

I haven't had a fight in a while. That don't mean I can't. You've gotta be careful. You lose yourself in the moment, and before you know it you're using anger to handle the situation. It's best not to use it when you are in my position because you'll end up paying them.

Your mom manages you. Does it suck having Mommy holding your hand all the time?

It's hard. My mom is very understanding and supportive, but she's very opinionated, and sometimes I have to go in a different direction. It's a dilemma. As much as you might say it's a management relationship, you're still dealing with your mother.

You've given a lot to Katrina relief efforts. How do you feel about Kanye West's telethon comment that President Bush doesn't care about black people?

I think that it was very, very draining to watch what happened. Many of us felt the blatant disregard said a lot about our government and how they feel about us. But I didn't feel like the telethon I was a part of that day was the time for my personal opinion about how the people of Katrina were treated. It was a time to raise money and come up with a solution.

Is there a musician you'd like to work with whom we'd never expect?

Jon Bon Jovi. We even spoke about it, believe it or not. Actually, I had the opportunity to work with Richie Sambora before I met Jon. I got to know the band first and then got to know him.

You're part owner of the Cleveland Cavaliers. Does LeBron James have to let you win when you play one-on-one?

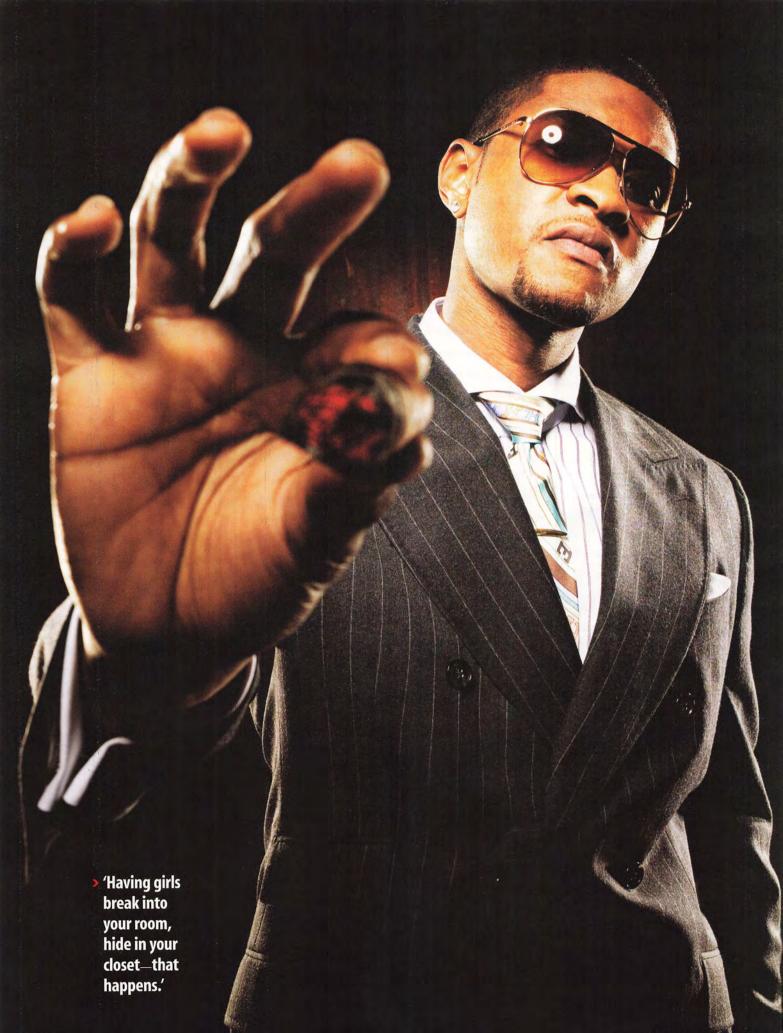
We've never played. Because of our schedules, we keep missing each other. During the season, we talk and keep in contact. He's very smart, and there's a lot coming his way. I may be able to help him and introduce certain things to him, just assist him to continue to build his brand.

And in return?

Hopefully, he'll help me with my jump shot. ■



Interview by David Peisner. In the Mix hits theaters on November 23.



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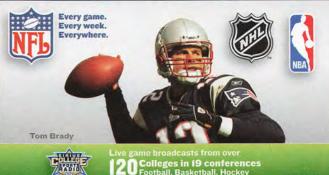
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-Howard Stern

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101 STERN HOWARD STERN II

COMEDY

104 RAW DOG Comedy Uncensored

105 BREAK

Comedy

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116 Kids Music 119 Discovery Channel Radio

117 SIRIUS Call-in Advice Talk

TALK



RELIGION

Christian Talk

160 EWTN

EWTN Radio Catholic Network

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ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN "On SIRIUS, you can talk with me and my full team of lifestyle experts all day, every day."

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experts all day, every day."

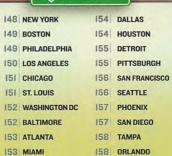
-Martha Stewart

112 | MARTHA STEWART
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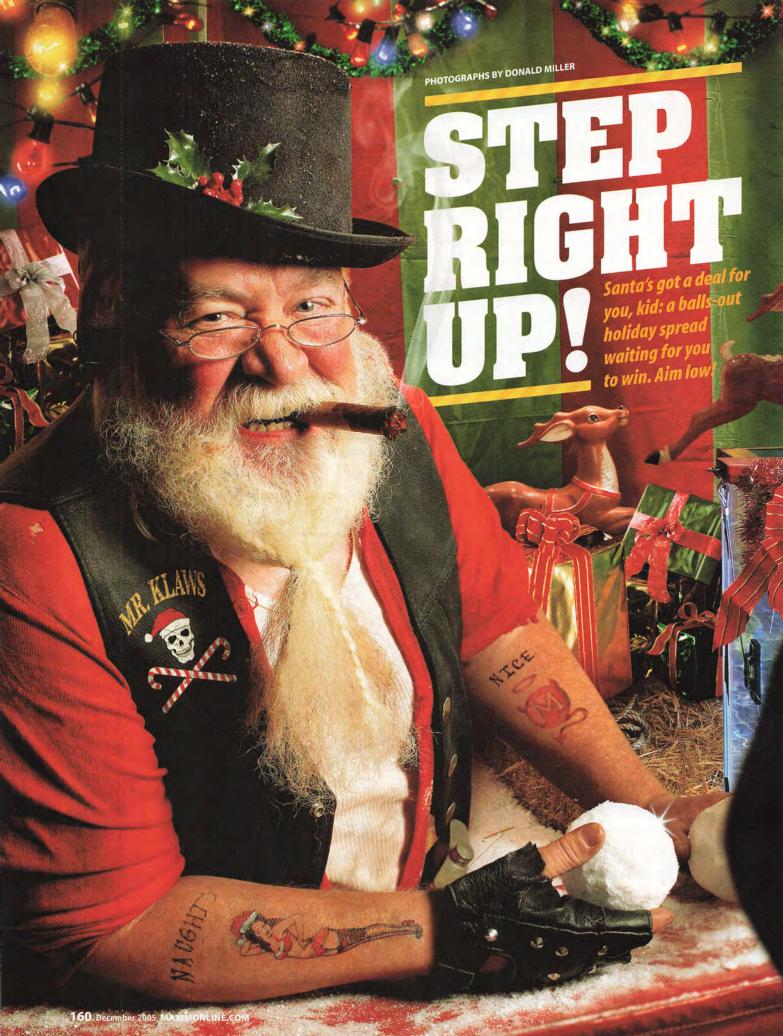






It's more than just radio.
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RESISTANCE IS CRUCIAL (\$2,399)

Lazy astronauts keep themselves from getting flabby using Spira-Flex, a resistance coil that doesn't require gravity. The Bowflex Revolution here on Earth uses the same tech in its elastictorque weight system and rowing machine, making a fine paperweight for your brother's Pizza Hut coupons.

HOT BOX (\$100)

WIN

Don't let your brother go through the humiliation of giving Mom's credit card number to porn sites just so he can get his Onan on. Instead, give him XTV, a set-top box that ropes in 70 24-hour porn channels, plus extras, for \$30 a month. It's the best dollar-for-naughty-bit ratio around! (xtv.com)



POUR BOY (\$5,748)

Imagine: Your brother is your personal liquor slave, serving endless frosty brews from the comfort of his living room. Now it can actually happen. The 48-inch refrigerated Perlick beer dispenser cabinet pours three beers from one tapping tower-and stores bottled love, too. Even better, it's stainless steel, so the puke rinses right off! (bringperlickhome.com)

DRINK ME!

BOTTOM SHELF (\$30) The hooch that you and your womb-mate distill in the bathtub won't taste like burning anymore, after a trip through the Gray Kangaroo. The "personal liquor filter" uses a replaceable carbonbased filtration system to remove impurities left behind in inexpensive booze. If only your liver had one of these, too. (graykangaroo.com)







Make the TV Mom's domain with Eli Wilner & Company's exclusive framed TV-mirror combo. The 23-inch diagonal LCD, surrounded by a gold antique or replica 1900s frame—no two are alike—becomes a mirror when the tube is off, turning it into yet another fussy household decoration. Sorry, Pops. (eliwilner.com)

Give back to the one who birthed ya.



SALINE SET (\$58) Nothing says "Merry Christmas, Mom, now cook me a delicious meal!" like some fancy salt. Victoria Taylor's Culinary Salts of the World gift pack includes crystals collected from Italy to Utah. What, no salts of

TOE BUZZER (\$20)

Mom's had a hard day shopping, and now her dogs are barking. HoMedics' Sole Mates massaging slippers are cheaper than hiring a muscled French gardener to please her, and much less disturbing. (homedics.com)



SLIDE SHOW-OFF (\$120)

You've finally moved out, but, inexplicably, Mom still begs to see your ugly mug. Make it easy with Ceiva's Digital Photo Receiver. Upload selected photos to the Ceiva Network, and 30 pics are sent to her 5"x7" LCD screen at night via her phone line. No computer-or even a phone call-necessary. (ceiva.com)

WHAT A GAS (\$109)

the Jersey Shore?

(vgourmet.com)

Once a bottle of wine's been opened and its contents have been exposed to oxygen, that expensive nectar can quickly turn into rotten grape juice. To prevent oxidation, the Preservo Wine Steward by Pek **Preservation Systems** seals an opened bottle in an airtight chamber and replaces the bottle's oxygen with argon gas. Kind of like a Dutch oven, but for merlot. (peksystems.com)



DRINK ME!

Unlike you, moms don't reach for Jäger when they want to get wild. Navan cognac will get her sauced with sophistication and, hopefully, a

'NILLA NIP (\$39)

sliver of dignity. Spiced with Madagascar black vanilla, Navan's heady aroma and sweet flavor will help her forget, at least for a bit, how much she hoped you'd be a doctor. (navanworld.com)



WIN

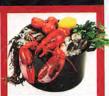
EAT XMAS

Maxim's basket of holiday gifts you can safely put inside yourself.



1. MEAT MAIL

Know what's in hot dogs? Lips and assholes. Order your friend the Armchair **Hunter mixed grill** pack-venison rack, semiboneless quail, duck bacon, and wild oinker links-instead. It's zoo-licious. (dartagnan.com, \$76)



2. MR. CLAW

What better way to take out holiday frustrations than by boiling a live lobster? **Maine Lobster Direct** ships all their crustaceans wriggling and ready to slay, along with bib. Or keep 'em as pets! (mainelobster direct.com, \$40 and up)



3. WHAT ALES YOU

Scaldis, or Bush, as it's known in Belgium, is that nation's strongest beer-12% alcohol by volume. Over the holidays, they brew a Noel blend that's the cognac of ales (in other words, much cheaper than cognac). (liquidsolutions.biz, \$4.75)



4. CHOCOLATE LOVE

Big Tips' Candy Collection includes 15 regional bars, made the old-fashioned tooth-rotting way. Idaho Spud, Big Cherry, Pearson's Salted Nut Roll, and many more sexual innuendos included. (bigtipscandy.com, \$20)



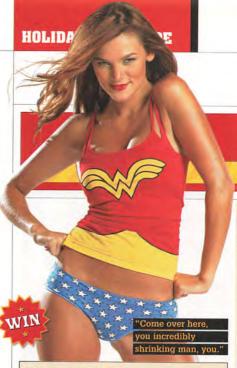
5. PIE CLUB

Direct from Chicago, get pizza that kicks the Hut's ass. Each month one deep-dish and two thin-crust 12-inch specialty pies arrive: Italian beef, shrimp teriyaki, and more. (gourmet groceryonline.com, \$105 for three months)



6. NUTJOB

What's this? Fruitcake that doesn't taste like sugared grout? Southern Supreme cooks theirs using a North Carolina family recipe that's actually good. It's fruits, it's nuts. Like a family reunion, but yummy! (southern supreme.com, \$11)



DAMES

Gifts for your wife, your mistress, or that lovely hooker.



MICROMUSIC (\$249)

Expect to get laid (or at least heavily petted) when you give her Apple's iPod Nano, a 1.5-ounce, colorscreen, purse-friendly, 1,000-song-carrying bundle of joy that'll make her forget all about your affair with that Starbucks barista last winter. It's small enough to slip into her purse, under a bra, or back into your pocket when she dumps you. (apple.com)



ANGER MANAGEMENT (\$80)

Breaking up with her this holiday season? Give her a lovely parting gift that'll also serve as a target for her hostility. The Ex knife holder includes five stainless steel blades, plunged into an adorable faceless figure that will soon represent you. (csbcommodities.com)

HEROINE ADDICT (\$25)

Holiday gifts don't need to be just for her. Based on Wonder Woman's classic costume, these retro undies just might encourage her to indulge your creepy roleplay fantasies. Lasso, red boots, and giant Lynda Carter mask, sadly, not included. (webundies.com)



Samsung's SPP-2040 photo printer kicks out glossy 4x6's in 60 seconds-fast enough to laminate her bedroom walls with pictures of you in her panties. (samsung.com)



PRECIOUS BONES

(\$75, \$1,613) Gogo makes jewelry inspired by animal skeletons. Your gal will think it's elegantly exotic; you'll just love her wearing "Rattlesnake Ribs" or "Coon Pecker" earrings. (gogojewelry.com)



FIRST-PERSON SHOOTER (\$450)

Let her preserve beautiful memories of that tensionfilled holiday meal with her parents on Olympus' Stylus 800 Digital. This all-weather eight-megapixel shooter with a 2.5-inch LCD lets her snap in low light without a flash. Crisp images of your pained face are all but guaranteed. (olympusamerica.com)

STONE CALL (\$299)

As sleek as a vibrator and nearly as sexy, Motorola's slick black PEBL phone is the girl answer to last year's metal RAZR. Magnetic latches, laser-etched buttons, Bluetooth technology, and a VGA camera should wow her enough to start using itand stop leeching off your phone's airtime. Consider it a gift to yourself. (motorola.com)



When you're down to the wire, give the gifts that require the least thought or effort.



DUST HUSTLE

Let Ma put her feet up while The Maids Home Services dispatches four cleaners at once to tidy up. Dispatch hot French maids, pretty please. (maids.com)



Girlfriends love surprise adventure vacations. So set her up with a wild NASCAR racing clinic. Or get her a relaxing spa package instead. (great americandays.com)



Buy Dad a single framed share of any stock using OneShare, and-who knows? —you may make him a hundredaire someday! (oneshare.com)



One Xbox 360, no games. GameFly, the Netflix of game rentals, has 3,000 titles rentable for \$21.95 a month. Easy as Pong. (gamefly.com)

DRINK ME!

ASIAN FETISH (\$30)

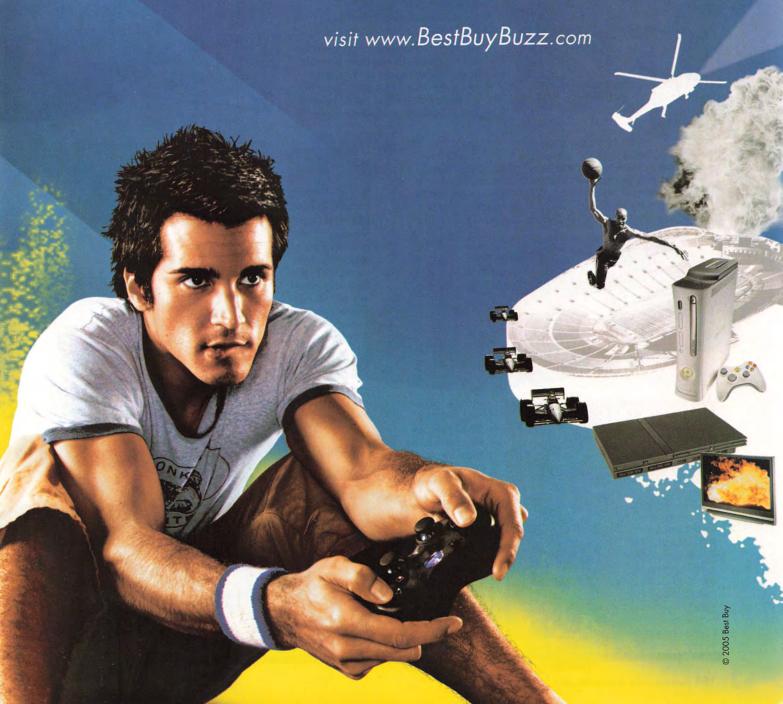
Zen Green Tea Liqueur, from Suntory, is a Japanese import known in the Land of the Rising Sun for its unique flavor. She'll love it because its main ingredient, green tea, is believed to be a metabolism booster. Tell her that fellatio is a great metabolism booster, too, while you're at it. (bevmo.com)





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RUNTS

Toys and fun for charming human larvae.

WAR GAMES (\$50)

SKID MARKER (\$70)

School's good for math and reading, but who's teaching kids how to assault one another? You are, with Hasbro's Lazer Tag Team Ops two-player set. The LCD and HUD display vitals such as who still needs to be hunted furiously and without mercy. (lazertag.com)



Soon enough Junior will crash his first real car as he careens recklessly down

death bits. Each vehicle has two sets of tires, one for street racing and one for

drifting, a.k.a. sliding sideways at high speeds. Yee-haw! (tycorc.com)

suburban strips. Till then Tyco R/C's remote control Drift Kings let him mimic the

power-sliding moves of professional drivers without the burning rubber and fiery



Start driver's ed a few years early with the HotSeat RACER. Compatible with every game system under the sun, including the brand-new Xbox 360, the durable steel-and-aluminum chassis has an adjustable gaming table, plus Dolby Digital 5.1 surround sound. Hot model not included. (hotseatinc.com)



BARK-FREE (\$35)

Kids want pets; adults don't want to pick up dung. Nintendogs for the Nintendo DS gives kids a virtual pooch to walk, train with voice commands, and pet with a stylus using the touchscreen. Just avoid the red rocket. (nintendo.com)



It's...what is it? Created by the makers of 1998's equally indescribable Furby, Zizzle's iZ is a three-legged, terrifyingly strange plastic musical alien. It bounces to its own tunes with widened eyes, spits beats and mixes when you play with its belly or "flicker" switch, and acts as a speaker for MP3 players. And it freaks us out. (zizzle.com)



DRINK ME!

POP STAR (\$35)

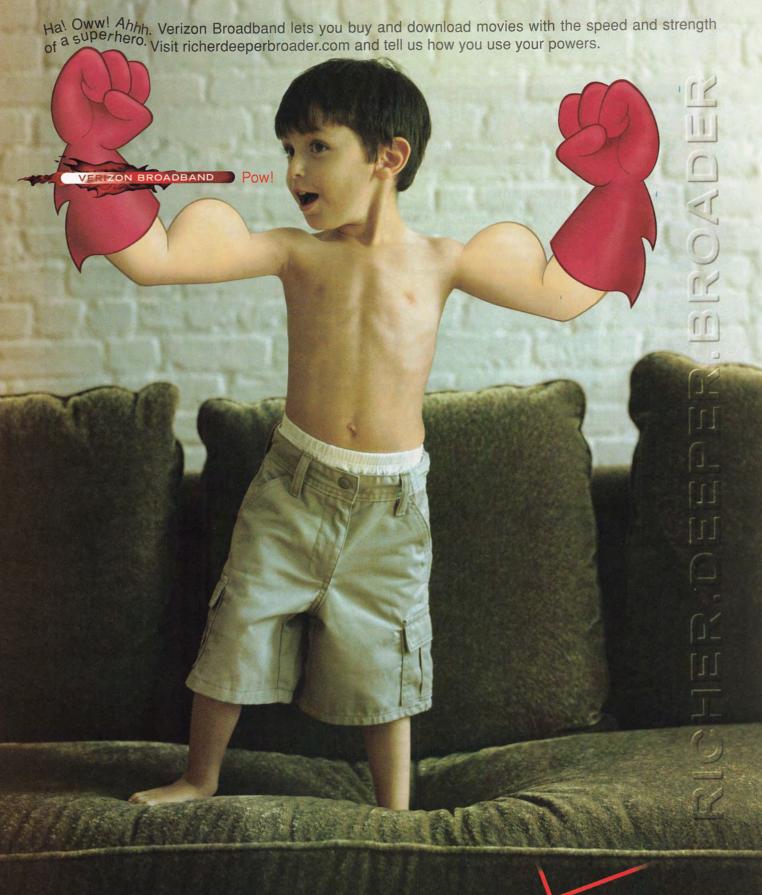
Foster a young child's egomania and "me first" attitude with a 12-pack of personalized MyJones soda. Upload the little booger-eater's photo to their Web site, then choose from featured flavors like root beer, blue bubblegum, and vanilla cola. Hit the road after Christmas dinner, and leave his mom and dad to handle the sugar high. (myjones.com)



CRAB-BOT (\$80)

when they're playing in mud. The menacing, red-eyed, allterrain, remote-controlled Shell Shocker will get 'em there. Rolling in its artichoke-like shell over turf or splaying its arms out to climb over obstacles, it's guaranteed to make neighbors think you've been harboring a secret genetics lab. (tycorc.com)







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OL' POPS

Give Dad some joy before he signs that will.



KICK-START MY HEART (\$1,995)

Dad shouldn't eat another hearty serving of sausages dipped in goose fat, but, hey, it's Christmas! If his heart suddenly stops, jolt him back to life with a shock from the Philips HeartStart Home Defibrillator. Just make sure to read the instructions first. and put the ice cream back in the freezer before it melts. (heartstarthome.com)

BLUNT BABY (\$359)

Can't afford a real Porsche for your dad? Head off to Professor F.A. Porsche's design studio. Their pocket robusto cigar case, built from carbon fiber and cedar wood veneer, stores three of the old man's favorite stogies. Sure, it's not a world-class racecar, but it's the thought that counts, cheapo. (joeshumidor.com)

WIN



GAME ON (\$4,995)

Modern video games only confuse the old man. Stick him in front of the Lord of the Rings pinball machine and watch his tilt hip go into overdrive against Gandalf. Heck, we'll drop in for some bumper action, too. It's one of a limited run of 500 by Stern Pinball, the last manufacturers of flipper machines on God's good Earth (unless, that is, you start making some). (sternpinball.com)

ARE WE THERE YET? (\$700)

Dad doesn't like to ask for directions, so make sure he never needs to. The TomTom Go 300 GPS system. gives spoken directions in 17 countries and 32 languages. There are over 50 voices to listen to; most



are sexier than Mom's. Oh, hi, Mom. (tomtom.com)



yodel on the Crosley Radio Traveler, an old-school portable turntable that shuffles six records to keep that AARP orgy grooving. (crosleyradio.com)



TANKTOP (\$2,988)

Most laptops are as fragile as Charlton Heston's hip, but not the Hummer Laptop from Itronix. The magnesium alloy casing survives 4°F to 140°F, and shock protection keeps the 1.86 GHz processor and 80 GB hard drive safe. GPS, wi-fi, and cell-phone network communication antennas guarantee Dad will never be far from Andy Rooney. (hummerstuff.com)

FIRE AWAY (\$16)

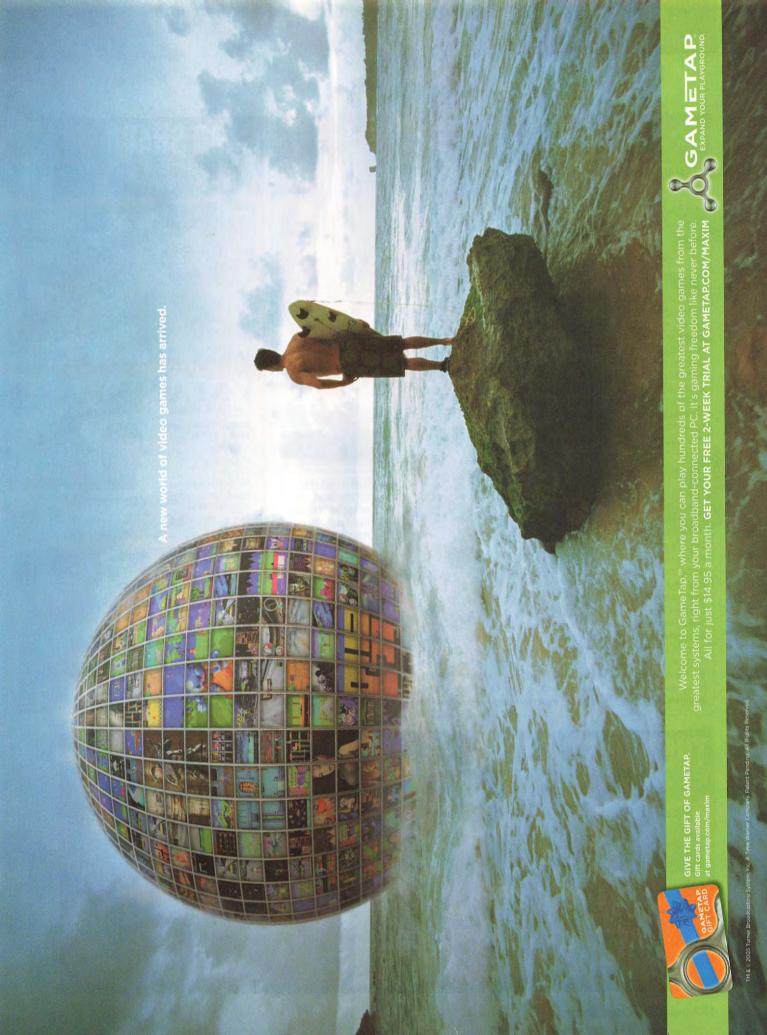
The Swedish FireSteel lasts 12,000 strikes in rain or snow—perfect for the military, or your dad. A 5,500°F shower of sparks will ignite the fireplace, a pipeful of crack rock, or that pile of dry twigs near the toolshed. (thinkgeek.com)



DRINK ME!

RYE NOT (\$80) Michter's of Pennsylvania was actually America's first rye distilling company. Your father will love fun facts like that while getting soused on 10-year-old Straight Rye, aged in charred white oak barrels. At 92.8 proof, it's delicious and strong enough to erase memories of everything he's held sacred, like Mom. (michters.com)





Coal in the stocking for those you hate.



BODY IMAGE (\$130) Give the gift of selfconsciousness: Tanita's Ironman IronScan body composition monitor

composition monitor calculates muscle mass, body water percentage, bone mass, visceral fat, and even metabolic age. What, no exact death date? (tanita.com)

GLAZED OVER (\$35)

Who can resist a Krispy Kreme donut? For that matter, who can resist five dozen of them? Pick up some fried, dripping rings of love at your local shop for that special friend with a diet problem, and watch them guilt their way into obesity as they can't resist using your gift. Even better, they'll thank you for your treachery as they devour away. (krispykreme.com)



"Now watch me re-gift it!"



SMOOTH ACT (\$59)

Nothing says, "You're too hirsute," like giving your ex-girlfriend a bikini shaving kit. Hair Care Down There includes moisturizing gel, a mirror, scissors, a razor, and anti-irritation spray. Alas, it won't work on wounded rage. (haircare downthere.com)



FORE PLAY (\$40)

Give that gloating, golf-obsessed pecker in marketing a special gift for his next tee time: the Remote Control Golf Ball. You keep the remote, of course. The rechargeable little bastard works from up to 100 feet away, wobbling away from the hole until your plaid-clad pal starts screaming. (hammacher-schlemmer.com)

HAPPY FACE (\$16)

Get Grandpa a T-shirt he'll be happy to wear! It's full of tasteless thoughts of hatred, but his eyesight is so bad he'll just see the smiling pictures. (coloringbookland.com)



CARD SHARK

Give the best gift card possibleone that's completely fake.

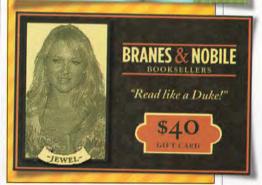


MANSPA MINDULGE YOUR ESTROGEN

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THE WORST GIFTS EVER GIVEN

Is your girlfriend disappointed with her present this year? Tell her to be glad she's not Pam Anderson.



CAR FLOOR MAT

Scott Baio reportedly once gave Pam Anderson car mats as a special token of his feelings. Pam, if you'd watched Charles in Charge, you'd have known he was cheap.



TROJAN HORSI

You've been at war for 10 years with the Greeks, and suddenly there's a cute giant wooden horse to take home. Then Greeks pop out and kill everybody. Bummer.



A HUMAN EAR

How do you make a prostitute happy? Vincent van Gogh severed his left ear and presented it as a gift to a girl named Rachel. Silly Vinny—whores like thumbs!



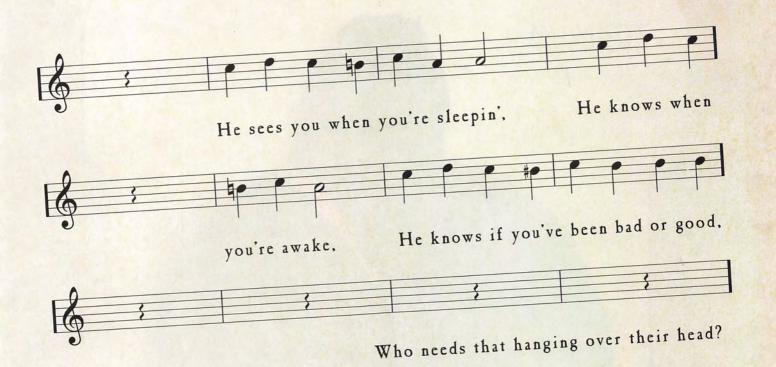
A FREE CAR FROM OPRAH

When Lady Winfrey gave her entire studio audience Pontiac G6's, she didn't mention one detail: "Free" means "please pay these taxes." As in, \$6,000 for Uncle Sam.



CLOTHING FOR THE POOR

In 2002 a Bangladeshi mill owner decided to give clothes to the destitute, but when he opened his gates, thousands surged forward, trampling 30 women and kids to death.



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Vegas



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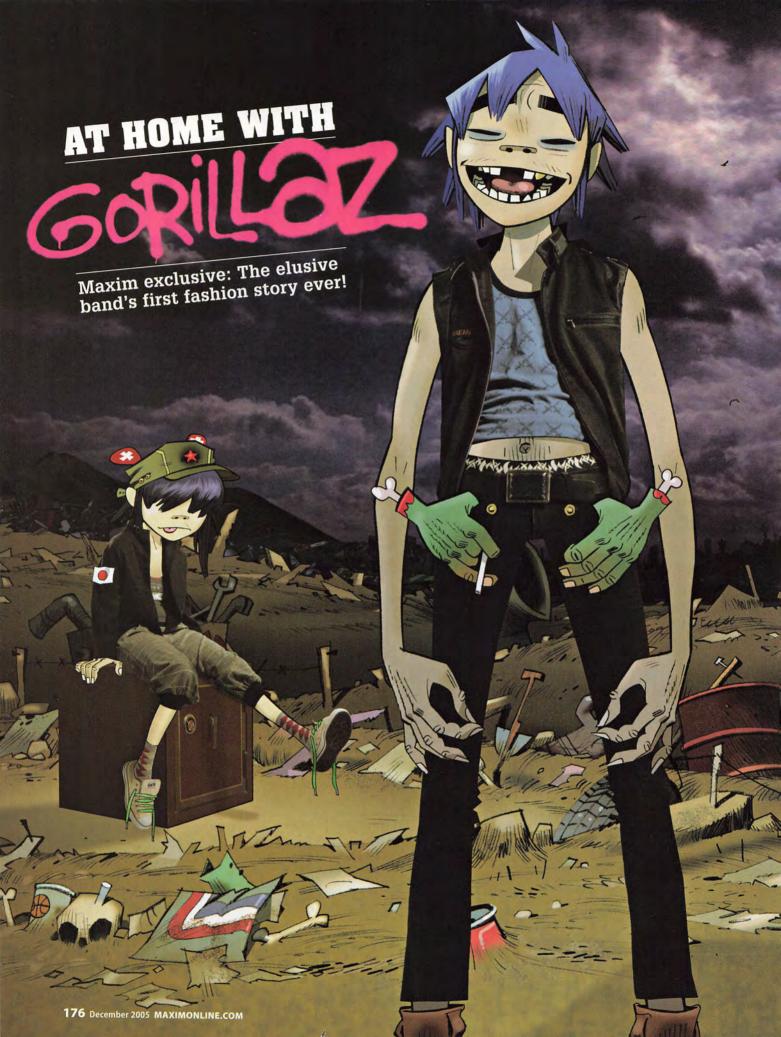


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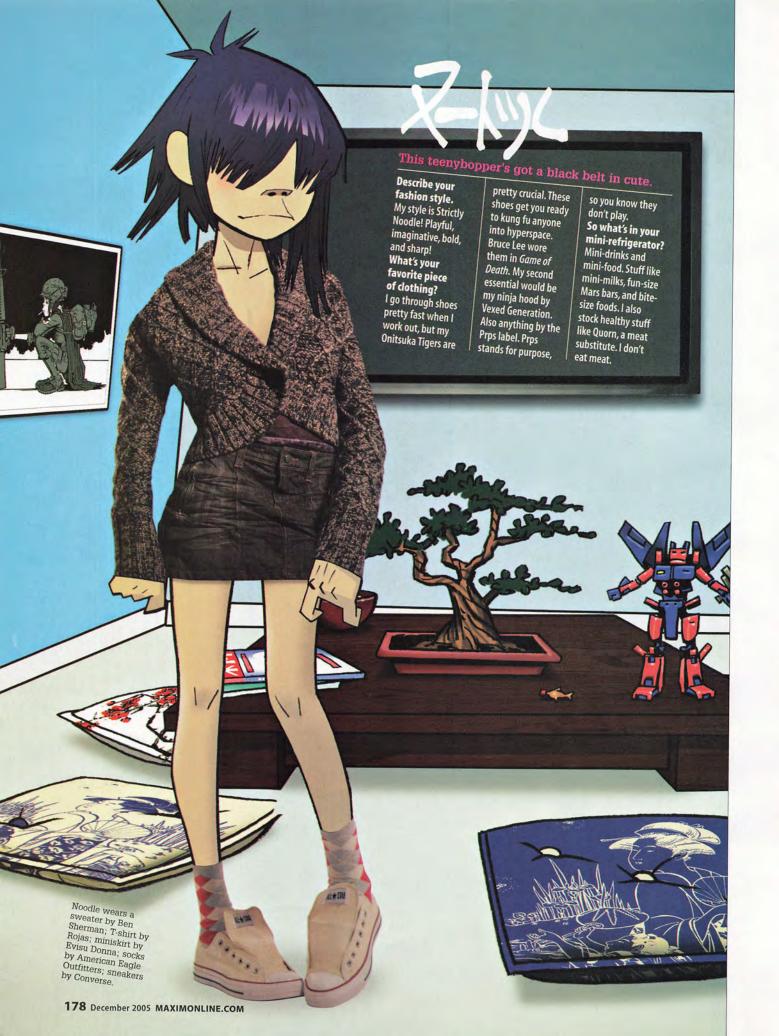
Winter is the absolute worst time of year to be caught without clothes. So be sure to lay in supplies.

TAKE A BITE! Sink your teeth

Sink your teeth into these kicks, \$160, from Gwen Stefani's new shoe line, L.A.M.B. x Royal Elastics.

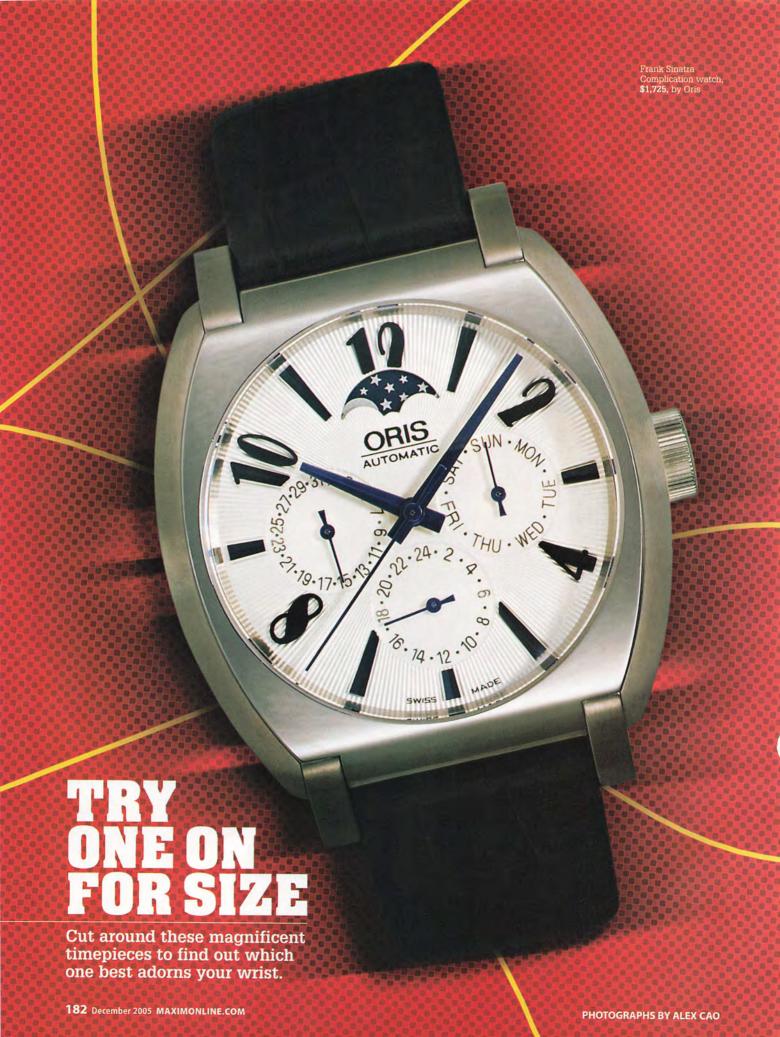


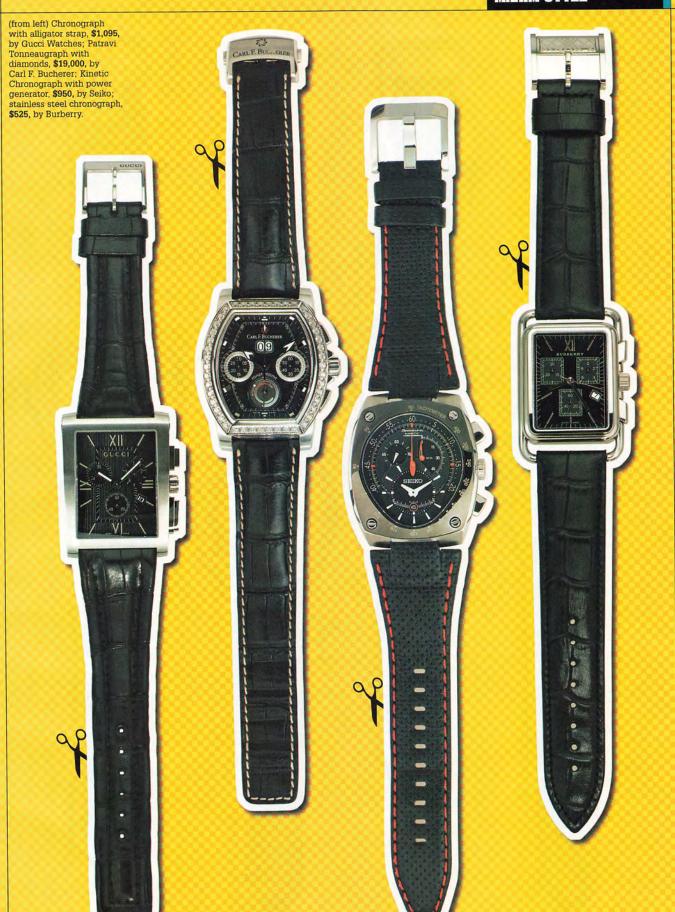




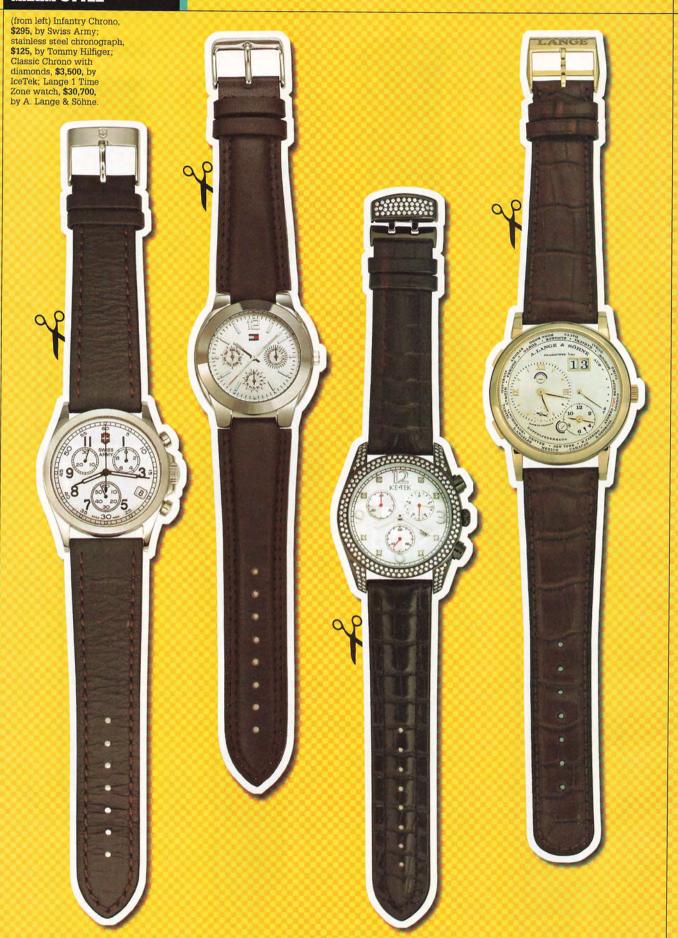


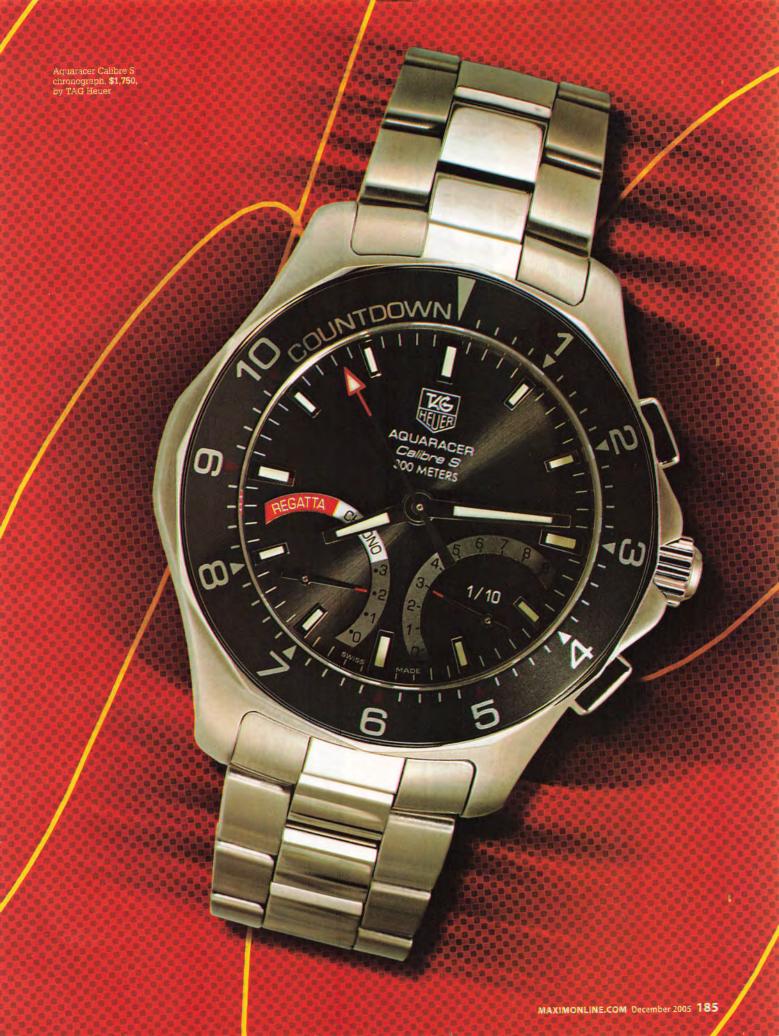






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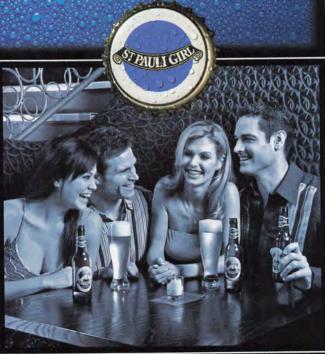




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PlayStation.2

This Holiday Season, Share The Voice of a Generation



BUYING GUIDE

OPENER

by Howe, visit revolved othing.com.

Page 175: Shoes, \$120, by L.A.M.B.x by Royal Elastics, at Barneys New York.

AT HOME WITH GORILLAZ

Page 176–177: (from left) Jacket, \$520, by Evisu Donna, \$520, at Ricardi, Boston; or visit evisu.com. Tank, \$24, by Dragonffy, at Bloomingdale's. Knickers, \$98, by Rojas, at Rojas store, L.A.; Atrium, N.Y.C.; Pat Field, N.Y.C.; Sginature, N.Y.C. Socks, \$9, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters, at Rojas store, L.A.; American Eagle Outfitters, stores, or visit acom. Sneakers, \$40, by Converse, visit converse.com. Sweater, \$99, by Ben Sherman, at Bloomingdale's; or visit benshermanusa.com. Shirt, \$40, by Dragonffly, at Nordstrom. Jeans, \$138, by Lew's premium, call 800–USA-LEVI; or visit tevi.com. Belt, \$40, by Kenneth Cole New York, at Kenneth Cole store; or call 800–KEN(OLE; or visit tweneth-cole.com. Briefs, \$13, by Wax, call 866–929–2726; or visit waxbrand.com. Sweater, \$165, by K8nneth Cole New York; call 800–KEN(OLE; or visit kennethcole.com. Jeans, \$165, by CK39, at Calvin Klein store, N.Y.C.; and Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots, \$375, by Mark Nason; at select Bloomingdale's stores. Shirt, \$60, and jeans, \$555, both by Phat Farm, at Phat Farm store, N.Y.C.; Macy's; Up Against The Wall. Shoes, \$37, by Vans, visit vans.com.

Page 178: Sweater, \$99, by Ben Sherman, at Nordstrom; or visit benshermanusa.com. T-shirt, 558, by Rojas, at Rojas store, L.A.; Afrium, N.Y.C.; Pat Field, N.Y.C.; Signature, N.Y.C. Skirt, \$345, by Evisu Donna, at Sill, Las Vegas; or visit evisu.com. Socks, \$9, by American Fagle Outfitters, at American Fagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Sneakers, \$40, by Converse, visit converse.com. Page 179: Polo, \$59, by Ben Sherman, at Lord & Taylor; or visit benshermanusa.com. Jeans, \$200,

Page 180: Sweater, \$168, by Laundry Mens, at select Bloomindgale's stores. Jeans, \$165, by CK39, at Calvin Klein store, N.Y.C.; and Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots, \$375, by Mark Nason, at select

Bloomingdale's stores.

Page 181: Jacket, \$120, shirt, \$64, and jeans, \$72, all by Roc-A-Wear, at Dr. Jay's; Macy's; Jimmy Jazz; Against All Odds; or visit rocawear.com. Shoes, \$65, by Converse, visit converse.com.

TRY ONE ON FOR SIZE

Page 182: Watch, \$1,725, by Oris, call 866-242-3600; or visit oriswaches.com.
Page 183: (from left) Watch, \$1,095, by Gucci, at Gucci stores; or call 888-225-2292; or visit
gucci.com. Watch, \$19,000, by Carl F. Bucherer, call 800-395-4306; or e-mail
cfibnorthamerica.com. Watch, \$950, at Zales; or call 800-782-2510; or visit SeikoUsa.com. Watch,
\$525, by Burberry, at Burberry stores; or call 800-699-0564.

Page 184: (from left) Watch, \$295, by Swiss Army, at Swiss Army store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-965-5714, or visit swissarmy.com. Watch, \$125, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select Macy's stores; or call 888-TOMM/Y4U. Watch, \$33,500, by IceTek; at Tourneu Time Dome, Las Vegas; or call 888-7-ICETEK; or visit icetek.com. Watch, \$30,700, by A. Lange & Söhne; at Cellini Jewelers, N.Y.C.

Page 185: Watch, \$1,750, by Tag Heuer; call 866-260-0460; or visit tagheuer.com.
Page 186: (from left) Watch, \$75, by Armitron; call 800-840-2933. Watch, \$275, by Tissot, visit
tissot.com. Watch, \$500, by Citizen, visit citizenwatch.com. Watch, \$399, by Bulova; at Macy's; or
call 800-A-BULOVA; or visit bulova.com.

TAKE AIM

Page 188: (clockwise from center) True Star Men, \$55, by Tommy Hillfiger, at department stores. Black, \$62.50, by Kenneth Cole, at Kenneth Cole stores and department stores. 23, \$30, by Michael Jordan, at Perfumania stores; or visit perfumania.com. Corduroy, \$58, by Zith, at department stores. Onyx, \$60, by Azzaro, at department stores. Hugo Energise, \$58, by Hugo Boss, at department stores. Soul, \$55, by Curve for Men, at department stores.

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p.40: White bra and panty set by Victoria's Secret.p.48: Victoria's Secret bra and Hustler of Hollywood panties.

p.100: Thong by On Gossamer.

pp.108–109: White knit bikini by Catherine Malendrino.

pp.110—110: All swimwear by Ujena Swimwear, wrap by Ujena Swimwear.

p.112: White shirt stylists own.

pp.126—127: On her: dress by H&M, shoes by Steve Madden. On him: Shirts and jeans by Abercrombie and Fitch, sneakers by Converse. On poodle: Pink leash by Trixy and Peanut.

pp.130–131: Bikini by Red Carter, South Beach, at Bloomingdales, necklace by De LaFuenta, available at emerge* N.Y.C.

p.132: Bikini by Malia Mills.

p.134: Bikini by Red Carter, South Beach, sheer top by Nicola del Verme, shoes by Carlos Santana, available at Macy's.

pp.148–154: Black dress by Dolce & Gabbana, vintage red dress by Norma Kamali.

p.157: Suit by Dolce & Gabbana, dress shirt by Gucci, tie by Hermes, and sunglasses by Marc Jacobs.

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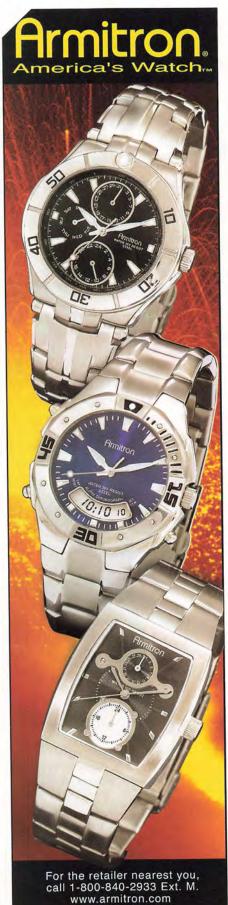


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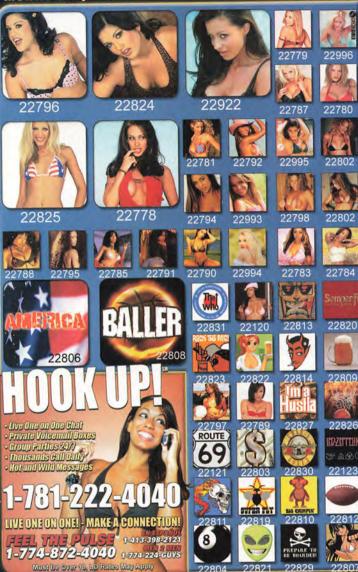


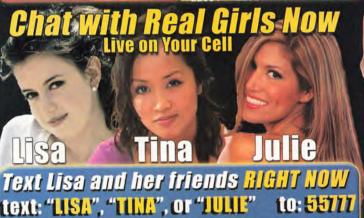
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HOT	test voicetones	ne	al July Tulica _in the syle
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2139	Funny - Your Brother Needs an Alibi	22089	Franz Ferdinand - Take I
2129	Funny - I'll cage fight you!	22092	Jet - Look What You've [
2132	Too Short - Answer the phone, Playa	22093	K. Clarkson - Behind Hazel
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2133	Too Short - Answer your pheazy	22099	The Killers - Somebody T
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2999	Sultry - Giggling with pleasure	22954	Led Zeppelin - Kashmir
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N		22976	Black Sabbath - Iron Ma
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22 22 22



Much like every job you've had, payment varies and depends in part on how much debasing sex is required. Some stars mostly women—are on contract with studios and earn salaries for a specified number of films. But most "actors" are paid per scene, with the basic fee for a woman in a standard boy-on-girl scenario ranging from \$500 to \$800. Lesbian scenes pay less, while anal and double penetration pay more. Higher-budget, plot-heavy features pay women day rates of up to \$1,500. Men, ironically, get the shaft: They're paid as little as \$150 a scene—though that can go up if they're extremely, uh, reliable. "A woman can make in

HOW MUCH

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Maxim answers all your oil-burnin', porno-earnin', danger-avertin' questions.

CAN OIL BE MAN-MADE?

If you mean besides the stuff that gives your kid brother's face its slick gleam, the answer is still yes. Crude oil (a.k.a. black gold), which is the raw material for gasoline, diesel, and unfortunate political dynasties, is created only when plants and ani-

mals die, are covered by rock, and suffer intense heat and pressure for hundreds of millions of years. But motor oil—the stuff you pour hourly into your jalopy's engine-can actually be synthetically created. Made from hydrogen- and carbon-rich raw materials and "waste" products



tures, and creates fewer pollutants than its crude-based counterpart. So why don't we simply cook up some gasoline? "There's no way of synthesizing a fuel that would burn correctly in today's vehicles because of how they're designed," explains Darryn Wallace, senior tech specialist

from petroleum refineries, it lasts

longer, stands up to higher tempera-

at Amsoil, a top producer of synthetic motor oils. In other words, an internal-combustion gasoline-burning engine can't magically start by burning banana peels. The only apparent solution? Elect a president with close ties to the fuel-cell industry.

UNBELIEVABLE

Trust us. We wouldn't lie to you, butter hips.

Japan's Seikan tunnel, which con-Hokkaido islands, is the world's longest railroad tunnel, at 33.4 miles long.

The first parachute jump from an airplane occurred in St. Louis in 1912.

The plaque killed 182 people in 2003.

The giant diving beetle larva injects its prey with enzymes, which turn the prey's insides into an easy-to-drink liquid form.

Colorado police recently let three kids keep \$98,000 they found in a field

STRAIGHT ANSWERS

Has the eternal flame on JFK's grave ever gone out?

Is a firefly a fly? NO

Is there lead in a lead pencil? NO

Do camels store water in their humps? NO

Were any of the 43 U.S. presidents born on the 4th of July? YES

Has there ever been a switchpitcher in Major League Baseball? YES

4TH GRADE GREENDALE SCHOOL FRANKLIN PARK NJ 08852 SENATOR DASCHLE 509 HART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING HINGTON D.C. 2051in penmanship

WHICH BIOLOGICAL WEAPON IS **MOST LETHAL?**

At first we thought it must be the stench that our editorial assistant makes after he eats sweetbreads, but we were wrong."A pathogen is like a car—by itself it's neutral, so it all depends on how you use it," explains Raymond Zilinskas, Ph.D., director of the chemical and biological weapons nonproliferation program at the Monterey Institute in California. "To make a weapon, you need the pathogen, but you also need a munition and a method for dispersal." The dispersal is the trickiest part. Aerosol spray is most effective, but even with ideal conditions, freedom haters would have trouble keeping pathogens alive long enough to kill masses of patriots. All things considered, the deadliest weapon is our old pal Bacillus anthracis, a.k.a. anthrax. Ma Nature "weaponizes" it herself by making it a spore, which stays alive for several hours. How dangerous is anthrax? Experts estimate that a little more than two pounds could kill over 100,000 citizens in a large city if dispersed properly. Happy breathing!

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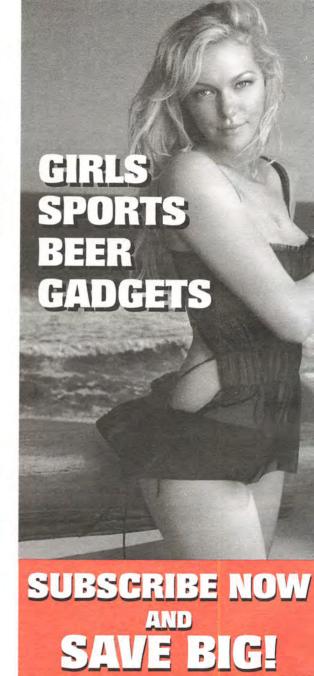


PO BOX 420705 PALM COAST FL 32142-8710

Inflantation (Infratability Infratability In

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES





Think about Czech models.

Think about Swedish models.

Eat lunch.

Think about Russian models.



LIFE IN **D**



221-hp V6* • Up to 32 hwy mpg** • Class-exclusive 6-speed automatic transmission† • More innovation from Ford
*Optional on SE and SEL. **EPA estimated 24 city/32 hwy mpg (I4/automatic transmission). †Class is midsize sedan.

